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# THE FORUM

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It is the ferment of ideas, the clash of disagreeing judgments, the privilege of the individual to develop his own thoughts and shape his own character, that makes progress possible. It is not possible to learn much from those who uniformly agree with us. But many useful things are learned from those who disagree with us.
— President Coolidge: *American Legion Speech.*

## SHALL WE BREAK THE THIRD TERM TRADITION?

*EVER a firm believer in "the clash of disagreeing judgments",* THE FORUM *opened its Third Term Series in the June number with a rhetorical question to the President and a review of the history of the third term by Mr. John Carter. The series of cartoons preceding this page suggest that history does, indeed, repeat itself. In July Mr. Carter Field spoke for those who favor a third term. This month, Professor William Bennett Munro and Walter Lippmann contribute two articles, in which there is much to be "learned from those who disagree". Shall we break the third term tradition?*

*YES, says Professor Munro. A substantial majority of American citizens are satisfied with the Administration they have and want more of it. There is no great difference between eight years and nine and a half. The tradition which is supposed to forbid a third term is not historically well grounded; and talk of a dictatorship in America is absurd.*

*NO, says Mr. Lippmann, — not in 1928. Conditions may arise which will make it necessary to abandon the third term tradition; but, as a matter of fact, those conditions have not yet arisen. We don't want to make a law against third terms, — we have too many laws. But without very good reason, we ought not abandon a wise tradition.*

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# I—A USELESS TRADITION

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

THOSE who are bestirring themselves to get the country excited about the third term apparition must be grievously disappointed by the faintness of the popular response thus far. If the people as a whole are going to become wrought up over the possibility that a President may get nine years in office instead of eight, they are giving no sign of it. This, it seems to me, is a tribute to their good sense. The average American citizen is a realist. He has seen a dozen old political traditions thrown away during the past twenty-five years with no resulting damage to the foundations of the Republic. He is becoming bogey-proof in politics. No longer is it possible to work up a national hysteria by trotting from the darkness some ghost of the past.

A statesman's good luck is often nothing more than the outcome of ill-timed tactics on the part of his opponents. It bids fair to prove so in this instance. Mr. Coolidge became President in August, 1923. To date he has been in office for the equivalent of one term only, and when a man has had only one term in actuality, it is a singularly inappropriate time to start a hullabaloo about the possibility of his having three. Not only that, but the attempt to smoke him out on this issue at the present time betokens a misty sense of respect for the dignity of the presidential office. To use a Dail Eireann expression, it deserved the answer that it failed to get.

It is true, of course, that if Mr. Coolidge is reelected next year, he will be entitled to serve until March 4, 1933. This would give him a total tenure of nine years and seven months. And if you insist on construing the anti-third-term tradition in all its technical strictness, this would involve a breach of it to the extent of a year and a half. But the public mind in this country is not of the strict constructionist type. To the average voter, a presidential tenure of nine and a half years is not much longer than one of eight years. That is about as far as his thinking goes. The rest, as he sees it, is mostly legalistic quibbling in which the sincerity of the disputants is very much open to suspicion.

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In politics it is the actualities that count. And the outstanding reality of American politics at the present moment is the continued hold which Mr. Coolidge maintains upon the country. He came into office upon no wave of popular enthusiasm and he has been at no pains to create one. Hence there has been no reaction, nor is there much likelihood of one during the next nine months. His curve of popularity, if you plot it out, would show a pretty straight and steady line, — which is altogether unusual for any man occupying a high public office in a democratic commonwealth. His political opponents have looked for a setback, but it is not arriving as per schedule. There is no denying the proposition that the Coolidge administration has been, and continues to be, acceptable to what looks like a substantial majority of the American people. All the surface indications point that way.

What is more, the President's official acts (and omissions) have afforded no basis for any wide-spread insurgency in the ranks of his own party. With Congress he has not always agreed; but his relations with the legislative branch of the government have been better than were those of any other second term President since the Civil War. The business interests of the country, using that term in the widest sense, are more strongly for Mr. Coolidge than they have been for any one since McKinley's time. And labor is not hostile to Mr. Coolidge as it was to him. True enough, the American farmer is not happy; but he is in better mood than he was three years ago, and even then Mr. Coolidge managed to carry all the western agricultural states but one. Despite the legacy of embarrassments which he inherited from Mr. Harding, in personnel as well as in problems, the President has rehabilitated his party in the public confidence, solidified it, kept peace in the ranks, and drawn to it considerable elements from outside. Although using none of the traditional artifices for gaining public applause, Mr. Coolidge has become the biggest current asset that the Republican party can list in its inventory to-day.

This being the case, a renomination would be assured beyond peradventure were it not for the departure from our accustomed way of doing things. Is it advisable that we should insist upon keeping the present in bondage to the past? Is it in the national interest that whenever a contingency of this kind arises, — as

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well it may from time to time, — a sovereign electorate shall feel meekly constrained to choose even a third-rate man for a first term rather than a first-rate man for a third term? For that is just what an unreasoning subservience to tradition may involve. The question, indeed, raises a much broader one: Is America a democracy or a necrocracy? Democracy has its shortcomings, most conspicuous among which is the inclination of the people to act upon momentary impulse; but in the long run it is better than any system of government by the graveyards. Thomas Jefferson once declared that the government of the United States ought to be the property of the living generation and should not belong to generations that are past and gone. He made no exception in the case of a custom which he himself had helped to establish.

And in any event this tradition is none too well grounded historically. Washington is said to have started it by warning the nation, in his "Farewell Address", against the danger of leaving a President in office too long. But the "Farewell Address" contains no word of admonition against third presidential terms, as any one who reads it will readily discover. Washington's declination of a third term was explicitly based upon "the increasing weight of years" and other personal reasons, not upon any grounds of political principle. This address, moreover, was drafted by Alexander Hamilton, whose aversion to placing any limitation on presidential terms is beyond controversy. It is true that Jefferson, in 1808, refused a third nomination. Ostensibly he did this as a matter of principle, but his principles did not prevent him from picking Madison as his successor and thus making certain that Jeffersonianism would remain supreme for a third term. Roosevelt, just a hundred years later, did lip-service to the same principle while endeavoring to make sure that "My Policies" would be continued, — but unhappily his Madison did not prove sound in the faith. As for Grant, he would unquestionably have grasped a third term if it had come within his reach; and this notwithstanding the fact that a breach of the tradition, if objectionable at all, would be doubly so in the case of a war hero. From Caesar to Pilsudski, through the long line of Cromwells and Bonapartes, it is the warrior in politics whose *coups d'état* are to be feared, as all history attests.

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A few years ago Lord Bryce, the shrewdest of political observers, expressed the opinion that the anti-third-term tradition was losing most of its influence. And well might he feel that way, having seen at close range the roughness with which it had been manhandled by his own much trusted friend, Theodore Roosevelt. Recall to mind a little history which has not yet grown ancient. In November, 1904, a few days after his election, President Roosevelt issued a brief statement in which he declared that "under no circumstances" would he be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination. But many people were skeptical, and a few months later he clinched this declaration by proclaiming, in characteristic Rooseveltian tones: "I will not again be a candidate for the office of President. There are no strings to this statement. I mean it."

Perhaps he did mean it at the time, but he presently turned a handspring on his words. When his hat went into the ring, there were alibis in plenty, with much hair-splitting over "elective" terms and "consecutive" terms. This served its purpose in quieting the consciences of men and women who had made up their minds to follow Roosevelt anyhow, which is what it was intended to do. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that many of those who are now so grievously disquieted by the thought of nine-and-a-half years for Mr. Coolidge were militant supporters of Colonel Roosevelt in his quest for eleven-and-a-half. And had this doughty crusader lived until 1920 he would probably have been chosen as the Republican standard-bearer in the election campaign of that year. Neither the tradition nor his past profession of allegiance to it would have availed to prevent his nomination, in view of the circumstances as they were at that time. Knowing all this, it is no surprize that Lord Bryce, writing in 1921, should have jettisoned this badly battered tradition from the "unwritten constitution" of the United States.

There are times when it is not advisable to give any man a third term as chief executive in a republican state. Rotation in office ought to be encouraged by republics during the early stages of their history, lest a contrary tradition become established before the people acquire full confidence in their power. Likewise there are men who, by reason of imperious temperament or lust for power, should not be suffered to remain in high office

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for any long period of time. Such are they who look upon themselves as children of destiny and saviors of the state. Every republic has had experience with such men, but Calvin Coolidge is hardly to be placed within that category. To convince the American people that here is a man who will blossom into a despot if we give him a chance, — surely the proponents of that absurdity have their work cut out for them! Most of our fellow citizens are not very imaginative, and it requires an enterprising imagination to visualize Calvin I in the rôle of a Napoleon III.

Why should we chloroform our common sense when we are called upon to deal with new situations in politics? The rule of reason applies here as elsewhere. The times and the man are relevant to the issue. Whether President Coolidge, on the basis of his record, may safely and wisely be entrusted with the executive direction of our national affairs for another term, is a fair question; but it is one that ought to be discussed in the light of conditions as they are to-day, and not as they were a century ago. Why wrangle over what the Fathers intended or Washington said or Jefferson did? Presumably we do not propose that the will of a free people shall be forever enchained to a commandment of negation once handed down from Sinai on the Potomac.

Now there is one important respect in which Mr. Coolidge stands unique among all the occupants of the White House during the past ninety years. He is the only one who, during all that time, has been able to approach the end of his second term without any noticeable decline in popular confidence, or without having started a ruction in the ranks of his own party. Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson swept over the land on a surging tide and then got caught in the undertow. Not since the reign of Andrew Jackson has any chief executive had the opportunity which seems to be heading in Mr. Coolidge's direction. Many things may happen between now and next June, but barring some unexpected and serious mishap, it will require only a nod of the head to assure him the Republican nomination on the first ballot, virtually without a whisper of dissent. Such a nomination would carry a reasonable certainty of reelection, because the Democrats, as the situation is evolving within their ranks, can hardly hope for any such approach to unanimity. To ask, therefore, that Mr. Coolidge and his party shall gallantly surrender,

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for the sake of an impostor phrase, a strategic advantage which is unique in almost a century of politics, — is it not asking a good deal?

There is nothing accidental about the strong and steady grip which Mr. Coolidge holds upon the confidence of the country. He is not the mere beneficiary of an industrial millennium. To a considerable extent, his administration has been responsible, if not for the existence of economic prosperity, at least for the accentuation of it. All business expansion rests upon a sense of security, and the country has felt itself uncommonly secure against governmental hydrophobia during the past few years. Industry, in all its branches, has also been heartened by the practice of economy in national expenditures, the tax reductions, and the deflation of the public debt. Labor, in all lines, has shared in the benefits of prosperity. It is not without reason that so many people attribute our smooth sailing to good political seamanship and credit the helmsman with a large part in it. Government is a big factor in the country's economic life, bigger than the economists have given us to understand. Under the circumstances there need be no marvel at the existence of a wide-spread sentiment for letting well enough alone. A glance at conditions in Europe and in the Far East is enough to indicate that the world is not yet back to normal conditions.

The old adage about swapping horses would seem to apply even to a third crossing of the stream.

It will be argued, of course, that although the renomination of Mr. Coolidge next year might not of itself be unwise, under the circumstances, this action would create a precedent which might be used with disastrous results by some American Mussolini of the future. My answer is that it will take more than a precedent to coerce the people of the United States into the toleration of an involuntary dictatorship at any time and under any circumstances. The foundations of popular responsibility are too solidly laid for anything of the sort.

Those who do not want Mr. Coolidge to have a third term are for the most part the ones who did not want him to have a second term, — or a first term, for that matter. They are and have been opposed to him and all that he stands for. They know that his withdrawal, if it could be accomplished, would precipitate a

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free-for-all contest in the next Republican national convention and thus give the latter a measurable similarity to what the next Democratic national convention is likely to be. They realize that the renomination of the President can not be averted by attacking his record in office, for this record is not sufficiently vulnerable. On the whole, it is less so than it was in 1924. Hence the pulmotor has been set to work on the anti-third-term tradition, in a frantic endeavor to resuscitate this gasping issue. My guess is that it can't be done.

## II — A USEFUL TRADITION

WALTER LIPPMANN

THE friends of the President have not yet made up their minds whether they will argue that the next term would be Mr. Coolidge's second term or his third. There are some, I believe, who insist that until 1924 he was merely the Acting President. There are some who ask whether the eighteen months after Mr. Harding's death are to count as a term. This would mean that while Mr. Coolidge ought to be eligible for reelection in 1928, he should not be eligible in 1932. They have no objection, that is to say, to a man's serving ten and a half consecutive years, but they object to his serving fourteen and a half consecutive years.

This form of the argument is not very dignified. For it is extemporized to help Mr. Coolidge at the moment by an attempt to stifle a frank discussion of the principle which is at stake. The bolder friends of the President who say that the third term tradition is an antiquated prejudice are in a far better position. It may well be that the tradition is antiquated and irrational. But the argument that a year and a half is not a term and that two years and a half, — or three, — would be a term is special pleading and nothing else. It is, however, a tempting argument at the moment. For we live in a time when political discussion is at a very low ebb

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because there exists no powerful discontent to animate men's interest in public affairs. Things are going so well for most of us that there is little disposition to debate on its merits a question of high principle.

The third term tradition involves a question of high principle. For myself I should object less to seeing the tradition discarded openly than to seeing it silently and absent-mindedly ignored. It is sufficiently important to be worth an open debate, so that if it is to be rejected now we shall know what we are doing and why. After all, the third term tradition has been part of the customary law of this republic since the beginning. The proposal to discard it is a proposal to amend the established political system. Now there is no reason why that system should not be amended if circumstances require it. But there is every reason why we should recognize the meaning of the change before we accept it.

The third term tradition is based on the fear that a man in office will perpetuate his hold upon that office. This is a fear which has haunted republics. It is derived from the experience of republics in the past. Sooner or later, under the stress of a crisis, or through the indifference and corruption of their citizenry, republics have almost invariably transformed themselves into dictatorships of one kind or another. It is open to any one to argue that nothing of that sort could happen to the United States. Perhaps not. We were all brought up to believe that we could never have a sharp religious dispute. We have one. We were brought up to believe that we had no vital political connection with Europe. We have recently buried fifty thousand American soldiers in France. We were taught when we were young that we could never assume the cares of an empire. We have an empire in the making. We were taught, in short, that this was a New World which somehow was magically sheltered against the ancient experiences of the race. We are rapidly discovering to our amazement that we are not a race apart and that we must repeat, perhaps in new forms, the oldest political experiences of mankind. Who then can guarantee that a dictatorship is impossible in America? Who can argue that it is safe to relax that vigilance which is the price of liberty?

I know full well that it is comical to think of Calvin Coolidge as a dictator. I am not in the least afraid that Calvin Coolidge will

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make himself a dictator. But I am in some measure apprehensive of the consequence of allowing a mild man to break a tradition which, once it is broken, can not easily be restored. If we break the tradition in order to reelect Mr. Coolidge, — for whom surely it can not be claimed that he is more indispensable than Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Roosevelt, — what shall we do to restrain the ambition of some really vivid and important but impetuous person who may succeed him?

There is really no way of preventing his renomination. The President in office can always renominate himself. Even Mr. Taft could do that. The power of the President is such that there is, practically speaking, no way in which his party can refuse to renominate him. He has such enormous patronage at his disposal that he can in effect nominate the delegates who will renominate him. To refuse him a nomination when he asks it is to evoke a quarrel which will almost certainly destroy the party's chances to the election. It amounts to a repudiation of the party's own record while in office. Now nominating conventions are composed largely of Senators, Congressmen, and federal appointees. It is asking a good deal to ask them to repudiate their own record. So the President can renominate himself if he chooses to do so, and nothing but the tradition against a third nomination really stands in his way.

Once renominated he has to face the electorate. If we assume that the tradition against more than two terms has been abandoned, he has, of course, nothing to fear from the prejudice against perpetuating a man in office. He would run on his merits and on his promises for the future. Theoretically this would mean that he could not be elected unless he were acceptable to a majority. But if we look realistically at the way democracy works we must recognize, I think, that a President in office with his supreme command of the means of publicity, with his army of appointees, with the aggregation of powerful interests which he has the power to gather about him, has incalculable advantages over the candidate of the opposition party. As long as the third term tradition exists no man can really make for himself a wholly personal machine. His followers realize that after eight years they will have to look to some one else for favors. But once his tenure ceases to have any fixed limit, their attachments are almost

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certain to become personal to him. The character of the party system would subtly but surely, I think, be transformed, and we should enter into an era of personal politics such as this country, happily, has never known. The President would grow in power, the party would lose in power, for it would consist of politicians completely dependent upon him.

The transformation of parties into personal machines would, of course, tend to stifle political discussion within the party. It would constitute political disloyalty to the chief. The stifling of discussion would tend to regiment the party, to close up the ranks, and to make politicians resist anything which would tend to weaken the prestige of their chief. He would have to make spectacular blunders before any one could effectively call him to account. To-day a vast amount of light is let into the working of government by good party men who are working for some other candidate. But once the President is free to renominate himself as often as he chooses, insurgency within the party would be futile and would not in fact be permitted. The party would be so dependent upon the President that it could not safely oppose him. To-day, the President dominates his party until he has received his second nomination. After that the party as an instrument of discussion comes to life under the leadership of the aspirants to succeed the President.

One of the clear advantages of the third term tradition has been that it has prevented any man from capturing his own party permanently and by that means thwarting the rise of other men eligible for high office. This to my mind is the most compelling reason for preserving the tradition. Grant that the emergence of a Mussolini is improbable. Grant that the electorate is shrewd enough to defeat a too ambitious man. Still I should argue that in a republic which depends upon the recruiting of talent, it would be a very bad thing to allow any man to dominate either of the two parties for an indefinite period of time. I do not think I am imagining vain things when I argue that personal political machines are undesirable, that the long domination of any one man would discourage the rise of new men. Allow a President to serve three or four terms, — that is, for twelve or sixteen years, — and no man in his party who was fifty years of age when the series of terms began could reasonably hope to be President.

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I think myself that in a republic it is desirable to keep the avenues of advancement as open as possible. Men who have reached the age of fifty have just about had a chance to show their mettle as governors, Senators, cabinet officers. It does not seem to me a sound principle to close the opportunities for advancement to men of that age. Yet that, in substance, is what the abandonment of the third term tradition would do.

If the abandonment of the tradition produced undesirable results, it is not difficult to foresee what would happen. There would be a constitutional amendment fixing the tenure of the President. I think that would be extremely undesirable. For there might very well come a time when the safety of the nation depended upon continuing the President in office for a third term. Had the Civil War broken out in Lincoln's second term, his reelection would have been imperative. There ought not, therefore, to be a rigid rule preventing the election of a President for a third term. Yet we shall make such a rule, should we abandon the tradition and then wish we had not. For once the tradition is gone, only a constitutional amendment can restore its principle.

It seems to me far better to maintain the principle as a tradition, when it can, if an emergency arises, be broken, than to abandon it and then later add another inflexible rule to our already sufficiently inflexible constitutional system. I am not in favor of breaking it this year because at the moment I can see no emergency which demands the continuation of Mr. Coolidge in office. I have never heard it argued that there exists any particular reason why at the moment we should abandon one of the fundamental principles of our political system.

It is not, as I have attempted to show, a superficial principle of no particular consequence. No principle determining the tenure of a Chief Magistrate can be unimportant. It is bound to affect, and in fact it does affect, the character of our whole political system. There is all the difference in the world, as any tyro knows, between a system of government based on a fixed, and one based on an unlimited, tenure of office. The proposal to discard the third term tradition is a proposal to transform the tenure of President from one with a limited tenure to one with an unlimited tenure. This is a profound and radical proposal and it ought not to be entertained lightly.

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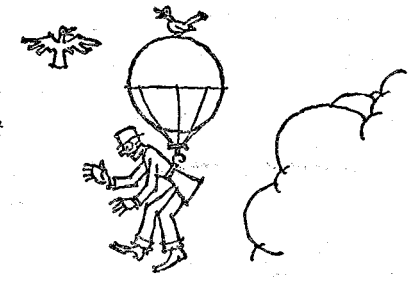
# OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY



*Balloon Jumping as a Popular Sport*

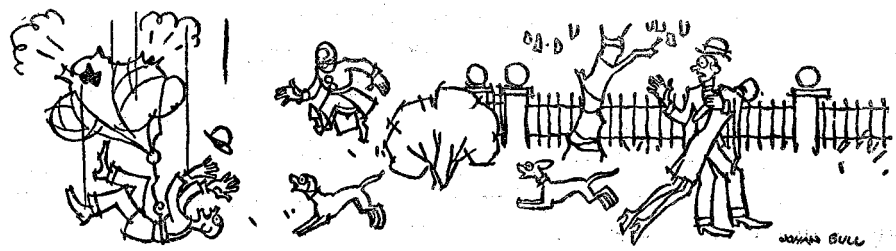
FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

*Drawings by Johan Bull*

EVERY now and then there bursts upon us a new sport with enough danger, exhilaration, and novelty in its enjoyment to attract adventurous spirits. The very latest thing in sport the last form of outdoor excitement to catch the imagination of the old world, is "balloon jumping", and it has all these qualities in a supreme degree.

With balloons, of course, we are all entirely familiar. They have been in the world a long time and we think of them as a cumbrous, unwieldy, old-fashioned, historical method of rising above the earth. But this newest of adventures, which offers a fresh sensation and a new experience, brings back the balloon into active existence as the instrument of a fascinating sport that combines the delights of flying with all the thrills of cross-country riding.

A small balloon about eighteen feet in diameter and holding approximately three thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas is attached by ropes ten or fifteen feet long to a sort of harness that can be fitted around the body and legs of the man who is going to jump in a way that supports him and yet leaves him free to move easily about. A thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas will lift about seventy pounds, and this size of balloon will raise itself off the



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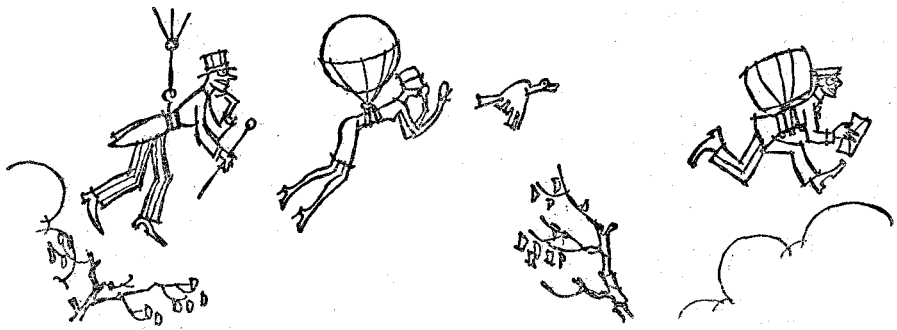

earth and take with it a man weighing one hundred and forty or fifty pounds. If the man jumping is too light, they hang enough extra weight of little bags of sand around his waist to keep his feet on the ground as he walks along, and to make certain that if he does go up in the air, he is sure to come down again, — at least within a reasonable time.

Now, floating in the basket of a balloon is the most perfect of all the methods of transportation yet devised by man. In absolute peace, breathing the exhilarating air of the mountain tops a mile or so above the earth, looking off over miles of billowy clouds all gold and white in the sunshine and opening here and there to show glints of the forests and lakes, the rivers and plains of the world far below, moving gently with the wind, the perfect silence unbroken save for the faint bark of a dog or the crow of a cock thrown up by the great sounding board of the earth far away, you drift across the sky, like the gods, without any control over your direction or destination, entirely in the hands of fate. The adepts say that by resigning himself completely to the will of heaven, man can attain perfect peace. The balloon is the complete and delightful physical realization of that philosophical attitude.

All these sensations are within the reach of the balloon jumper. He has the quiet, the smoothness of motion, a rather nearer view of the landscape, and, in addition, the extraordinary exhilaration of lightly surmounting all those terrestrial obstacles which ordinarily obstruct travel across the surface of the earth, and of engaging in what is really a sublimated form of point to point race.

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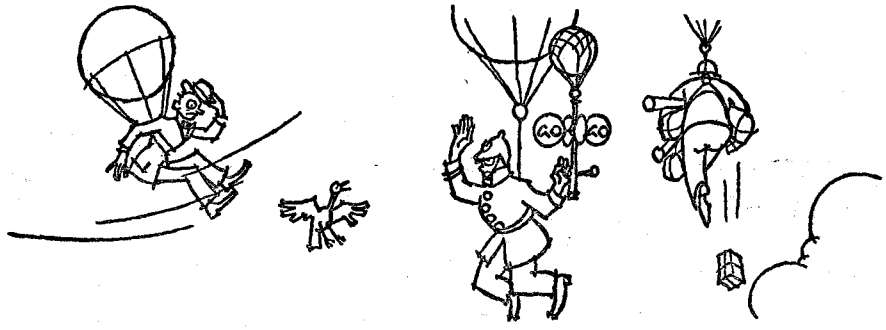

On a fine Summer day when a little breeze, moving not faster than fifteen miles an hour, is blowing across the country the balloon jumper settles himself in his harness and attaches it firmly to the balloon. He stands with his feet spread slightly apart like a frog, the balloon floating above him. A little gust comes along. He bends his knees and springs easily up into the air. The balloon bears him up gracefully a hundred feet or so above the ground and together they drift across the landscape over fields, fences, and ditches, till they come gently down again a hundred yards or so from where they left the earth. In front of him stands a tree. He walks forward a few steps while the balloon regains its balance and begins to rise again. Then, as it tugs for freedom, he steps leisurely up into the air towards the tree. He reaches the upper branches and, resting his foot lightly on the most extended one, steps slowly and dignifiedly toward the top, and there pushes carelessly off into space and floats gracefully down to the ground. So Peter Pan must have crossed the treetops.

A few steps down the field a barn looms ahead. This time the jumper takes off a little farther away and, with a strong spring, upborne by the wind, he and the balloon rise majestically to the rooftree and there, for a moment, he poises on one foot. The lightest of shoves and he floats off and upwards, to sail serenely a hundred feet or so before alighting again upon the turf.

Glittering in the distance straight ahead, lies a pond a couple of hundred yards wide. The jumper takes this just as carelessly as the rest. Rising into the air before he reaches the pond, he drifts

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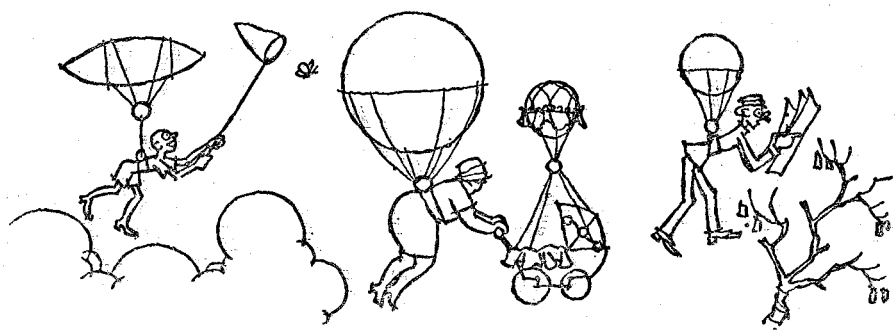

half-way aeross and then floats down lightly as a sea gull to the surface of the water. He hardly touches it with his feet, and the obedient balloon turns upward again and bears him far beyond the other shore.

And so he progresses down the countryside, like the giant in his seven-league boots, topping fences, walls, trees, brooks, and even a kindly and indifferent cow, over whom he jumps as easily as her ancestor did over the moon.

Each time when he alights after a jump, the jumper takes a few slow steps until the balloon stops descending and begins to rise again, just as a flyfisherman waits for his line to straighten out on his back cast. Otherwise this game demands no special skill or technique, but just a little practice. A gentle wind, an open country, and a very slight balance of weight in favor of the man over the balloon are the essentials. Besides, the tradition of the dangers of the large balloon has made men provide the jumpers with all kinds of safety devices, — bags of sand to further balance the upward pull of the balloon, safety catches to enable the jumper to slip easily out of the harness if, on landing, a sudden gust of wind begins to drag him along with it, and even a rope around the waist attached by its other end to some one on the ground, to keep the jumper from being turned by too strong a gust into the tail of a runaway kite.

Ski jumping and high diving give something of the same joyful flying thrill as balloon jumping but with them the return to earth or water is, like the collapse of any ideal, distinctly jarring.

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Complete Physical Realization of Perfect Peace

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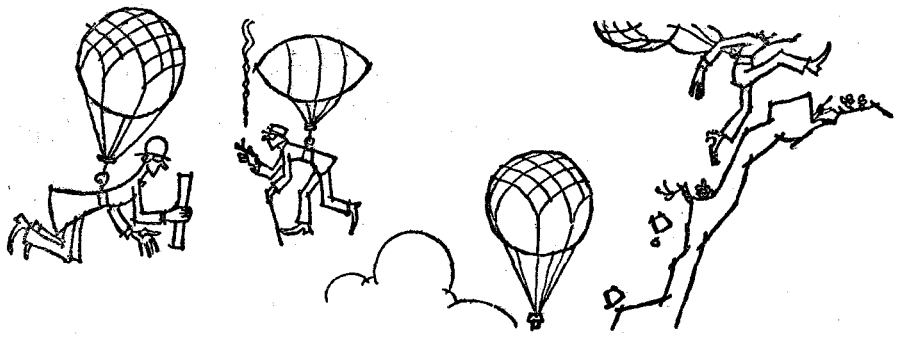

In balloon jumping the coming back to solid ground is like a gull lighting on the water, like a leaf drifting down softly on a still day in October. The wind is your slave and the genii of the balloon take you up and put you down as deliciously as Aladdin's did the Princess, asleep in her royal bed.

Unfortunately, just as you can only toboggan down hill or ski jump from a higher level to a lower, so you can only do balloon jumping with the wind. Then, after that wonderful progress through the air, you must slowly and painfully tug the balloon back on foot or tow it carefully behind a car along roads free from wires or overhanging trees. Wires, indeed, are a peril which has already caused accidents, not only to balloons but to the jumpers, and they lie in wait on every side.

Still, in spite of its difficulties and limitations, balloon jumping is not only the newest but one of the most thrilling of sports, alluring and exciting from its very uncertainty and uncontrolledness, just as motoring was in the early days when there was still a thrill in fifteen miles an hour. And apart from this sporting phase, there may be also a great practical future for the idea in its less daring use, not by trying to lose all our weight at once so that we can make these huge jumps like aerial kangaroos, but by using it to gain merely a slight alleviation of the weight of years and good dinners, and to help to make our progress over the earth just a little lighter and gayer.

Why should we not in time perfect a moderate sized knapsack filled with some highly volatile non-inflammable gas which,

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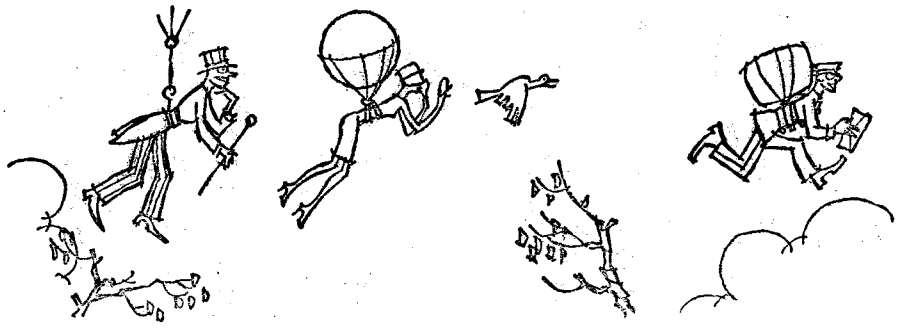

strapped comfortably to our back, would be able to lift some twenty, thirty, or forty pounds off our burden of flesh? Fitted with one of these knapsacks, a stout, elderly gentleman could saunter from his house in the country and stroll up a steep, high hill more easily than he can now tramp down it. Should a fence bar his way, he could rest his hand on it and spring lightly over. If a brook crossed his path, he could jump it as carelessly as if it were the gutter. He would feel as if thirty years, not thirty pounds had dropped off him. The same muscles that had been carrying a hundred and seventy pounds would be carrying only a hundred and forty. He would have to be careful only about putting the precious knapsack on and off, lest he should release it too recklessly and then have to watch it sail gaily away to join the Pleiades.

It looks rather as if Sir Isaac Newton's gravity, already somewhat groggy from the Einstein attack, were going to receive another staggering blow. If the present balloon jumping apparatus should hold the same relation to its future development as the Wright plane to the trans-Atlantic flyer, or as the Montgolfier balloon to the Zeppelin, then we are on the threshold of a fascinating new phase, not only of sport but of existence. Years ago, Frank R. Stockton with the foresight of a Jules Verne, anticipated this very idea in *A Tale of Negative Gravity*. The hero of his story succeeded so well in his attempt to overcome gravity that he found himself suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, some fifteen feet above the ground, unable to go either up or down. His faith-

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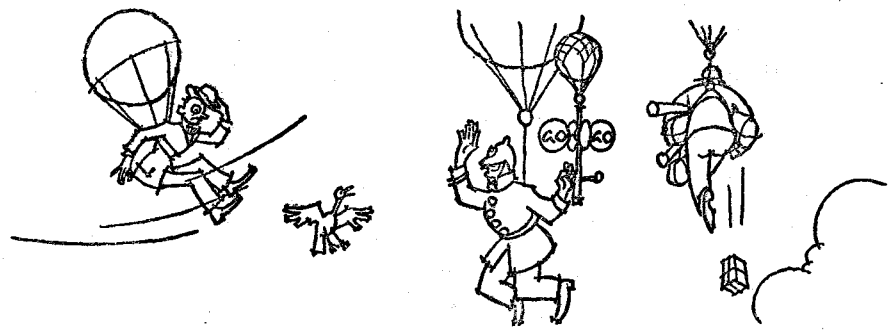

ful wife retrieved him by throwing aloft a fish-line, catching the hook in his trousers, and drawing him safely back to earth.

That is just the sort of thing that will happen if we should ever have knapsacks of unlimited power. Our whole present day world will be turned upside down. Middle-aged gentlemen, knapsack on back, will go floating through the empyrean; old-fashioned, unmechanically minded mothers will be found bumping around against the parlor ceiling; the sky will be filled with poets, definitely out of touch with reality; second story men will ply their trade with ease; children, like cherubs, will be found perching on the housetops; no cherry tree will be safe. All the legislatures will be busily engaged in passing laws prohibiting people from leaving the earth too freely, or rules for the right of way up and down and sideways, or regulations against landing on the head of a fellow citizen or planting a foot on any part of him as you rise. And then there will be all the new rules of etiquette: should you pass over or around a lady?

Moreover, as history always repeats itself, reproducing the same phenomena under each period's disguise, we should see a new St Martin sharing his knapsack with the beggar, a Jonah rising from his whale by his own power, a George Washington crossing his Delaware on a favorable breeze, a Sheridan reaching his Winchester in one long hop.

There is no end to the probabilities and the possibilities, but the interesting thing is that the beginning of it all is here before us to-day.

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# WOODROW WILSON'S FORD BOOM

A. R. PINCI

*WILL the Democratic donkey be exchanged for the democratic flivver as a party emblem? In this article Mr. Pinci indicates that Woodrow Wilson once picked Henry Ford as his successor to lead the Democratic Party. Though the two men had little in common, Ford's international idealism and his profound knowledge of the common people made him Wilson's choice. At the time of his death, says Mr. Pinci, Wilson was grooming Ford for the presidential race and we may yet see him enter the lists.*

ON Thanksgiving Day, 1926, many Republicans and not a few Democrats professed to be thankful for the election results of four weeks before. By Christmas they were speculating about the identity of the presidential candidates they would find in their respective stockings. Consequently there was talk of whom the political Santa Claus had picked or would pick for the occasion. Names already more or less familiar were duly catalogued: Charles E. Hughes, John W. Davis, Herbert Hoover, Alfred E. Smith, Leonard Wood, Oscar W. Underwood, John J. Pershing, William G. McAdoo, Frank O. Lowden, Atlee Pomerene, and, of course, Calvin Coolidge. As a matter of fact, the last congressional elections have little bearing on the presidential candidacies of 1928. It will be much easier, two years hence, to understand what happened in 1926, and why, than to decide now how the new line-up in Congress determines the 1928 results. But since the latter is the politicians' standard of reckoning, it is necessary to delve deeper and say that the foregoing list is quite incomplete. It lacks at least one name, and possibly two.

Of these, Henry Ford's is one, — and the foremost. William E. Borah's may be the second. A campaign with either or both of these men as candidates would be thrilling even to the gods, but Henry Ford would win against any contender, upsetting all accepted partizan calculations and "systems".

The presidential campaign that lies ahead will not be a campaign of issues, because there are no issues. Law and order, tariff, prosperity, economy, and the League are no longer issues, — they are useless catchwords. The campaign of 1928 will be a campaign of men, if it is to be a campaign at all; and that party will win which nominates the man who compels votes on his own

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account, by virtue of his personality and psychology. The list that I have given does not contain a name which would last one complete round against Borah or Ford.

Although it is a difficult thing to explain, one associates Henry Ford with the Democratic party and William E. Borah with the Republican party. Yet both would be politically interchangeable, notwithstanding the fact that Ford on the Republican ticket would earn the G. O. P. a bigger victory than it has ever registered. Last Summer, Senator Borah, admitting he would like to be President, said that if those now in control should wake up some morning and find that he had been nominated by the Republican party "they would groan, roll over, and die." But that's nothing to what would happen if Ford were nominated by either party.

Henry Ford is not a dark horse in the true sense; but I enter his name for the simple reason that Woodrow Wilson once groomed him for the race. Because of that fact he must be considered as a Democrat. Wilson's attitude was "thumbs down" toward McAdoo, and Smith would not have attained the proportions as a presidential possibility that he did in 1924, had Wilson lived. The "sidewalks of New York" are an unknown quantity presidentially, and Wilson is not so dead *yet* that his son-in-law can vanquish him.

A climax so early in the story is somewhat of a novelty, but this is the right place to state that had Woodrow Wilson lived another two years without mental impairment, Henry Ford would be President of the United States to-day, — not without Wilsonian selfishness, — while the country, meanwhile, would be recording decidedly more original history than it now does. Wilson delighted in an occasional wallop. The one which I believe he reserved for the last was his plan to nominate Henry Ford for President; and such a nomination, in 1924, would have been equivalent to election.

Thus I wish to introduce Woodrow Wilson's Henry Ford.

That is the simplest picture of the automobile manufacturer; an intimate snap-shot, too, of the former President. In four words we have the key to the two least understood Americans of the time, — two men whose lives, aims, and ideals had much in common, notwithstanding the divergence of their daily affairs.

Before the 1924 campaign a substantial number of citizens

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were in a blue funk at the mere thought that Ford's name might be mentioned for the Presidency. At first it was derided as another "Ford joke", but when evidence showed that the Ford boom was hatched from as good political eggs as many other candidacies, consternation began. More or less blunt criticisms followed. Yet such are the fortunes of politics, that all antagonism would have come to naught against the single voice of Woodrow Wilson. In 1923 a resurgence of Wilson's party mastery was evident and had he lived, he would have been the boss of the 1924 convention. For many months before his death, and perhaps not without considering the growing anti-Harding gossip, Wilson was just in the mood to defend his former title as leader of the plain people. Ford was a good medium.

In May, 1923, I called on Mr. Ford at Dearborn to sound him. My previous presidential campaign work, which had brought me into personal contact with all the successful and unsuccessful nominees from Roosevelt to Harding, led me to expect a brass band reception; but my welcome at the Ford offices, where I was already well known, was most unfavorable for my purpose. Mine was not the according-to-Hoyle reception of an accredited correspondent by a presidential possibility.

At luncheon in the white frame shack where a great deal of Ford industrial history has been made, I found myself sitting on Mr. Ford's left. Others present were Edsel Ford and four or five of the company's chief executives. Edsel discoursed on engineering, his father contributing an occasional remark while tracing pencil figures on the table-cloth. Conversation was general and many subjects were broached, — except Washington, D. C., and affairs related to that city. To Henry Ford the capital was, and still is, unimportant. He avoids it. While certain intellectuals and politicians frowned, Ford enjoyed his aloofness, disdaining their make-believe world. Hadn't he already said that he considered his job bigger than the Presidency? He did not intend to slur the chief magistracy; he was merely appraising his task, and to him it seemed bigger. Wilson admired this declaration, — he liked its spirit.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Ford, observing that I was in a quandary, entered W. J. Cameron's office and good-naturedly wanted to know what seemed "to be the matter here". Mr.

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Cameron explained briefly. Mr. Ford confirmed his indifference to the Presidency, for reasons already made public. In an adjoining office, clerks were returning unsolicited contributions to the "Ford campaign". Mr. Ford sat on the corner of a desk, knees crossed, balancing himself with hands clasping the swinging leg. Nothing in the picture suggested that I faced the most powerful industrial figure in the world, and that the sphere which he directed loomed to him greater than anything Washington had to offer. Then came the question I reserved for the last!

"What will you do, Mr. Ford, if at the next Democratic convention Woodrow Wilson, leader and master of his party, should nominate you? I understand that is his plan. Such a nomination would be equivalent to your choice and, I believe, your election." Even when phrased thus theoretically, the information was startling enough, but Mr. Ford smiled a little quizzically and, still dangling his leg in true Abraham Lincoln style, said: "Well, young man, what would you do?"

That answer revealed Ford not only as a diplomat but also as a consistent diplomat. Measured by my own experience with diplomats, Ford as a prospective statesman appeared unsurpassable. His indifference toward the Presidency, so far as its possibilities had advanced at that time, was simple. He did not see in it an unusual job, and excluding the mediation of Wilson himself, the office was still a long way from the man. It would not be difficult to tabulate the Wilson disciples, identify his trustworthy supporters, name the championing newspapers. The more erudite, in the academic sense, the more unequivocal was their Wilsonism. Yet these self-same ranks presented almost a united front against Ford.

In a way different from Wilson's, Ford is an international idealist, and the intent of much he has said parallels, virtually word for word, all that Woodrow Wilson so often urged. Dissenters may point to the peace expedition in the *Oscar II* as disproof of my statement, and since data with regard to it is incomplete, I may supply a missing link or two. More than anything else in a man, Woodrow Wilson admired courage, — though with it he often associated stubbornness, especially in the face of ridicule. And although diplomatic exigencies required his disclaimer, his interest in the Ford expedition was unbounded. (Is there in

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the State Department a survivor of those days who will deny that President Wilson studied avidly every word and reaction by which he could measure the effect of his own pending policies?) That is why, years afterward, when the Ford incident was sarcastically alluded to, Woodrow Wilson reminded a listener that there had been another peace argosy, also ridiculed, which had yielded no greater success, despite the presidential pilot at the helm. Woodrow Wilson saw little difference between the *Oscar II* and the *George Washington*. We are familiar with the description-defying reception of our President in Europe; but who could describe Henry Ford's welcome had the latter embarked on a speaking tour to tell the European masses his idea of an industrial renaissance?

Those Wilsonians who have declared against Ford's political acumen, — so far as this can be estimated without concrete example, — have forgotten that as a politician, Ford is Wilson's creation. Except for Wilson, his name would never have been seriously mentioned in connection with public office. Ford was selected and sought out by the President; and he accepted the overtures because, he said, Wilson needed him. He ran for the Senate in 1918 to help President Wilson, not to please himself.

The Michigan senatorial campaign was vital to the administration. Defeat was not Ford's, it was Wilson's, — a fact which few Democrats have conceded. With Ford in the Senate, an avowed Wilson man "to win the War and hasten peace", — to quote his words, — the Senate would have been Wilson's. Officially the margin would have been slim, but psychologically the story would have been different. At all events, much that is now history would have been changed. The defeat did not read Ford out of politics, of course. Didn't Stephen A. Douglas's senatorial victory over Abraham Lincoln's popular majority of four thousand inspire the latter to push on to greater honors? Wilson knew history and knew how to make it repeat itself. If Ford was ever a political aspirant, the cause was Woodrow Wilson; and if he ever is again, the cause will still be the same. Their opinions on professional politics, their common hope for a demilitarized world, their defense of the masses made them twins. Ford's industrial seclusion, his unsociability, are exceptional. Well, what of Wilson's seclusion, his unsociability, from a

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political standpoint? In that respect he was the most snobbish executive we have ever had. Just as Wilson was convinced that his part in American politics, which he termed the New Freedom, was different from current politics, so has Ford maintained that his motor business is different from the rest of the automobile industry. Accordingly, both men settled into an aloofness which has been astonishingly misunderstood.

Wilson boasted that he knew men, — it was one of the first things he told me in the 1912 campaign. Ford expresses the same idea less forcibly but more correctly when he says he knows the people. After his first nomination, Wilson began almost overnight to divide those he favored from those he didn't; and from the former category he chose many of those "friends" who have been chiefly responsible for the things that spelled Wilson's *finis*. How can I describe the feelings of those few of us who year by year observed the intrigues, the hypocrisy, the unbridled egotism of those who every day, in every way, weakened the presidential structure created by Wilson in his heyday? And then came the exodus of those who were exiled, — including a few innocent ones, — and those who anticipated exile.

One might ask what Wilson's human relationships had to do with Henry Ford. Only this: Wilson began to realize that Ford's philosophy and practice were born of a wisdom that he admired. To the very end Wilson regarded Ford as a leader of the people and an ideal to them, such a leader and such an ideal as Wilson himself, without much success, aspired to be.

Is it any wonder, then, that Wilson began to think of Ford in terms of the Presidency, and began to think of catapulting him into it? Only Wilson could have done that, and only Wilson would have done it. By a simple gesture and a few words, he could have scored a victory not otherwise attainable, at the same time squaring many an account that could not otherwise have been balanced. I believe that he nurtured some such idea to the very last. At the time of Wilson's death, party squabbles had broken out which in some way resembled those of 1911. He himself was taking no active part. It was even whispered that he was no longer a party man, — which, with qualifications, was true. If it had been necessary in the pursuit of his ideals, he would have been ready to throw off even the party label. But this last

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extreme step would not have been necessary, for no Democratic convention would have stood out against his wishes. All he needed to do was to make the suggestion and nomination would have followed, regardless of opposition, — in which case the Republican chances of victory would have been worthless. If the Republicans dissent from these views, let me remind them of the sigh of relief that went up on the welcome day when Mr. Ford championed the Coolidge cause and when, overnight, the "impossible" Ford became "wise Hank".

Would Ford have acquiesced, had Wilson nominated him? Undoubtedly, for Ford is nothing if not a good soldier. Any appeal by Wilson to expand the Ford industrial doctrine by making it political and international, — to make possible, in other words, the emancipation of foreign peoples from the vicious war psychology by setting them to work at high wages, — would have been irresistible. And none of the Democrats, — nine out of ten of them Wilson men anyway, — would have dared to deride Ford's candidacy, for to have done so would have been to deride their master's judgment. What a predicament that would have been for some of them!

There was, to be sure, the Jewish question. Its influence in politics can hardly be ignored, and I myself once undertook to test it. The conclusions reached are quite possibly not infallible; but they are representative enough, since my inquisitiveness was most pointed in the districts where the Jewish vote was most substantial and where the so called anti-Ford prejudice was keenest. Since I wished to disguise both my object and the extent of my information, my attitude was invariably jocose. A few of the Jews whom I interrogated became characteristically voluble and even threatening; but the rest were, — quite as characteristically, — cool about it. Yes, just as Ford sold them his car, so he could sell them his magistracy.

"If he'll reduce our taxes, — real Ford reductions, —" a merchant told me, "let him go ahead. I'll vote for a business man any time. So will my friends."

"But he is only a mechanic," said others. I heard that sneer time and again. Nevertheless, if Ford *is* a mechanic, the obvious retort is that Lincoln was a rail splitter. It is true that Honest Abe became a brilliant lawyer; but why should a brilliant lawyer

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be more highly esteemed than a brilliant industrialist? Of course, the lawyer is usually the better talker, and so long as politics is nine-tenths stump speaking, the manipulator of the English language monopolizes the chase. But talk was another of those things that had begun to irritate Wilson, — at least when the League of Nations was the subject. I have been told that a visitor of Wilson's, suspecting his partiality for Ford, began to discuss his ignorance and "illiteracy". But the caller made a mistake. He forgot that Wilson had asked Ford to run for the Senate, had talked with him, knew him better than the visitor.

"He knows the people," retorted Wilson, coldly. "That is a great deal."

In analyzing Woodrow Wilson's Henry Ford, we must go further. The afternoon when Wilson regaled me with his views on the subject, he had something to say about the Wall Street interests. The essence of those views he never changed. He knew that Wall Street hoped a business man might be President, but apparently even business men are not always consistent. Despite all reports to the contrary, the American business man is cautious to the point of timidity; and while many of them were opposed to Ford for reasons that had nothing to do with business, most of them were opposed to him on principle. The very class in American society which indulges most readily in superlatives of greatness, shrank when the biggest among them was suggested for the Presidency.

On the other hand, the people at large, — whose voting ranks seem perpetually arrayed against our captains of industry, — would have taken to Henry Ford with unanimity. That was the chief consideration that lay behind Wilson's plan. In the opinion of the people, Henry Ford is the first man to represent capital in bread-and-butter terms. To the masses he is their bread-and-butter representative, one of themselves, — and at the very top! They regarded, — and still regard, — him with mingled emotions; but of their allegiance there can be no question. These masses, moreover, are not solely American, because the same Ford leanings are to be found abroad. Henry Ford, in sum, is the first non-ruling, non-political, non-military human being to achieve such distinction, — a point that Woodrow Wilson did not overlook.

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Springfield Missouri



Time and again I have met persons who are confused by the mass psychology which regards wealth as a downright bar sinister, — and which nevertheless makes an exception in Ford's favor. The reason? It is that, whether or not his fortune strikes the popular fancy, the modest luxury which his factories endlessly turn out exerts a hypnotic power. "Riding" has always been associated with leisure and riches, but it is an everyday matter now for everybody, — thanks to him. Humanity's gains from the lavish endowments established by other rich men are too abstract for the man in the street. But ask any street urchin what "all the king's horses" amount to in comparison with a battered flivver!

I must not be understood to mean that Wilson was looking for an ally or an aid. He wanted a principal. He knew that the Wilson views, as such, had no chance. He knew, toward the end, that to broadcast them, politically or otherwise, was useless. He knew that the Democratic party was again facing a period of disfavor. What Wilson required was a new spokesman of the people. In Ford he was sure he would have one. From what I know and from what I surmise, I venture to say that Woodrow Wilson passed on with many thoughts and plans unspoken. We must not forget that the circle of intimates had been recast many times between 1918 and 1923. Woodrow Wilson had reached the point where he could not save Woodrow Wilson except by throwing his old crew overboard and signing up a new one.

In 1923 the campaign of 1924 looked as if it were going to be one that would brook no confidences. Wilson knew well that outside knowledge of the little coup that he was planning would spell disaster. The outsiders would have spoiled it, too, for they had everything to lose. Wilson had many scores to settle, in his party and out of it. A "Ford for President" boom would have enabled him to stage the most dramatic episode of his dramatic career. Death alone prevented it. But it still remains to be seen whether the Ford balloon is definitely and permanently punctured. Signs are not wanting that in the campaign of 1928, Henry Ford will be worth the consideration of any party that cares to draft him. Whether Coolidge will run again, nobody knows except Coolidge; but even if he does, I believe "Hank" would beat "Cal" if by any chance they both were candidates.

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# HOG'S EYE AND HUMAN

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

*Scissor-cuts by*
*Martha Benslev Bruère*

WELL, Sirs! It's jest the truth, things happen so all outer the common in Tony Beaver's log camp up Eel River, that if a person don't mind and hold his eyes in place, they'll jest natcherally pop outer his head with looking at the things he'll see up thar, — it's a fact I'm telling you.

One time thar was a right pitiful thing happened jest on account of that very thing. There was a young feller come into Tony's log camp what had never been there afore. He was a good young man an' had been raised up real nice so he never teched licker ner chewed terbacker, ner cussed, ner nothing rough like that. He was kin to Brother Moses Mutters, that ole preacher what allus has had sech a turrible tussle saving the souls of them rough hands in Tony's crew. He'd worked so hard, and had sech poor returns, that at last he sent fer the young feller I'm telling you of to come help him out.

NOTE — In the lumber camps all over the country there is the tradition of a superlumberman who performs incredible feats. He is generally known as Paul Bunyan, but in West Virginia he goes by the name of Tony Beaver, and has his camp up "Eel River" where all the impossible things happen.

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Well, that young man, he come in all fired up with salvation, and expecting to save souls jest hand over fist. Poor feller! Little he knowed what *he* was heading fer!

Big Henry and the Sullivan feller was the first of Tony Beaver's hands to sight him. They was out at the edge of camp, lopping up a felled hickory, when all at once they heered some one singing, and d'rectly here come the young feller, pacing down the trail to camp. He was all rigged out in a black suit, mighty nice and pious, with a hymn book in front of him, and every now and agin he'd take a eyeful of words outer the book and throw back his head and beller 'em up to the sky. He'd come along, looking and singing, looking and singing, in that jerky way, more like some kind of a machine than a human, and Big Henry and the Sullivan feller, they jest looked and looked with all the looks they had.

"It ain't a real human," says Big Henry slapping his hat back on his head, "but dogged if it ain't the best imitation I ever seen!"

"It sure is good," says Jack Sullivan. "I reckon it must be one of Henry Ford's new machines, — ain't it a sight what that feller'll invent!"

The stranger was up right close to 'em by now, so he snaps shut his book, jerks it under his arm, and shoots out his hand to Big Henry.

"Good-evening-Brother,-aire-you-saved?" he says like it was all one word.

"Hey, that's good! How did you git it to do that?" says the Sullivan feller, looking acrost at Big Henry.

"Darned if I know, — must of teched a spring somewheres," Big Henry tells him.

"Make it do it ergin," says Sullivan.

"If I kin find the spring," says Big Henry, turning the young feller round like he was looking for somep'n. "Do you reckon it's got a self-starter, or do you have to crank the thing?"

"Yer got to crank it, — this erway," says Sullivan, putting his fist erginst the young feller's nose, what was kinder large and anxious looking, and making out like he was grinding it.

"It's good all right," says Big Henry walking around the stranger and looking and looking. "I wonder have they thought of everything? Hey, have a chaw?" he says, pulling out his plug of

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terbacker. The young feller sure was put to it to know what they was up to, but he runs true all right. "I thank you, Brother," he answers mighty genteel, "but I do not use terbacker in any form, and I have never indulged in intoxicating lickers."

Big Henry and Sullivan fell back like somep'n had hit 'em in the eye. "Oh doggone it!" says Big Henry, "ain't it a *shame* to ruin a good piece of machinery like that! Any fool on the job could've tole Henry Ford not to put no sech words as them into the works if he was aiming to pass it off fer human."

The young feller was gitting right oneasy by now. He swallowed some, an' his Adam's apple run up and down his throat like it was hunting a way to git out, and git on home. "I, — I fail to understand you, Brothers," he says.

"That's better," says Big Henry. "I fail to understand you, Brothers, — did you git what it said?"

"Make it say it ergin," says Sullivan.

"No, let's take it on back to camp and have some fun with the fellers. We kin easy make 'em think it's human if we kin keep it off them fool words erbout terbacker and intoxicating licker. We better tote it to save the gasolene. You ketch aholt of its legs now —"

"Hold on, Brothers, hold on!" says the young feller, backing back from 'em with his Adam's apple running up and down worse'n ever, fer he could see he wa'n't heading fer no easy ride. But jest erbout that time Tony Beaver hisself come moseying down the trail, and you better b'lieve Big Henry and Sullivan dropped the young feller in a hurry and made out they was working mighty hard, for they knowed doggoned well Tony don't 'low no meanness to strangers in his camp.

The young feller picks hisself up and steps over to Tony. "Mr. Beaver, I b'lieve," he says mighty polite.

Tony looks him all up and down fer quite er spell. "Well," he says, "it's easy to see *you'd* b'lieve 'most anything." Then he rounds on the tother two. "Hey!" he bawls. "Why ain't that hickory lopped up by now?"

"Aw, we was jest killing a little time with the stranger," Big Henry says, making the chips fly.

"Killing time was you? Then why in thunder ain't you gathered it up? You know mighty well I don't 'low no time killed 'round here less'n it's gathered up and sto'ed away afterwards."

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That's true too, fer if there's one thing Tony handles diff'runt from most folks, it's time. He don't never let what the hands kills go to waste. He has it all gathered up and put erway mighty keerful erginst the day they'll need it. I dunno how the feller does it, but it sure is a handy trick, fer if he gits into a push to finish a job, all he has to do is to fetch out a sack o' time and, hold and below! — the thing'll be done an' finished mebbe a whole week ahead. An' if any hand's late fer dinner say, he jest has to reach in his pocket and haul out a handful o' time, and, — *Swish!* 'stead of being mid-day it's sun-up, — a fact I'm telling you.

Yes, Sirs! It's a handy trick all right, but jest the same it was right then and thar all the trouble got started for that poor young feller. The minute he heered Tony tell the hands to gather up time they'd wasted, his eyes commenced to pop, and when he seen them fellers running round doing it, — and it's the truth ther was nigh a peck or so of it, — his eyes got to bulging more and more, twill d'rectly when Jack Sullivan scoops up the last little five minutes what was hunkering down under a frogstool, *Smack!* One of the poor feller's eyes popped right outer his head like a cork outer a pop bottle! And *Great Day in the morning!* 'Fore he seen it, Big Henry tromped down on the thing, and mashed it right inter Kingdom Come! Yes, awful things happen jest that quick.

Well, Sirs, all hands felt turrible bad at that. They gathered up the blamed thing, and tried to squoze it back inter shape, but pshaw! When Big Henry tromps on a person's eye, it jest ain't no more 'count fer nothing.

The poor young feller sets down on the felled hickory, and ketched aholt of his head. "Don't let me see nothing more in this turrible place," he moans, "or I'll loose the tother eye."

Well, while they was all standing around mighty outdone and trying to figger out what was to do next, — *Pough!* They heered a gun crack.

"Oh my soul! What's happening now!" the poor young feller hollers out, giving a great jump.

"Aw, that ain't nothing but the cook killing hogs," says Big Henry ca'ming him down.

"*Thar now!* That's the very trick!" Tony Beaver sings out, hitting his pants leg a great smack. With that he put out fer

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camp and was back ergin so quick a person couldn't hardly git out, "*Thar* he goes!" 'fore he had to holler, "*Here* he comes!" And dogged if he hadn't fotched a fresh hog's eye with him!

"Here!" he says. "If anything'll fit the hole, this will, fer it's the truth a hog's eye is the nighest thing to a human eye there is." With that he h'ists up the young feller's lid, and pops in the hog's eye, and dogged! if it didn't settle into the hole jest as pretty as a bird on its nest!

"Thar now! That'll fix you fine," Tony says, all swelled up over his own smartness. "Don't mind taking it, son," he says, fer he could easy see the young feller was mighty conscientious. "It ain't no manner o' use to the hog no more, and he'll be proud to pass it on to you." With that he ties up the young feller's eyes, and tuck him on back to camp. Thar he kep' him in the dark fer quite a spell, twill the hog's eye felt as natcheral in his head as his own did. Then, mighty proud of hisself, Tony calls all hands together to see the great miracle he's worked. Furst he onkivered the real eye, and that was still on the job, doing business jest like it allus had. Then he tied that up and onkivered the hog's eye, and darned if the young feller couldn't see with that one, too!

"Now then," says Tony, all wropt up in his own glory, "this is the furst time in history that a hog's eye has ever worked in a human head. It'll be somep'n fer you great Jim-bruisers to brag about seeing all the rest of your lives." With that he onkivers both eyes with a grand flourish, and all hands ketched aholt of their breath ready to bu'st it out in a great hullabaloo. But no, Sir! Tony wa'n't as smart that time as he thought he was, for with both eyes open the young feller couldn't see nothing at all. Leastways he couldn't see nothing right. Everything was double or upside down, and which erway, for it seemed like hog and human jest natcherally *couldn't* pull together. Tony was clean outdone. He turned the feller all erbout, hither and yon, and even stood him on his head for a spell, but nothing he could do could git the two shuck down so's they'd work together.

"Well," he says at last, trying to make out it was what he'd expected all along, "jest give them eyes time, and they'll pull together as nice as a pair of ole work horses." But time didn't help none, fer at the end of a right smart spell, hog's eye and human was jest as crisscross with one another as they'd been the first

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minute they was onkivered. By then too it was plain to see Tony hadn't done that poor young feller no kindness, for not only his two eyes wouldn't pull together, but seemed like he was sorter busted in two hisself. When he looked through his human eye, he was jest like he allus had been, all sail set for salvation and mightily consarned about his soul. But Who-*ee!* Jest let him squint through that ole hog's eye, and, — well, he wa'n't like nothing he'd ever been afore!

Of course, anybody would know a hog don't view the world like a human. What a hog sees I can't tell you all, for I jest natcherally don't know and I never was no hand to make up a tale and pass it off for truth. But though none of them Eel River hands knowed what he seen, and the young feller hisself couldn't, — or mebbe it was *wouldn't*, — tell 'em, still and all, they could git a right good notion of what it was by the way he carried on, — and it's a fact, plenty of them hands 'lowed they wished they had a hog's eye too!

For one thing he allus favored his hog's eye when it come to eating time, — and I wished you could of seen the vittles that feller'd put away then! And *drink*, — well I'm for temperance myself, so I wouldn't whet your thirst by telling you what that young feller could pour down.

More'n that, with his human eye he was kinder soured against the world, for he knowed life was but a desert drear and heaven was his home, like the hymn book says. But jest let him git his hog's eye open, and dogged if this world right here and now wa'n't all the heaven he 'peared to crave. His face got to changing, too. With his hog's eye open, it was all twinkled up mighty cheerful; but with his natcheral eye, it was all drooped down to a desert drear. It sure was pitiful to see a person busted clean in two that away! The fellers got to calling him all sorter fool names like Pig and Pious and Piggy Pi and all like that, 'cause they 'lowed half of him was pig and tother was pious. They even uster holler at him

Hey Brother, hey!
Aire you pig or pi to-day?

Well, finally, all hands in the Eel River crew jest got wore out having such a miserable, busted in two human laying round camp, and they come to Tony and ast him please to straighten things

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out. They said they didn't have a thing in the world erginst hogs and course they didn't have nothing erginst humans, but half hog and half human was jest more'n they'd stand for. Tony he 'lowed the onliest thing he could think of to do was to bust out one eye, seeings as the two couldn't git on together.

"Which eye do you favor, son?" he asts him. "Will you be a hog, or will you be a human?"

Well, now, I reckon anybody would think the young feller would've spoke right up and said, course he'd be a human, but 'stead of that he puts his head in his hands and bu'sts out with a turrible groan.

"It's awful to be a hog," he says, "and yit someway I kinder like it."

"Sure you like it!" says Big Henry. "Any feller 'ud rather be a hog than the kind of human you was. I cert'nly am sorry I never got really acquainted with that hog twill he was ham," he says. "He sure muster been a regular, two-fisted Jim-bruiser, fer jest the little of him what's left has come pretty nigh making a real man out of a imitation."

But ole Brother Moses Mutters, the preacher feller, was all tore up over it. "A hog!" he bellers out. "Do I hear a human being, the noblest work of God, saying he craves to be a hog?"

"You do, Brother, you do," says the young feller, all twinkled up, 'cause he was looking at the preacher outer his hog's eye.

"Ain't a hog a work of God?" says Big Henry, bristling up, 'cause he's sorter built on the hog plan hisself.

"Think, my brother! Think of your immortal soul!" the ole preacher hollers. "Shet up that wicked ole hog's eye, and open your right one, and you'll see that hell is lapping at yer feet!"

The young feller opened his human eye, and all the hog twinkle went outer him, and he fell into a desert drear. "Aw, my soul!" he sniffles, shaking now more like the jelly for Sunday dinner than like a human.

"Hell is waiting for you, hell is gapping for you!" Brother Moses Mutters singsongs out at him.

"Here, this ain't no way to settle nothing!" Tony Beaver bu'sts in, 'cause he seen the question was gitting too hot to handle, like any question what has to do with hell is sure to git. "Everybody simmer down now," he says, "and let the young feller shet

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up both eyes, and think the thing out in the dark of his own head for hisself." But that didn't do no good neither, for when he set in the dark and studied furst on being a hog, and then on being a human, he jest *couldn't* say which he favored.

"Well," says Tony, "it's too much for one feller to settle all alone, so we'll jest have to call a meeting and all hands take a vote on it." The young feller was satisfied with that. "I'll leave it to you all," he says. "If you decide I'm to be a hog," he says, all twinkled up, "I promise you I'll be jest the best hog I kin. And if it comes out I'm to be a human, why I reckon I'll jest have to be one," he says, preparing for the worst. So the fellers seen whichever way the vote come out, they wouldn't have no call to be ashamed of the young feller, for he sure was aiming to do his very best, hog or human. But it was a right solemn question, and Tony tole 'em all they got to take a couple of days to think it over. Well, if there's one thing them Eel River hands hates worse'n another it's thinking, — it allus makes 'em sweat so. And the more they thought, the more kinked up their thoughts 'peared to git. They run the thing sorter like it was a campaign, and them two eyes was the candidates. Some fellers was for pig, and some was for pi, and some jest didn't know *what* they was for.

Well, when voting day come round, all hands washed up and put on clean shirts, and some even went so far as to shave, but even *that* didn't straighten out their thoughts none. They opened with speeches and voted afterwards. Big Henry tuck the stand furst. He ain't nothing but a right rough hand, with no flow of language at all, 'cept when it comes to cussing, but he knowed what he stood for and he sure did speak to the p'int that time. He h'ists hisself up on a big gray rock and commences, "Ladies and gentlemen,—"

"They ain't no ladies present," says the Sullivan feller, acting smart, 'cause he was mad at not being called on to speak hisself.

"Nor no gentlemen neither," says Big Henry, cutting a mighty dangerous eye at the tother, "but it'll be best for all hands to act like they was. Ladies and gentlemen," he sets out ergin, "I will be brief — "

"The briefer the better," says the Sullivan feller, rolling up his sleeves.

"I will be brief, and say briefly I AM FOR THE HOG!" says

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Big Henry, and with that he makes one jump fer the Sullivan feller, and the meeting comes to a halt twill they could get the two prized apart. After that Ole Brother Moses Mutters tuck the stand. "Hell is waiting for you, hell is gapping for you," he sing-songs out. Them words 'peared to be the key he wound hisself up with, and in 'nother pair of seconds it seemed like the air was shooting blue blazes. "Don't you know," he bawls, "there ain't nothing in this world the ole devil loves better'n a human with a hog's eye. Oh, my poor brother! You aire standing upon slippery steeps while fiery billows roll beneath your unhallowed feet!"

Hearing that, all hands went mighty weak in the spine of their backs, feeling turrible oneasy for the poor young feller. They could've stood it fer him, mebbe, but d'rectly the ole preacher rounded on them too. "Cast your vote to make a human inter a hog," he bawls at them, "and the devil will shoot you all to hell on the same skidway!"

Well, Sirs! At that all hands sets up a turrible yammering, and sniffling, wiping they noses acrost they sleeves and hollering at Tony to let 'em off voting. Tony he jumps up on the gray rock and tells 'em to quit that foolishness. Then he lays it out to 'em that the question wa'n't what would happen in the next world, but what was happening right now in this. "When he gits acrost to the tother side," he says, "the hog's eye will go on back to the hog where it belongs, and the human eye, what's waiting for him, will come on back to him, and the hog will be a complete hog, and the human will be a human, and," he says right sarcastic, "I reckon they'll know over thar how to handle the two of 'em, without no help from the Eel River crew. You all leave the next world alone and try to fix things up in this. If you think he's a better hand as a hog, — " ("*He is!*" Big Henry bawls) "then vote fer hog. And if you think he's better as a human, — " ("*He ain't!*" Big Henry bellers) "then vote fer human, but fer the world's sake, git it settled one way or tother."

But doggone it! When they tuck the vote it come out a dead tie, so thar they was all sweated up fer nothing and no nigher to settling the thing than they was afore. The poor young feller was nigh distracted. He couldn't make up his own mind, and now seemed like the fellers couldn't make it up fer him. "Oh, *can't* you

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git both eyes to pull together?" he says to Tony. "Course I don't want to be a out 'n' out hog, but seems like if I could jest keep a little dash o' hog, I'd be a better human."

"Ain't that the truth!" says Big Henry.

"Well," says Tony, "I reckon you're right, for you sure was mighty soured on the world 'fore that ole hog opened your eye, as you might say. There's jest one thing that'll mebbe git them two eyes satisfied with one another, but you'll have to give me time to fix it up."

"All right, I'll leave it to you," says the young feller mighty trustful. So all hands lef' it to Tony, and the young feller kept right on like he was half hog, and half human, and nothing didn't happen fer quite a spell. Well, there was a widder woman living not far from camp. She had a whole parcel o' mighty fine young gals what she was aiming to raise up nice. One day, the young feller seen two o' these gals coming along the trail to camp with their mammy, and you better b'lieve he opened both eyes, hog *and* human, for they sure was somep'n to look at. It seemed like they was all jest out fer a little stroll and happened to camp to say howdy to Tony. Tony was mighty nice and polite, like he is with ladies, and d'rectly he hollered for the young feller and made him acquainted with 'em all. The gals sure was interested in him 'count of his two eyes. They made him open first one and then the tother and ast him all sorter questions. The young feller sure liked the way they looked at him. It made him feel all swelled up, like a mighty big Mister Somebody.

"I reckon I must be the onliest man in the whole world with a hog's eye in his head," he says, kinder strutting round inside of hisself.

"I reckon you aire," says one o' the gals, looking mighty big eyed at him.

"But that ain't so outer the common, for most men folks has *somep'n* of the hog about 'em," the tother gal says mighty up and coming, her tongue being right quick on the trigger. But though the young feller showed off and tole the gals a heap, there was one right strange thing he never let on about, and that was that when he looked with his hog's eye he could only see one gal, and when he looked with his human, he could only see tother. It was jest when he looked with both eyes he could see the two of 'em, and that

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didn't do him no good for, 'course, then he seen everything topsy-turvy and ever' which way.

The women folks didn't stay long, but after that you jest couldn't keep that young feller outer the holler where them gals lived at. They sure treated him nice, too, and it would o' been all right if he could of jest got the gals straightened out, and been able to see 'em both at oncet, so's he figger out which one he favored. They looked enough alike to be twins, but they sure was different in character. The one he seen with his human eye was mighty sweet and quiet, the kinder gal a man could put his trust in; but the one he seen with his hog's eye was all for laffing and dancing, — mighty fly-up-the-creek and gay. The first was the gal his Mammy would've liked to see him marry, but the tother was the one he would o' liked to marry hisself. Still and all, he was mightily taken with 'em both. So thar he was, the poor feller! In a worse fix'n ever. He not only couldn't git hisself straightened out, but now, doggone it! he'd fell in love with two gals at oncet! And even with his hog's eye open, he knowed he couldn't marry 'em both.

Well then, after a right smart spell o' that, there come a mighty pretty Spring evening, when it seemed like the daylight jest couldn't take itself away. The hands was all laying around on the grass after supper, kinder tasting over how hard they'd worked, feeling mighty proud and satisfied, and liking the whole world. D'rectly they all heered voices, and when the young feller looked, he seen the widder woman and them two gals coming along down the trail to camp. As he watched them gals stepping along and stepping along, over the grass and little, gray rocks, with their skirts swish-swashing at the branches alongside o' the path, somep'n 'peared to bust wide open in him, and it seemed like they was walking down to him right out o' creation. But still for the life of him he couldn't tell which one was his'n.

The tother fellers all jumped up, brushed theyselves off, slicked theyselves down and 'lowed it was jest the very evening fer a dance. So Tony fotched out his Jew's harp, and commenced picking out a mighty lively little tune, *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* All hands made a rush fer the gals, but the young feller seen with his human eye that one of 'em wouldn't dance, but when he looked with his hog's eye the tother was danc-

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ing fit to kill, swinging away with first one hand, and then another. The poor young feller set down on a log feeling mightily outer it, and scan'lized too, fer he'd been raised to think dancing was a sin. With his human eye he seen the quiet sister not fur off alooking at him mighty close and cur'ous. Somep'n in him wanted to go set 'longside o' her, but somep'n else in him wanted to dance with the tother so bad, he jest had to shet up both eyes and take a strangle holt on his soul fer to save it.

All the time he was setting thar Tony kep' spicking on his Jew's harp, and that wicked little *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* run all 'round in the dark of the young feller's head like a flash o' quicksilver, making his soul jest natcherally scratch gravel to git erway from it.

D'rectly he sensed all hands had quit dancing and was standing 'round him, kinder holding themselves together like thar was a big laff coming, and they was waiting fer it to bust.

The young feller peeps up with his hog's eye, and thar was the lively sister standing in front of him and holding out her pretty hands.

"Come on, dance, honey," she says mighty soft, and *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* Tony's harp says mighty gay and wicked. All hands was patting and stomping, and that little tune did h'ist the young feller half way up on his feet, but then he bust out, "Aw my soul!" and flops down ergin. "Whar's yer sister?" he asts the dancing gal, mighty desperate, and hoping tother would save him.

"I don't see her nowheres," she says, making out she was looking all 'round, and at that all hands comes nigh busting the sky wide open hollering and laffing.

The young feller opens his human eye, and right thar was tother gal standing near by, not saying nothing, but still looking at him mighty close and cur'ous, and like she was waiting fer somep'n.

"What about my soul?" the young feller bawls out to her, for someway she seemed more like his Mammy than his sweetheart.

"What about yer *heart?*" she shoots right back at him, not stirring a finger to help and still waiting and watching.

Well, it was plain she wa'n't going to turn her hand over fer him, — ain't it a sight the way gals will treat a poor feller! So he

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shets up his human eye and looks with his hog's, and thar was the other sister still holding out her pretty hands to him.

"Honey, I'm waiting," she says.

*Plinketty-plunk! Plink! Plunk!* says the tune.

Well, Sirs! the young feller jumps up to his feet, and lets fly the *awfulest* words he ever had spoke. "*Doggone* my soul!" he hollers. With that he ketches aholt of his gal, and the two of 'em went dancing away, climbing up that little tune, like they was climbing up the golden stairs, and every step was *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!*

All hands sets up a turrible shout, and ole Brother Moses Mutters fell over like he was dead, but them two kep' right along dancing up the golden stairs, twill fin'ly Tony Beaver quit juicing on his Jew's harp, and then seeings as there wa'n't no more *Plinketty-plunks* to climb, they landed back on earth ergin.

"Come on now!" the young feller hollers out, holding on to his gal, and all fired up. "Soul or no soul, I'll take the hog's eye! So come on, fellers, an' bust out the tother!"

But at that the gal flings her arms 'round his neck right tight. "Hole on, honey! Hole on!" she says. "I don't want 'em to do nothing to you!"

"But I can only see you with my hog's eye," he tells her.

"But I dunno's I want a hog fer a husband," she says. "An' anyhow, what erbout yer soul?"

The young feller looks down at her, and all to oncet somep'n peared to bust in his head. "Honey!" he says, "I've done found it! Dogged if I didn't find my soul fer the first time in all my life when I lost my heart!"

The gal give a kind of funny laff what had a ketch in it. "That was all I wanted yer to know, honey," she says, looking at him mighty wise and deep, more like she was his Mammy than his sweetheart.

"When yer loose yer heart, yer find yer soul!" the young feller kep' saying over, like big news had struck him.

"Boy," says Tony Beaver, "them's the first real words you've spoke since you hit this camp. That soul o' yourn never was wurth the powder to blow it off er stump twill right this minute. Open both eyes now. Mebbe I got 'em fixed so's they'll pull together at last."

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So the young feller opens both eyes, and looks erbout, and d'rectly he bawls out, "I kin see! I kin see jest fine! Hog and human's pulling together all right!"

"Then look at yer gal! Look what you've done ketched!" all hands yells at him, haw-hawing, slapping they pants legs and carrying on fit to kill. The young feller looks down, and hold and below! Thar he was hugging both sisters, fer they was one and the same gal, and had been all erlong, only course when his eyes was crisscrossed they looked like they was double.

"Have I got yer both!" he hollers, all dumbfounded.

"Yes, honey," the gal says to him. "You'll jest have to take us both, fer I reckon I'm what all gals aire, part devil and part human, and less'n you take us both, you'll never keep them two eyes working right, ner see the world straight."

Well, Sirs! After that, looked like the young feller was balanced jest right, fer he had enough hog in him to be human, and enough human to hole the hog down, and that away he come to be jest the finest preacher all up and down Eel River, and cl'ar out inter the Levels.

And *that's* the whole er that, — lock, stock, an' barr'l, hog's eye and human!

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# ON THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT

*Forum Medical Series — V*

LEONARD DARWIN

*IS the human race deteriorating? Major Leonard Darwin, son of the great Evolutionist, is far too cautious a scientist to assert definitely that any such deterioration is taking place. But he does believe that all signs point in one direction, and that new discoveries may be expected to confirm the signs already so alarming. Any change for the worse in the general human average will be insidious because it will be so slow. The remedy lies in the scientific application of eugenic principles.*

TO raise the average qualities of mankind in the future either by relatively increasing the number of individuals of superior types, or by decreasing those endowed with inferior natural qualities, — this is the aim of eugenics. The hope that social progress may thus be promoted is generally held to be an outcome of modern biological theories, and therefore to be a quite novel aspiration. In my opinion, however, eugenics is, or ought to be, founded on common sense quite as much as on scientific generalizations; and as our generation can not, to say the least, claim a monopoly of common sense, it is not really surprizing to find that eugenic proposals have occasionally been made from time immemorial.

The following passage from the Greek poet, Theognis, written some twenty-five hundred years ago, is quoted in many books on this subject: "We look for rams, asses, and horses of good stock and we believe that good will come from good; yet a good man does not fear to wed the daughter of an evil father if he do but give her much wealth. . . . Marvel not that the stock of our nation is tarnished." Plato's wild schemes, to which the term "stock-yard methods" may not unfitly be applied, are also well known. It will only be when persistent and systematic attempts are made to promote racial progress by schemes consistent with both science and common sense that we shall be able to claim that we are entering on new ground.

No doubt the words "science" and "common sense" have often had somewhat different meanings attached to them, and it may be as well, therefore, to state what they are intended by me to cover. Science is here used to indicate the study of all the links

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which bind together all the events occurring in this universe of ours, in so far as known to us through our senses. It is true that underlying assumptions may have to be made both as to the real nature of these links and as to the validity of our knowledge concerning them; but here we pass out of science into philosophy. Science is, in fact, a systematic coordination of individual experiences concerning external objects; and the laws concerning the sequences of events, which may thus be formulated, are of incalculable value in enabling us to foretell future events, or consequences, from a knowledge of present facts. Then as to "common sense", or rather, as to such of our judgments as can thus be labeled, do not they also depend on the best possible use's being made of available human experiences? If so, science and common sense do not differ in origin as much as is popularly supposed, and both ought always to point in the same direction.

Why, then, does the man in the street not seldom find himself at variance with the man of science? For this state of things both sides are to blame. As to those who rely almost exclusively on common sense and who do not give themselves the trouble necessary for the understanding of the arguments on which scientific conclusions are based, they are apt to declare roundly that no attention need be paid to such conclusions. For example, we all know that care in feeding and training make a visible effect on a horse; we know that visible qualities are apt to run in families, that is to say, to be inherited; and unaided common sense generally leads men to jump to the conclusion that both the feeding and training of a race-horse must actually improve the breed of its progeny. But when we begin to study what science has to say on this subject, our faith in this conclusion is soon rudely shaken. No doubt the question of the inheritance of acquired characters, as it is called, is still not quite settled; but if we follow the opinion of the majority of scientific experts on this difficult problem, we shall be led to place no reliance, to quote another example, on the education given to the children of this generation as a means of making the children of the future more easily educable. We must educate our children for their own sake only; and as to possible benefits to future generations, we must rely largely on the dictates of science.

But men of science must not pride themselves on being free from

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error. In their own often very narrow fields of study their conclusions should carry great weight; but they themselves often fail to realize that, outside those fields, they also are trusting largely to their common sense, whilst not seldom claiming for the opinions they hold the infallibility of scientific truths. Scientific workers are apt, moreover, to pay too little attention to traditional warnings passed on from generation to generation; warnings which are often the crystallized experiences of wise men in many past ages. As an example of the kind of errors here alluded to, a small book by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, entitled *Daedalus*, may be quoted. He suggests that in the future, by means of a surgical operation and what may be described as a superincubator, women will become the mothers (biologically speaking) of perhaps a couple of hundred children each, whilst the fertility of men will be almost indefinitely enlarged. The powers of selective breeding will thus be immensely increased, and racial progress proportionately promoted. Is this a joke? I do not know. But I am certain that there is a serious defect as regards either a sense of humor or common sense, — either on my part or on the part of Mr. Haldane.

Another little book which I can not but feel would have been improved by a dose of common sense is *Prometheus* by Professor H. S. Jennings. He discusses the relative importance of heredity and environment, a topic on which much confusion of thought has been displayed on all sides, and a question which should generally be answered by saying that both are of vast importance. Rousseau and his school tried to prove that environment counted for everything, and their influence was still strongly felt when my father began his studies on the problem of organic evolution. In those studies, the evidence of men of common sense was certainly not neglected. He held that "it is hardly possible, within a moderate compass, to impress on the mind of those who have not attended to the subject, the full conviction of the force of inheritance which is slowly acquired by rearing animals, by studying the many treatises which have been published on the various domestic animals, and by conversing with breeders." (*Animals and Plants under Domestication*, Darwin, I, pp. 447–448) Is the truth with regard to the "force of inheritance" even yet sufficiently realized? I much doubt it.

The object of *Prometheus* is, I suppose, to point out that in the

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author's opinion commonly at present "heredity is stressed as all-powerful, environment as almost powerless." (pp. 65–66) Here I like to imagine the professor pursuing his inquiries as to the relative importance of these two factors by consulting a trainer of race-horses, and here is the way in which I believe that such a conversation might run. The trainer might reply, "I don't know what you are driving at. I can't win a race either with a well trained, well fed, but underbred hack or with a thoroughbred horse out of condition. It is mere nonsense to ask which is more likely to win." Then the professor would perhaps intervene by inquiring whether owners had not often been heard to declare that breed alone tells. "In what stables do they talk rot like that? I don't waste my time over silly talk. I am out to win races." In this connection I can not but express the wish that Professor Jennings had given even a single quotation so as to indicate the kind of men who overvalue heredity and whether they are worth the powder and shot of a reply.

I must also confess to the wish, perhaps an unwise one, that here in England we had a few amongst our social reformers who thus regarded these questions in order that in some slight degree they might counterbalance the great majority who never think about heredity even for a moment. If this brilliant author would write another little book as attractive as *Prometheus*, stating only his own views, both as to the evidence in favor of the probability of immediate though slow racial deterioration and as to the ways in which beneficial racial effects, to use his own words, "could be produced by operating on statistical principles," — if he would do this, he would partially obliterate the harmful and erroneous impression he has created as to his own views. For I can not believe what many have been led to believe, namely, that he holds it to be practically useless to pay any attention whatever to heredity in human affairs.

Common sense has to intervene in this controversy in yet another way. In such matters science concerns herself primarily with ascertaining what would be the direct effects if certain steps were actually to be taken, whilst common sense must weigh in the balance all the indirect consequences. Common sense can not neglect the harm likely to result from the stirring up of human prejudices and passions, and for this reason even truly beneficial

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reforms should rarely be adopted if condemned by a majority of the people, because of the harmful reaction generally thus produced. For example, sterilization can be conclusively proved by science to be capable of producing vast benefits to the race, but is, nevertheless, a reform to be advocated with the greatest caution. Common sense must be content at present with nothing but spade work in some parts of the eugenic field.

As has already been said, eugenics aims at the obliteration of the harm done by the survival of the unfit, or more correctly by the production of offspring by the innately inferior. This harmful influence to posterity is due to passing the inferiority of the parents on to their descendants, not only by natural inheritance, but also by social contagion within the family circle. As to those who regard heredity as a negligible factor, must not they hold that the differences between human beings are almost exclusively due to differences in their past surroundings? For to what else could they attribute such differences? Now, all inferior types must in some degree show their inferiority by creating for themselves inferior surroundings in their homes; and, if so, these advocates of the exclusive effects of environment ought to agree that any inferiority in the home of to-day must be passed on in some measure by social contagion to the coming generations. Surely then, they ought to be ready to join hands with eugenists in their efforts to lessen the number of children issuing from inferior homes, provided that this can be done without injurious moral consequences. Common sense indicates that this is a direction in which all should cooperate.

If we turn to the other method by which injurious qualities are transmitted to posterity, namely, by natural inheritance, the dictates of common sense certainly reinforce the scientific investigations which indicate both that men are not all born alike and that the inborn differences between them are capable of being inherited. For example, when we look back on our school days, all of us must admit that amongst our playmates there were some who excelled us in each of our qualities, a superiority not to be explained away by any superiority in our rivals' former surroundings. We know that we were not their equals by nature. Another but more complex proof of the same conclusion can be based on the great similarity often existing between twins. In the

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case of so called identical twins, who remain very much like each other even in old age, it is obvious that any differences in their past surroundings had produced very little observable differences between them. But brothers who are not twins are normally not exposed to much greater differences in surroundings, and we are, therefore, justified in assuming that any marked differences between them must be due to some cause other than difference in past surroundings, that is to say, due to differences in their natural endowments. This point is no doubt puzzling, but a common sense examination of this question, if carefully pursued, will indicate that the differences between brothers who are not twins gives a fairly correct indication of the differences which natural inheritance may make, even in one family.

If it be agreed that efforts ought to be made to keep the population of a country up at least to a certain standard of excellence, many difficult practical problems have to be faced. The most important of these fall under two heads, the immigration problem, — or how to prevent the unfit from entering the country, — and the birth rate problem, — or how to prevent them from entering the world. In the United States at the present time the immigration problem is one of vital importance, and steps are rightly being taken to insure that none are admitted who would be likely to lower the racial qualities of the American stock. In this connection, does not common sense demand that those who are selected to become your fellow citizens should be such as would be as quickly as possible Americanized? If so it would seem wise to give some preference to those who can speak your language, more especially if by so doing you should also be helping to maintain the qualities and characteristics of your people up to their present level.

There is, however, one point in connection with immigration in regard to which common sense may be somewhat blind, — the reason being that common sense is intensely national. What is one man's meat is another man's poison; and if it is meat to the United States to take nothing but excellent stock from England, it is something like poison to the old country to have to retain only such refuse as is held not to be good enough for admission within your borders. I raise no complaint, however, for I am most anxious that my country should take a leaf from your book and make

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our immigration laws equally severe. If another country tries to dump bad food on us, we do not feel compelled to eat it; for we hold that it is the duty of the exporting country to prevent the production of any such inferior produce. In like manner it should be regarded as the duty of every country as far as possible to lessen the output of inferior human stocks within its own borders. Considerations such as these indicate what common sense may fail to appreciate, namely that strict immigration laws, though nationally beneficial, produce no direct beneficial effects whatever on mankind as a whole. World-wide progress can only be accomplished by all nations' taking thought as to such eugenic reforms as are dependent on changes in the birth rates of the different human types.

The vast territories of the United States are becoming more and more thickly populated, the number of immigrants has, in consequence, already been restricted, and before long the type of citizen being absorbed into your ranks, though still well worth considering, will have become quite a minor factor in determining whether your people are progressing or deteriorating in racial qualities. Even now you do not know what is happening in this respect. To safeguard yourself for the future, the far more difficult and important problem of eugenic reform from within ought to be tackled. And as the United States is destined to play a great part in the history of the civilized world, what that history is going to be will depend in no small measure on what steps in this direction are taken in America. And any delay in taking these steps will only increase your difficulties.

These internal eugenic reforms have for their object the prevention of inferior stocks from multiplying more quickly than the superior; and as the lethal chamber, — or more simply, murder, — is out of the question, what is needed can only be accomplished through the agency of the birth rate. We know that certain classes, the feeble-in-mind for example, would have an exceptionally high birth rate if left uncontrolled, and we know that such ailments are normally highly hereditary. Obviously, the right method of safeguarding posterity in regard to this unfortunate class is to segregate them, that is to maintain them in comfort with the sexes kept apart. Sterilization should, in my opinion, be adopted as an alternative when liberty, partial or

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complete, can be advantageously permitted with the aid of this precaution. Other types of the grossly unfit should also be segregated, but only in so far as this is just and practicable.

No single student of these problems known to me has any doubt whatever as to the great advantages to mankind which would result from the prevention of parenthood by the unfit; the difficulty lies in persuading the general public of this fact. No doubt if we eugenists could confidently proclaim that mental defect is rapidly becoming more prevalent, that insanity is increasing by leaps and bounds, that the increase of crime conclusively proves the steady deterioration of the race in moral qualities, and that the cost of maintaining the unfit will, in the next generation, throw a quite intolerable burden on the people, — if we could paint a lurid picture of this sort, our path would be made easy. The certification of all classes of mental defectives now, however, often depends on the accommodation available, and an increase of accommodation has resulted in an increase in the numbers certified.

Medical science has increased the duration of life, and as insanity is a disease which is more prevalent late in life, its incidence has inevitably thus been increased. Crime has been more indulgently treated and may have increased in consequence. All that the eugenist can say is that the facts known to us are consistent with the belief in a slow and steady progressive deterioration of the average qualities of the people, but not with the view that such a deterioration has actually been demonstrated. But good reasons do exist, in my opinion, for believing that such a slow, insidious change for the worse is either now in operation or will be so shortly, — the great danger of the situation depending on the fact that it is, or will be, taking place so slowly that the change is not to be perceived.

If floating in a boat on a wide river like the Amazon, with the banks on both sides out of sight, no one could tell whether the tide was slowly drifting him upstream or down. In like manner we do not know for certain if we are drifting backward or forward, as regards the inborn qualities of the people. Moreover, we do not realize how heavy is the burden which the inferior types are even now throwing on the superior in a hundred different ways. We accept our troubles as inevitable, and future generations are

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likely to continue to accept them in the same passive way. Safety can only be sought in the destruction of ignorance.

Unfortunately, the more these racial problems are studied the more difficult does it become to demonstrate all the dangers with which we are faced. For instance, we might stamp out all the forms of gross unfitness above mentioned and, though this would be an immense gain, it might not prevent an invisible progressive increase in other forms of mental inferiority; these including stupidity, laziness, bad temper, dishonesty, want of forethought, incapacity to work with others, and so forth. Now these are the qualities which tend to keep a man in the lower ranks of labor, that is to say in those ranks in which the birth rate is normally at the highest. And if these lower ranks are multiplying more rapidly than are the higher grades, including highly skilled artizans of all kinds, this affords strong presumptive evidence that these bad qualities are becoming more prevalent. This is the form of racial deterioration most to be dreaded because least easily detected.

As to the many methods of endeavoring to prevent any such racial tragedy, space forbids me from entering on this topic. Indeed a recent experience has taught me that I should want at least five hundred and twenty-three pages to deal with these problems at all adequately! (*The Need for Eugenic Reform*, Appleton, 1926, pp. 523) All that I here want to urge is that neither science nor legislation nor common sense could succeed single-handed in this field of reform. Scientists are as disinclined as any one else to promote innovations, except in their own special fields of inquiry. Politicians concentrate their thoughts on votes, and posterity has no voting power. Common sense can not act alone, because of a lack of knowledge; though we must rely on it in order to give the necessary driving power.

All intelligent men should combine in an endeavor to promote the adoption of such measures as would affect the birth rates of the different human types in such a manner as to safeguard the race. For this purpose, more knowledge should be acquired, although enough does now exist to justify an advance in many directions. Changes in social customs should be promoted, and this would necessitate both a moral and an educational campaign. Lastly, economic arrangements tending to check or to encourage parenthood, as may be needed, should be introduced. My confi-

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dent opinion is that by such means it would be possible to turn a slow racial decay, leading to an inevitable catastrophe to our civilization, into national progress without assignable limits. Will common sense not insist on a full inquiry into this whole problem, together with all the necessary reforms, if the views here merely sketched in outline should be sustained?

One cause of grievous damage to the race has yet to be mentioned, — War. England lost 46,000 officers and 908,000 of other ranks in the Great War, all being more or less picked men. The loss amongst the young officers was proportionately the greatest. The story is of course just the same with you. If these brave men are now looking down on us, what kind of monument are they wishing to see erected in their honor?

Will not their main desire be that the memory, both of themselves and of their deeds, now so deeply cut into our hearts, shall in some measure be passed on forever into the minds of the men and women of the nation for which they died? The ancient deeds of other nations interest us but little; and, for such a living memorial to be both strong and permanent, our civilization must not be allowed to decay. To prevent such a decay science and common sense must see to it that the gaps made by deaths in the Great War are filled up by material no less sound and noble. An ever-warm appreciation in the hearts of their fellow countrymen, even in the distant future, and still more the enduring fame of the lands they loved and died for, — this is what I can not but believe these departed spirits would wish for, and not merely their names carved in marble, much as we value these records of the departed.

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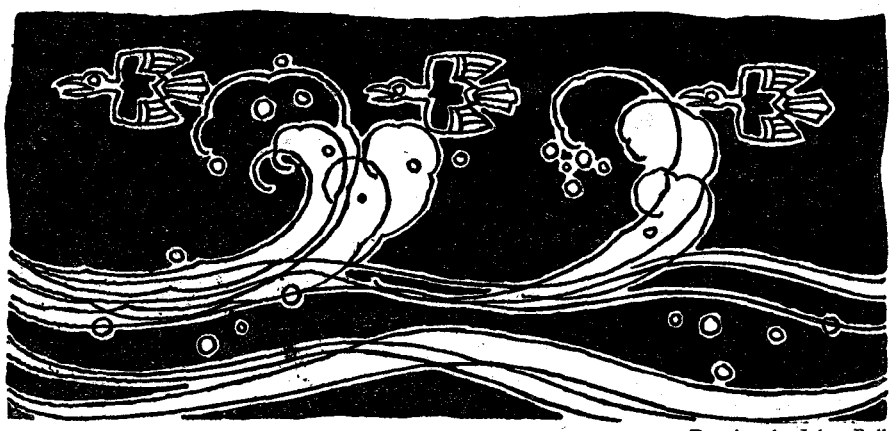

Drawings by Johan Bull

# WHALES AGROUND!

*A True Tale from the Faroe Islands*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Can He provide flesh for His people?
*Psalm* LXXVIII, *v. 20*

AFTER an enforced sojourn of sixteen days on the top of an outlying island, "weather fast" by great surf, I have come, at last, to my desired haven, — the home and the garden of Hans Kristoffer à Ryggi. Haymaking, long delayed by storms, is in full swing. Hans Kristoffer, his brother, Elder Jegvan, Younger Jegvan, and Heine mow the grass, and six maids spread and toss it with their hands. My pleasant part it is to sit on a grassy hillock and watch the others. I need a little time of repose after my adventures on "difficult" islands. Every night, in dreams, I fell off those dizzy heights to thundering depths below, so now my weary eyes rest gratefully on peaceful fields where Arctic terns, like giant swallows, dart to and fro over the fragrant grasses. The sea is quiet, except at times when some larger wave meets the strand with a long-drawn sigh; and the distant islands gleam like jewels through opalescent mists that wander in from the lonely sea-wastes of the Northern Sixties. This is the so called "Grind-weather", when *Grinds* or flocks of pilot whales like to visit the Faroe group, for reasons that no one understands.

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Not half an hour ago Fru Johanne Katrine, leaving her task of cooking for twelve hungry people, came hurrying from the cottage. Her eyes were bright, her breath came quickly and before she reached the men workers she called out "I believe, — I *do believe* I see out there, off Kolter, the flash of sunshine on spouting whales!" Rash Johanne Katrine! Even I could have told her what her reception would be. A burst of laughter reached my ears and scornful words. "A *Grindaflok!* A flock of whales indeed! And did she think that men-folk needed her, a mere woman, to tell them when whales were in sight?" And then followed, in old Norse, the equivalent of our homely saying, "Go teach your grandmother to suck eggs!"

Johanne Katrine returned to the cottage, her face a little flushed. Nevertheless, she was not the only one who had whales in mind that morning. I noticed that whenever the workers stopped to rest, all eyes were turned seawards, and when a young girl began to sing a dance ballad, it was "The Whale Song" that she sang and all joined in the refrain.

Early it was in the summer-time,
(How pale the moon did shine!)
The mists were fleeing before the sun
That rose from the far sea-line.
*Refrain*
Bold lads are we, — to kill the whales, —
That is our joy.

A spirited ballad it is, telling in fifty-eight verses the story of a whale drive. No other song goes so well in the dances, or brings such a light to the eyes and such spring to the dancing feet.

Elder Jegvan paused near me to sharpen his scythe. "That song was written back in Grandfather's time by a Governor of the Faroes. He was often here, for ours is a fine strand for a killing. Over on that Stromó coast the fishing grounds far and wide can be seen. Some one is always watching and if he spies a fishing shirt fastened to the top of a mast, he knows that it is a signal meaning that whales have been discovered and men and boats must come at once. Then a Glavur, or smoking fire, is made as a signal. All goes by rule. We know from the position of the Glavur in what direction the whales are; and a man whose appointed duty it is, lights an answering fire that means, 'We have seen your message

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and sent it forward.' For already a man is running towards Sorvaag, four miles away over the hills. He doesn't need to go the whole way. That man has a mighty voice and a mile from the village he stops on a height and bellows, '*Grindabud!*' and down on the fjord he is heard and a man hurries on to Bó, a hamlet two miles farther on. It's a long and weary way here by sea and many come overland just to help at the land-going.

"There's a man in the Northern Isles who always knows when the whales are coming. Perhaps, during months, he has not thought of them, but when he begins to think of whales, dream of whales, when he can not put them out of his mind, then he knows that the Grindabud will come within two or three days. It never fails. I'd like to have that man here to-day."

Then Elder Jegvan went back to his mowing, and I sat awhile longer on the grassy slopes that his forebears have mown during more than five centuries. The fields overlook the garden of Hans Kristoffer, where even on this day of calm a half gale seems to be blowing, so bowed down are the little trees, so curved and tossed the twisted branches.

The next day, Sunday, was so warm and serene that Johanne Katrine declared I must have breakfast in the "Summer House", a little enclosure at the foot of the garden, wherein table and benches stand always ready. Little trees and big elderberry and currant bushes encompass it so closely that we seldom stay long within its chilly precincts, but that delectable morning we sat at ease, — Hans Kristoffer, Johanne Katrine, and I, — and ate our breakfast to the singing of a "Mouse's Brother", as the Faroe wren is called. Midvaag village still slept in the Sunday calm and only a few wreaths of blue peat smoke rose from grassy roofs.

Suddenly came a loud shout, close by, — "Grindabud!" An old man on the strand was pointing towards the Stromó coast, where a column of smoke rose high in the quiet air. "Grindabud!" again, and as if by magic, a peaceful village became pandemonium. A great wave of sound swept around the bay. Men's deep voices shouted the message. Women and children cried it shrilly, babies screamed with fright. Ducks, chickens, and dogs added to the tumult. Three minutes had not passed when a group of young men raced by, grind-knives in hand, their eyes blazing with excitement. The younger Jegvan was among them. Close behind Elder Jegvan

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followed his first-born, and both went in the same boat. In eight minutes nine men living in cottages here and there around the bay had met at the boat house, launched the boat, and put to sea with the full whale outfit on board. In fifteen minutes nine boats had started, — Midvaag's quota to the drive. They passed at full speed out of the bay, turned under high cliffs to the open sea, and were lost to sight.

Boys of fifteen and sixteen years were not allowed to go, for some of the drives make a terrible strain on heart and lungs; but while lamenting their hard lot, they had hope that at the last they might take some part in the slaughter.

"What next?" I asked Johanne Katrine. She made no reply. Her head was held high, her lips compressed, her blue eyes wide open, but unseeing. So might some leader have looked when rallying his forces for a coming fray. Then her lips parted and she murmured, "Put salt sausage and mutton to soak, brown coffee, make rye bread, sweep, bring in dried meat, send to the shop for tea, sugar, spices, white flour, raisins, prunes, rice, and sago." Then she became aware that I stood near. "And perhaps Fróken will dust a little and bring in fresh flowers? The Grind may escape, of course, but it is not the custom to make white bread or put sweet soups on to cook until the whales have been driven past that far-off point that we call 'The Pastor's Point'."

Soon the men of Sorvaag and of Bó were seen coming over the hill. They dropped down breathless, on the grass, sharpened their knives, and waited.

The hours passed slowly. I ate my dinner standing or walking to and fro between the window and the table. At last I saw, far

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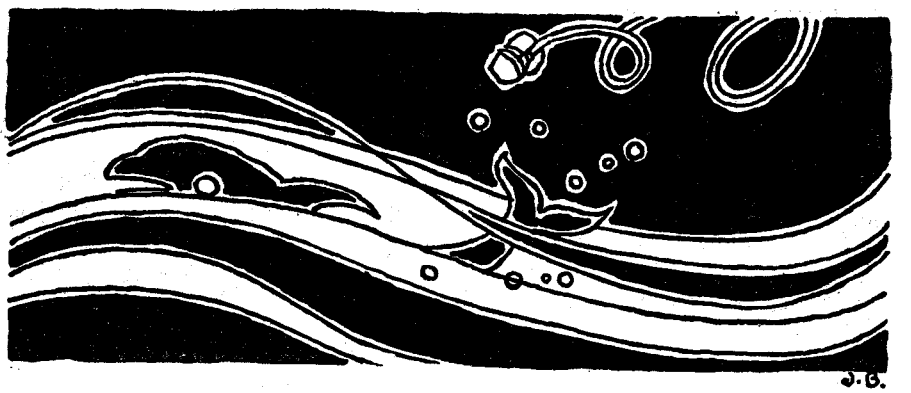

away, in a shining belt of water, boats, like tiny, black specks, in three shallow crescents, one behind the other; and now and then, a flash of silver showed where a whale was spouting. "They seem uneasy," said Johanne Katrine. "They may yet break away". And the men of Sorvaag and of Bó rose to their feet and watched in anxious silence. Six boats then left the others and made their way cautiously along the rocks of the outer bay. "They have come to get more small stones to use in the drive," explained Johanne Katrine. "It won't be long now before it begins." And I hurried away to the opposite side of the bay, where the whales must pass. Here and there I could see a round black head bobbing above the surface. "They seem very few to me," I said to an old man who stood above me. "Oh, where you see one head," he explained, "there will be twenty down below."

All was quiet, no woman on the strand (women are "unlucky" creatures), no sound from the drive. Through the day the flock had been herded in from far out to sea. Now and then, the whales had seen a little way from them, on one side, a light splash on the water and bubbles rising, as a small stone fastened to a fishing line was thrown from a boat. The leader was not alarmed, but it looked strange and he didn't care for it, so he led the flock more to the other side as they slowly swam forward. Then came a splash and bubbles there, also, and again the whales turned from them. So, gently guided while yet they had no knowledge of that guidance, the whales approached the entrance to the bay. The water was still deep, the leader not yet afraid; but at any moment he might take alarm, dive, turn seaward and the whole flock escape.

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Then, as they drew near to the shallow water, the foreman gave a signal, and one boat dashed forward, a man with a harpoon wounded a whale in the sensitive spot above the tail, and, as the creature mad with pain and fright rushed into the middle of the flock, the boats charged forward with loud shouts, the clanging of metal on metal, and blows on the gunwales. Alarmed, bewildered by the sudden uproar and the charge of the wounded whale, the whales were seized with a panic and swept at full speed up the bay. A large band of Eider ducks, generally so fearless, became frightened and made for the shore, turning their heads from side to side, reluctant, even in flight, to leave the water. From the sea came sounds like an Indian powwow, the hoarse, staccato cries of weary men, "*Ah ha! ha! ha! Ah hoy! hoy! hoy!*" There was a gathering roar from the sea. The whales were hidden by the storm of white water that preceded them. Six great rollers came crashing along the coast. I heard the old man above me crying, "Come up higher, Fróken, you're in danger there!" The whales tried to turn seaward and were met by the boats; they rushed to the other side and, unable to stop, struck the rocks with a shock that made them tremble. One big whale, upheaved by its fellows, was thrown clear from the water and fell where I had been standing. The first row of boats closed in and the slaughter began.

With long lances and knives the men fought, using hooks attached to lines to draw the boats within striking distance; and as the blood flowed freely from the wounded whales, their comrades would not leave them. Even if they reached clear water, they turned again, "seeking the blood". The large whales seemed to be

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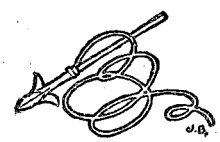
trying to protect the small ones. Some of the whales, maddened by lance wounds, rushed forward and were stranded in the shallows, where they were met by the men of Sorvaag and of Bó, who, breast deep in blood and water, struck again and again with their grind-knives to sever the spinal cord. One large whale, made fast to a boat, dragged it close to high rocks, hemmed it in, and threw such quantities of blood and water over the men that they were helpless. It was like a great red fountain through which I saw dimly the men, blinded by blood, afraid to strike, lest they should injure one another. The boat was being shattered to pieces and other boats had to come to the rescue. The whales made little active resistance, but in their dying flurry they were dangerous. I saw one boat crushed like an egg-shell between two whales, and as it sank, the men flew from it, like rubber balls, to other boats near-by. I saw little boys of six and seven years running into the shallows and jabbing at stranded whales with their little knives until seen by irate great-grandfathers, who sprang in, seized them by the scruffs of their necks, threw them up on the shore, and then ran back to do a little killing on their own.



At last it was over. Not one whale escaped. A hot, heavy odor filled the air; two hundred and eighty-six whales lay dead and dying on Midvaag's strand, and high above the lessening clamor rose the voice of the Sysselmand, summoning all hands to aid in dragging the whales as near the shore as possible, there to be stranded by the outgoing tide.

That night the sun went down in a fiery glory, turning the sky above blood-red, making the bare *fjelds* glow as though with inner fires. Lambent flames played along the basalt ledges and gleamed from the bare rock-beds of little watercourses, but of a deeper red than the sky's angry hue was the bay from shore to shore, not tinged with red, but red as flowing blood, while on the strand the surf beat in a long, crimson line. Rank on rank lay the whales in pools of blood, their smooth, dark skins reflecting the sky colors.

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Their broad, thick lips curved backward in a grotesque smile, disclosing the small, white teeth clenched fast. There lay the leader of the flock, and there, — oh the pity of it! — were poor, little baby whales lying by their mothers, born in the agony of panic and of death.

There was no sleep for Midvaag's house-mothers that night. Four hundred men must have food, rest, and shelter. Hans Kristoffer's cottage was the centre of activities. Within the guarded "best room", the Sysselmand and four assistants were to work during the night, apportioning the Grind. When I returned to the cottage, I found them there, neat and trim in changed clothing, eating sweet soup and other good things. The family living-room was full to overflowing with men from the drive. They were having hot coffee and some simple food, then quickly giving place to others. Later, all would have a heartier meal. In the Rogstue, or outer kitchen, Hans Kristoffer had spread a thick layer of hay on the earth floor, leaving only narrow passageways between the fire, peat box, doors, and water buckets. Here, twenty-six weary men found grateful warmth and sleep. Their faces were haggard, their clothes drenched with blood and water, their faces and hair plastered with caked blood. Too exhausted to eat, they drank a little hot coffee, took a bit of bread, dropped down on the hay, and slept at once. In closely packed rows they lay, the steam rising from their bodies in the warm air. After a few hours' sleep they could have more food and go out to give place to others in like need.

That night, for the first time, I paid full homage to Johanne Katrine. I had never before seen her during great stress; and in a garden, as a would-be assistant, she could make trouble. Now, however, I saw her as house-mother and hostess, cheerful, capable, attending these tired men as a mother might do and bearing herself with such gentle, smiling dignity as befitted the wife of a "King's Peasant", — one on whom the Danish King had bestowed the Cross of the Dannebrog.

The Sysselmand and his helpers showed much thoughtfulness for the "guest lady" in the little room close by. Not once did their voices rise above a deep rumble, and the many men who came and went on mysterious business, trod softly with moccasined feet.

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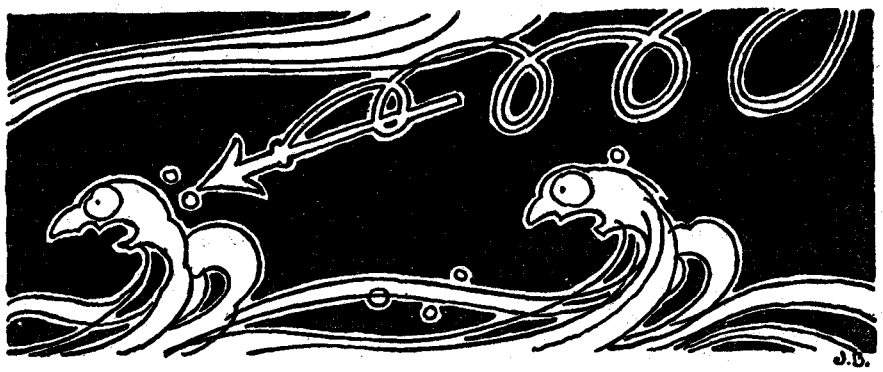

It was dusk at midnight in late August, and through the interlacing branches of the little garden trees I could see the glimmer of lanterns on the strand. There, sober and watchful, four men guarded the Grind. From three houses I heard the sound of singing and the tread of dancing feet. Tired though the men were, it was better to dance, in their wet clothes, while awaiting their turn to sleep. I could distinguish from the confusion of sound many of the ballads. The Whale Song, of course, a song of Charlemagne, one from the Nibelungenlied, an old Danish war song, the story of Sigmund Bresteson, the Faroe hero, as told in the Faroe Saga, and then, more soberly, — gently, — sounded the ballad of the death of Queen Dagmar, with a pensive lilt in the refrain, "In Ringsted rests Queen Dagmar."

The brief dusk had passed. There seemed to be much activity on the shore. Without waiting for early tea, I went down through the garden and opened the gate near the sea. Scores of men were cutting up the Grind. The heavy smell of flesh was in the air. From side to side of the bay, the strand was a shambles. Compared with the larger whales, — the Blue, the Humpback, and the Finner, — the Grind-whale is small. The largest one I saw was twenty-one feet in length. But there were so many, — two hundred and eighty-six! The sight of the great piles of meat, bones, blubber, the incredible mass of refuse, were too much for nerves made shaky by a sleepless night and all that had gone before. I retreated in disorder, was met by Johanne Katrine at the cottage door, haled into the vacated best room, put in a chair, and told to swallow at once a piping hot cup of coffee. That helped, and I then noticed by the side of my plate at the breakfast table, a piece

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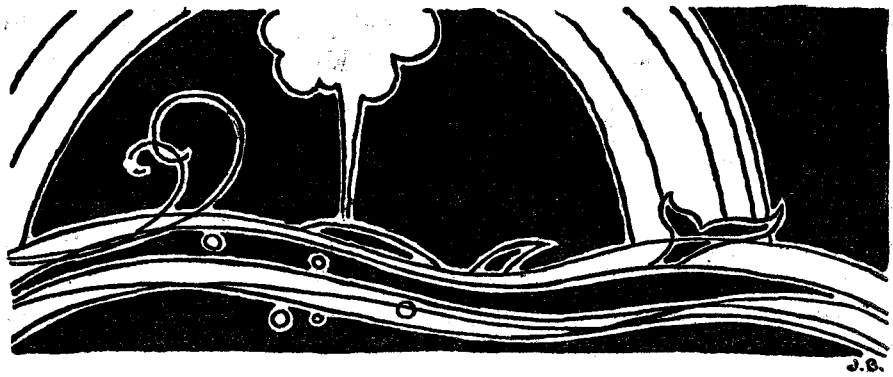

of paper. My name was on it, and strange legal phrases unknown to me, signatures and figures. A vague apprehension filled my mind. Had I unwittingly transgressed the law? I went in search of Hans Kristoffer and showed him the paper. "Yes," he said placidly, "just show that to one of the men in charge of the Grind and you will be given your portion."

"Am I to have a piece of whale?" I queried weakly.

"Certainly," said Hans Kristoffer. "Even if you had been only a chance visitor for the day, you would be entitled to a share. But," he added, "if you don't care to take your portion with you when you leave here, it can be auctioned off to-day, with other lots, by Sysselmand."

A little later, I went down again to the strand and found that many boats had come from distant islands. Over piles of blubber and vertebrae I exchanged greetings with men who had gone with me over *fjelds*, rowed and fished and climbed with me. In Faroe fashion, they shook hands and said, "Thanks for our last meeting," and I, remembering *my* manners, responded cordially, "The thanks are to you." All were in good spirits. There had been no serious accidents, there was a calm sea for the heavily laden boats. One old man said, "There is good food here for the winter. The Lord *has* provided flesh for His people."

Boat after boat put to sea in the twilight and as the men reached the outer bay and settled down to their work at the oars, many began to sing the thanksgiving Psalm.

It is two days since the Grind and the waters of the bay are still thick and red. We long for strong winds and tides to bring in fresh seas and purify us again. People are still busy salting meat, cut-

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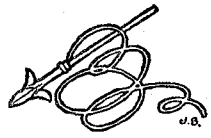
ting it in strips to dry in the salt-laden air, making oar straps from the hide of the back fins, tanning and blowing up stomachs to use as buoys for the fishing nets, and boiling whale heads to extract the prized oil they contain. Moreover, there is the refuse to be carried out to sea, for a wise law requires all to be removed within seventy-two hours.

Elder Jegvan has been telling me of the great Grind of 1898, when fifteen hundred whales were killed here. The people toiled night and day so that the enormous amount of meat should not be spoiled. A dreadful sight the strand must have been.

I am weary of whales. I have eaten whale boiled, fried, and minced; the liver, heart, brains, and kidneys of young whale; and best of all, head fin boiled, cut in thin slices when cold, and eaten with thin slices of dry bread. It has a firm, white substance and a pleasant, nutty flavor.

Our pastor was to have held service and christened several babies at Sandevaag, a mile away, but there could be no christening when the fathers and all the godfathers were on the high seas. So he preached a very short sermon to the rest of the congregation, hurried home, changed to his oldest clothing, seized his grind-knife, ran along the coast to the outer bay, climbed down a cliff, was taken on board a boat just before the "land-going" began and was in the midst of the fight with nine of his flock.



I asked Hans Kristoffer what happens when the whale message comes to a village and the people, unaware of it, are in church. He told me that a messenger goes to the church, opens the door quietly, and whispers "Grindabud" to the nearest man. He, in turn, whispers to the neighbor and tiptoes softly from the church, and so the message is passed on to all who are to take part in the drive. Generally, the pastor shortens the service and often goes too, but when the Sacrament is being administered, no message is sent to the church. No man would leave the Lord's Table to join in a Grind. Should he dare to do so, no blessing would follow him or his.

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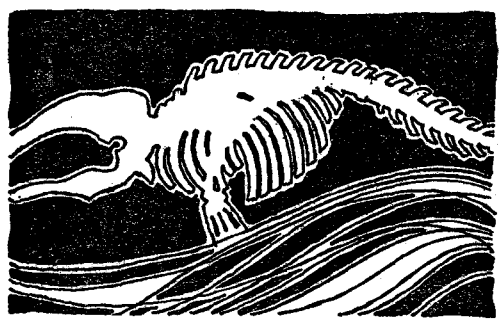
Elder Jegvan tells me that many believe in the supernatural powers of the hooded crows, that they know when the whales are near, and often they will come boldly to the very windows of a cottage, peer in and say "Bu! bu!" meaning to give the whale message; but they lack the words to tell more.

Many are the little stories connected with the Grind. I heard of a man who eight times had found a Grind and eight times it had escaped. So he came at last to fear that he was under a ban and to dread the sight of his own shirt at the mast's top (as a signal to other boats or to shore watchers that he had seen a Grind). Then he found the ninth Grind. In an agony of suspense, he awaited the signal of the foreman, and just before the final charge, he called out, "*For God in Heaven's sake, Rasmus, don't lose this Grind!*" But the ninth Grind (nine is a blessed number) was taken and the ban was lifted.

Just one more little tale that illustrates the high spirit of the old Faroe men. It was old Jorgen's dearest wish always to be in the first boat that left shore after the Grindabud was heard in the village. Not once had he failed during almost sixty years. Then, one peaceful Sunday morning, early, when weary men were sleeping, sounded the Grindabud. The first shout awakened old Jorgen. He sprang from his bed, seized his grind-knife, and started headlong for the shore. His old wife pursued him, calling and waving his trousers, but Jorgen only shook his head impatiently and raced onwards. He didn't want his trousers, he wanted to go in the *first* boat, — and went in the first boat. His trousers went in the *second* boat, and they met, — hours later, — far out at sea.



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# MAYA CIVILIZATION, — 100% AMERICAN

SYLVANUS GRISWOLD MORLEY

*EUROPEANS are fond of telling us that America has no distinctive art. In this paper Mr. Morley demonstrates that the ancient Mayas of Central America developed a complex art and civilization which has every claim to the epithet, "100 per cent American." THE FORUM takes this occasion to reprint together with this article an explanation of its cover design. From what source could the modern American FORUM draw more fitting symbols than from the art of those first civilized Americans?*

EVER since the Discovery of the New World, persistent and ingenious attempts have been made to derive our greatest native American civilization, the Maya, from some Old World origin. The Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, the ancient Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Javanese, the Cambodians, the visionary folk of fabled Atlantis, even our own Latter Day Saints, have been variously hailed as the progenitors of the Maya race and culture. Truth is, however, as this presentation will endeavor to show, that Maya culture owes nothing to Old World inspiration, that its splendid achievements in art, architecture, sculpture, astronomy, and chronology were essentially and exclusively the product of its own ingenuity; in fine, that its origin was in the strictest sense of the word, autochthonous. By their own sandal-straps, so to speak, the ancient Maya lifted themselves from a state of savagery to the highest plane of intellectual development found upon this continent before the coming of the white man.

Before presenting the evidence upon which this assertion is based, however, it will be necessary to trace briefly the rise of the Maya civilization and the course of its development.

It is generally held by American anthropologists that civilization in the New World is indissolubly linked with the origin of corn or maize. Corn was the great American food-staple, and where corn was first developed and cultivated there began our first American civilization. But as to just where and when this took place, there is some doubt.

Two principal lines of investigation have been followed by botanists in their attempts to solve this all-important question, — important alike to the archeologist, the botanist, and the biologist, — each unfortunately leading in a different direction to

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a different continent for the origin of corn. The two questions which botanists have sought to answer in this connection are: "Where do the nearest relatives of corn occur?" and, "Where is the greatest specialization of types?"

As to the first question, the answer is perfectly simple. The *only* relative of corn close enough to cross with it at all and produce hybrids, is a wild grass found in the highlands of central Mexico, which was called significantly enough by the ancient Aztecs "teocentli", "the grass of the Gods." "Teosinte," as it is called to-day, is the only known plant that will hybridize with corn, the pollen of either fertilizing the other, so that it appears unescapable, whatever origin we conceive corn may have had, that teosinte must have had a place, somewhere, somehow in its ancestral tree. And once this has been admitted, the place of origin of corn and our first American civilization would appear to have been localized as somewhere in the highlands of central Mexico, i.e., the range of teosinte.

As to the second of our two questions, the answer the botanists give us is no less positive and contradictory. The greatest specialization of corn, the greatest number and diversity of types, is found in Peru, the homeland of so many domesticated plants, even a fossilized ear of corn having been found there. Indeed, were it not for the entire absence of any close relatives of corn in South America, the botanist would unhesitatingly give the credit for its domestication to some forgotten pre-Inca people of Peru. But this lack of a genealogy is a serious obstacle to accepting a Peruvian origin for corn, since some sort of ancestor, no matter how remote and humble, is really necessary to start any family.

And here, so far as the botanists are concerned, the matter may be said to rest. The more formal and conservative school, perhaps we may call them the fundamentalists of botany, hold that corn was developed gradually through a very long period of time, — incidentally far more time than the anthropologists are willing to allow, — by minute changes in the characteristics of the progenitive types, human cooperation figuring in the later stages of this evolution.

The modernists, on the other hand, require no such length of time, being satisfied with ten thousand years or so, and are correspondingly more beloved of the anthropologists, who generally

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agree that the American continent was peopled not more than 15,000 years ago from northeastern Asia. These botanical modernists suggest that corn came into being as a hybrid between teosinte, or one of its recognized relatives, and some other grass at present unknown, or at least unidentified, as a corn forebear. Such an origin could have taken place in a relatively short period of time, infinitely less than the time element demanded in the theory of origin by gradual evolution. Remember in this connection what has been done with the potato in less than four centuries, or what a Luther Burbank was able to accomplish in a single lifetime.

Casting our lot in with the modernists then, let us try to reconstruct the picture of civilization in the New World on the basis that it arose with, and because of, the cultivtaion of corn somewhere in the highlands of Mexico, the natural habitat of teosinte.

Spinden and others have shown that coincident with the invention and primary dissemination of agriculture as applied to corn, somewhere in this general region, there seems to have spread with it over the greater part of Central America and the adjoining parts of South America, — holding closely to the arid, tropical regions and avoiding the low Atlantic coast-plain with its heavy rainfall and rich alluvial soil, — an early homogeneous civilization, called the Archaic, characterized by a simple and undeveloped religion, an unsymbolic art, pottery-making, and loom weaving.

It is further believed that this culture, or type of civilization, was the common inheritance of peoples then living in the highlands of Mexico, and that the Nahua tribes, if indeed they were not directly responsible for the development of corn, at least led in its dissemination, carrying it southward down the Pacific coast-plain of Central America to Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, and the Isthmus of Panama. It appears likely that before this period of dissemination, which can not be placed later than 1000 B.C. and probably is much earlier, the Maya were to be found on the Gulf coast-plain of Mexico, possibly in the region now occupied by the Huasteca and the Totonaca. (See accompanying map.)

At this remote time, the Maya, far from being the leaders of civilization on the American continent which they later were to

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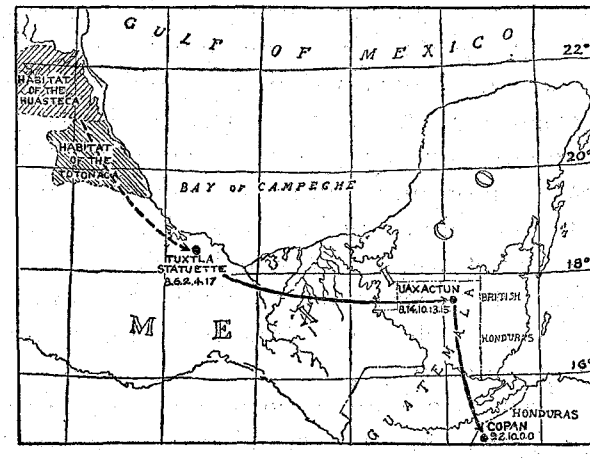
become, were perhaps among its most backward peoples. It is to be assumed that they lived by hunting and fishing, moving to and fro in their quest for food and not held to fixed abodes by the exigencies of an agricultural life, all their time and energies being wholly absorbed by the struggle for bare existence.




*Probable place of origin of the Maya Civilization*

Sometime, let us say in round numbers about 1000 B.C., to the Maya then living as nomads in this region so richly endowed by nature with all the factors most essential for the growth of crops, — a fertile soil, heavy rainfall, and a continuously warm climate, only wanting cultivation to yield a maximum return for a minimum effort, — there may have come from their, at this time, more highly civilized neighbors on the central plateau of Mexico, knowledge of agriculture, probably first applied to the cultivation of corn.

Soon because of the several favorable factors mentioned, the returns in proportion to the effort expended became very much greater than on the adjacent highlands. Nature was more helpful. The harvests became more and more abundant, until, from scarcely sufficing for the general needs from one harvest to the next, food reserves began to be accumulated, thus relieving individuals more and more from purely economic production and permitting them to devote their energies to other ends, religious and esthetic.

Agriculture brings about tremendous changes in the lives of groups which it touches for the first time. It is literally the foundation-stone, the *sine qua non* upon which civilization rests. Instead of moving hither and thither, driven by the necessities of a hunting life and a wild plant dietary, living in temporary shelters, under very loose social and governmental organization, man finds

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agriculture for the first time making possible, indeed compelling, the establishment of permanent homes, and developing the need for property rights. Larger social units than the family become possible, such as the clan, tribe, and finally the nation, and with less and less time absorbed in the production of food, more and more time is devoted to the general social development, pottery-making and loom-weaving are invented, religion becomes more complex, esthetic instincts wider and more elaborate in their expression.

Some such condition probably befell the Maya after the introduction of the cultivation of corn from the highlands of Mexico not later than the first millennium before Christ; and because their habitat, the Gulf coast-plain was so richly endowed by nature to begin with, and because it was so much more fertile than that of their neighbors on the arid central plateau, the civilization which they were able to develop gradually surpassed all surrounding cultures and eventually under the Old Empire became the finest flower of the aboriginal American mind.

In some such way as this, then, the Maya civilization probably had its origin, presumably somewhere on the Gulf coast-plains of Mexico between the Grijalva and Pánuco Rivers eighteen degrees to twenty-two degrees north latitude, and the writer believes, although the point is as yet incapable of direct proof, sometime toward the end of the second millennium or the beginning of the first millennium before Christ.

Subsequent Maya history is more a matter of record and less of speculation. In the general southward migration of the Maya race, the Huasteca seem to have been thrust off or left behind before the distinctive Maya civilization had been developed. This people, speaking an indubitable Maya dialect, nevertheless present no single element of Maya culture. No archeological remains of Maya type have been found in the Huastec region, and we are forced to conclude that this tribe became separated from the main body of the Maya before their highly distinctive civilization was developed.

The earliest dated object in the Maya hieroglyphic writing is a small jadeite figurine found near San Andres Tuxtla in the southern part of the State of Vera Cruz (see map on page 229). This bears the date 8.6.2.4.17 in Maya Chronology, or 97 B.C. in

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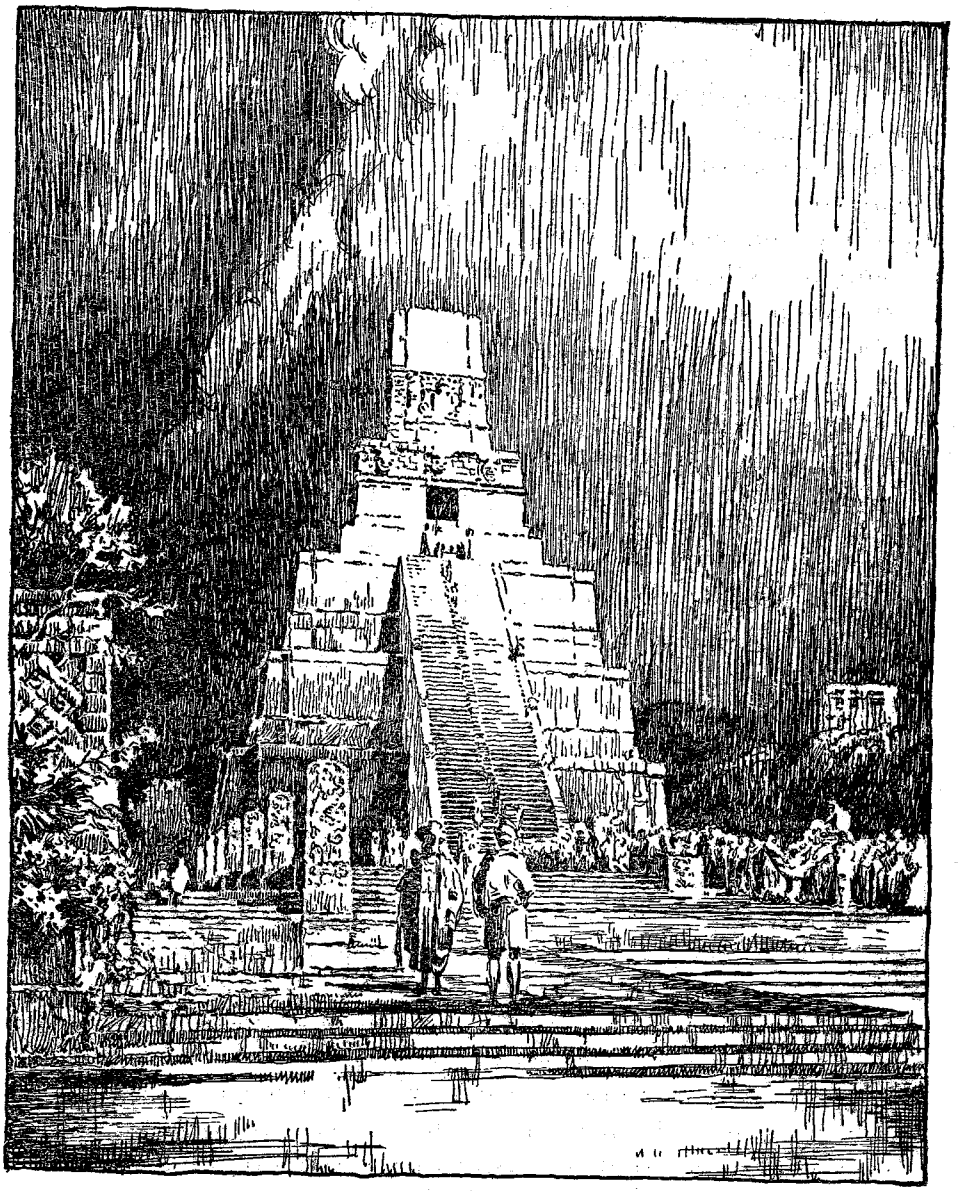

THE GREAT PYRAMID AT TIKAL

*Prototype of the Modern Terraced Skyscraper*

*According to the restoration of Alfred C. Bossom*

*From a drawing by Johan Bull*

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the correlation of Maya and Christian chronology proposed by the writer.

San Andres Tuxtla, it will be noted, lies midway between the Huastec region and northern Guatemala, the earliest historic habitat of the Maya, i.e., where the earliest large dated monuments are found; and in the general southerly movement of the Maya race, it would seem to have been reached after the invention of their hieroglyphic writing, judging from the presence of this jadeite figurine there.

The earliest large dated monument, — indeed a group of monuments which may be termed the earliest Maya city, — is at Uaxactun, in northeastern Guatemala, discovered in 1916 by the Second Carnegie Institution Central American Expedition. The earliest monument here, Stela 9, bears the Maya date 8.14.10.13.15, approximately 69 A.D. (see map on page 229) and from this time forward for the next six centuries the whole Peten region of northern Guatemala and adjacent parts of the States of Tabasco and Chiapas in Mexico and western Honduras continued to be the centre of the most brilliant native civilization of ancient America.

It is not within the province of the present article to dwell upon the glories of the Old Maya Empire, its many wondrous cities of stone, its massive pyramids, temples, and palaces, its elaborately sculptured monuments and exquisite wood carvings and stucco work, — in short, its barbaric splendor. Suffice it to say that during the first five centuries of the Christian Era the Maya stood at the zenith of civilization in the New World, at an apogee of culture never equaled by any other native American people.

We have now followed the Maya from a state of savagery in the forests of the Gulf coast-plain of Mexico sometime prior to the first millennium before Christ to the highest pinnacle of civilization reached on the American continent in pre-Columbian times, fifteen centuries later. We have seen that this amazing development took place solely through the opportunities for self-improvement made possible by the introduction of agriculture, particularly with reference to corn. We have seen no vestige, no infinitesimal trace of Old World influence in this picture as yet, nothing to detract from the genius of our native American mind. It remains now to adduce proofs showing that this civilization

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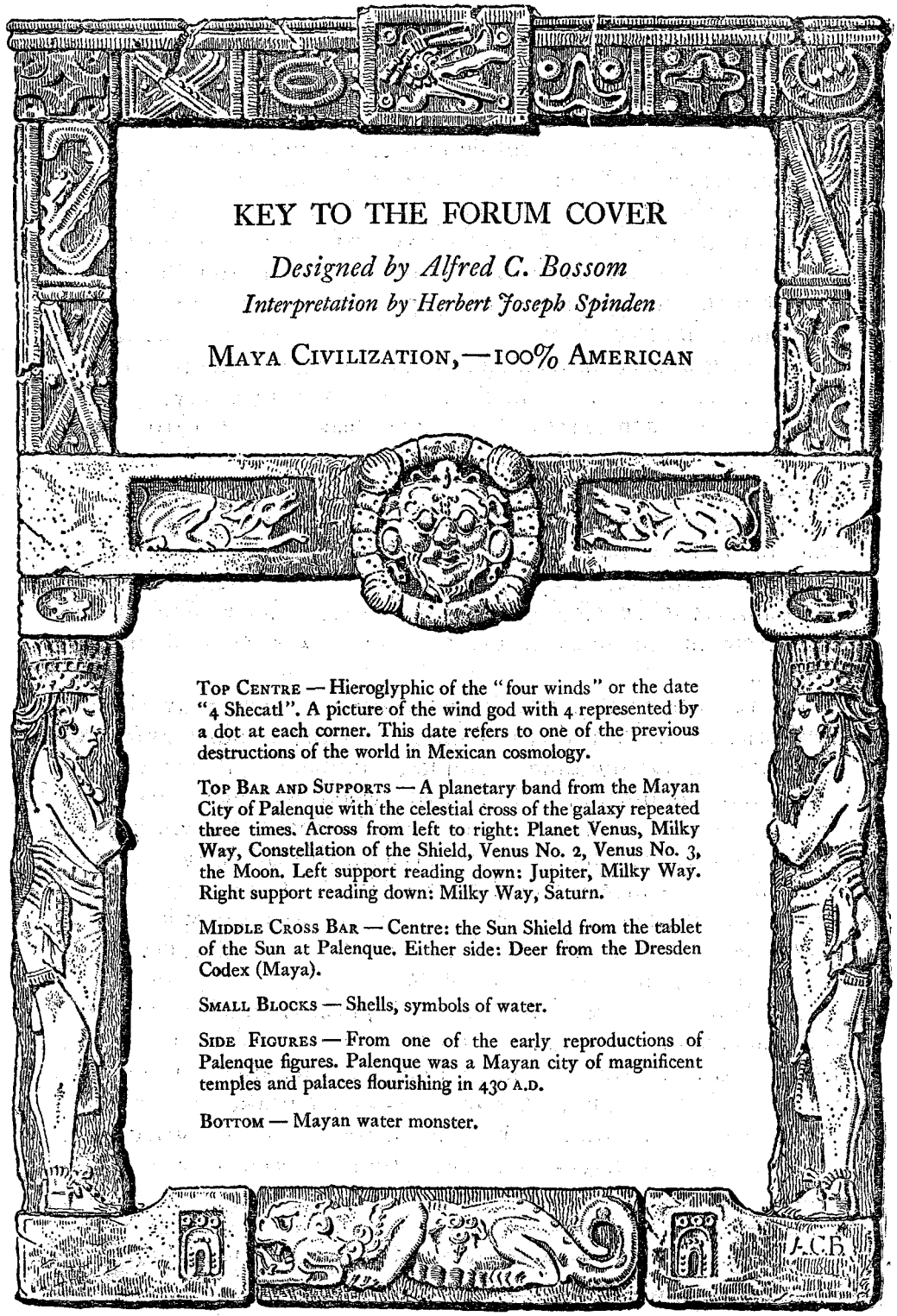
# KEY TO THE FORUM COVER

*Designed by Alfred C. Bossom*

*Interpretation by Herbert Joseph Spinden*

## Maya Civilization,—100% American



Top Centre — Hieroglyphic of the "four winds" or the date "4 Shecatl". A picture of the wind god with 4 represented by a dot at each corner. This date refers to one of the previous destructions of the world in Mexican cosmology.

Top Bar and Supports — A planetary band from the Mayan City of Palenque with the celestial cross of the galaxy repeated three times. Across from left to right: Planet Venus, Milky Way, Constellation of the Shield, Venus No. 2, Venus No. 3, the Moon. Left support reading down: Jupiter, Milky Way. Right support reading down: Milky Way, Saturn.

Middle Cross Bar — Centre: the Sun Shield from the tablet of the Sun at Palenque. Either side: Deer from the Dresden Codex (Maya).

Small Blocks — Shells, symbols of water.

Side Figures — From one of the early reproductions of Palenque figures. Palenque was a Mayan city of magnificent temples and palaces flourishing in 430 A.D.

Bottom — Mayan water monster.

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was in very truth *sui generis*, the product of its own natural development and capacity, as free from Old World influences as the Old World was in turn free from the New.

These proofs confront us in every expression of the Maya culture, in Maya art, sculpture, architecture, ceramics, jade-carving, hieroglyphic writing, astronomy, mathematics, and chronology. Again space is wanting in which to pile up this mountain of evidence, but we may select an example here and there in different fields of attainment to prove our point.

Two decades ago Spinden demonstrated conclusively the absolute chronologic sequence of Maya art. When monuments were arranged according to their chronological sequence, it was found that they stood in their proper positions in the stylistic sequence as well, the earlier and cruder forms first, the later and more developed forms last, an orderly series showing clearly progressive technical improvement from earlier to later forms. The five Maya stelae, or monuments, in the Illustrated Section demonstrate this stylistic development. No. 1, Stela 9 at Uaxactun, is the oldest Maya monument known (69 A.D.). Its crude early character is obvious at a glance. The shaft upon which the design is carved is not even symmetrically shaped. The relief is low, and the principal figure is very awkward, wooden, and anatomically incorrect.

No. 2, Stela 7 at Tikal, was made one hundred and sixty-six years later, (235 A.D.). Already, however, considerable improvement had been achieved, although the shaft of stone is still somewhat irregular in shape. The principal figure, while far from anatomically correct, being still stiff and awkward though less so, is handled with greater attention to detail, and the whole design is more elaborate.

No. 3, Stela 25 at Naranjo, one hundred and nineteen years later than No. 2 (354 A.D.) shows a great advance in realistic treatment. The figure approaches natural proportions, the pose is easy, the ceremonial bar is clasped lightly against the body, the shaft of stone being neatly rounded and symmetrically shaped.

With No. 4, Stela 40 at Piedras Negras, one hundred and thirty-three years later (487 A.D.), the very zenith of Maya art may be said to have been reached. All technical difficulties have been overcome, and within the limits of the conventions imposed by

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his religion, the Maya sculptor was free to develop his inspirations as best he might. Anatomical perfection, naturalistic pose, delicacy of treatment, elimination of unessential details, all combine in this figure of the Corn God sowing grains of the precious seed, to show Maya plastic art at its highest moment.

Once the esthetic apogee had been reached, however, deterioration and decline followed swiftly. No. 5, Stela 10 at Xultun, one hundred and forty-three years later (630 A.D.), clearly shows this decadence. The whole design has become much more complicated, not to say flamboyant. While the details are much more elaborate, delineation, character of line, has suffered correspondingly. The Maya sculptor had gone over the crest of achievement and was starting down the other side.

In these five monuments, chosen from a great mass of sculptured material scattered all over the Old Empire region and all illustrating this same stylistic development, we may trace the whole history of Old Empire sculpture from its first transference to stone, about the beginning of the Christian Era, down to the close of the Old Empire toward the middle of the seventh century. Here is no evidence of foreign origin, each decorative motive, each element, may be traced from an autochthonous beginning through the varying phases of an orderly stylistic evolution to its final form, a native American product from start to finish.

When the writer first studied Maya archeology, twenty-odd years ago, it was still the fashion to believe in the oriental origin of American jade. The convenient Chinese junk, or junks, obligingly filled with unworked jade from eastern Asia, were thought to have been even more conveniently wrecked somewhere along the Pacific littoral of Mexico and Central America, and thus a goodly supply of the raw material put into the hands of the American aborigine for working into beads, pendants, earrings, etc., as his fancy dictated.

Aside from the extreme improbability of such a chain of circumstances' ever having brought to this country sufficient quantities of unworked jade to account for all the worked jade objects found here, a recent petrographic study of American jades has happily forever laid this Banquo's ghost of American archeology.

Dr. H. S. Washington, of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has recently examined a

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considerable number of jade objects both from Mexico and Central America and has analyzed them qualitatively and quantitatively. He finds that, although they are composed of the same constituents as Chinese jade, that is to say they are a true jadeite and not nephrite, they nevertheless differ so greatly from Chinese jadeite in the relative proportions of these constituents, that the American jadeite could never have come from any known Asiatic source of supply.

This, coupled with the fact that Maya jadeite objects almost invariably betray their calculiform origin, that is to say that they were originally river-worn pebbles, before being worked down into final shape, such water-worn pebbles of jadeite having actually been found in graves at the Old Empire city of Copan in western Honduras, pretty effectually disposes of the theory of Asiatic origin for American jadeite. The highly intricate Maya calendar and chronology was like no other system on earth.

Again the famous "elephant trunks", — thought to have been found on some of the Copan monuments by a whole school of earnest writers from Waldeck and Stephens of the early nineteenth century down to Elliott Smith and Perry of our own day and interpreted by them as conclusive proof of the Old World origin of the Maya civilization, — have been identified under closer study and the more critical comparative methods of modern research as the bills of parrots or macaws!

It will be seen from these examples, chosen at random, that there is no room for foreign origins here. In the Maya civilization we are dealing with a strictly American phenomenon.

Why, then, go so far afield for the origin of a civilization so patently all-American, alike to the casual observer as to the careful student, to the lover of logical cultural evolutionary processes, as to the champion of inherent probability? Why not accept the natural, easiest, and most reasonable explanation? The day of fabled Atlantis has gone forever. Let Egypt and Chaldea, Assyria, Phoenicia, Cambodia, and the Ten Lost Tribes hold their glorious sway, but always on the other side of oceans, across which they surely never strayed. By all the shades of our ancient and honorable past, let aboriginal America stay American, and let the Maya civilization remain, what it so surely always was, one hundred per cent a native product.

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# Corrida de Toros

SCISSOR-CVTS

BY

HVNT DIEDERICH

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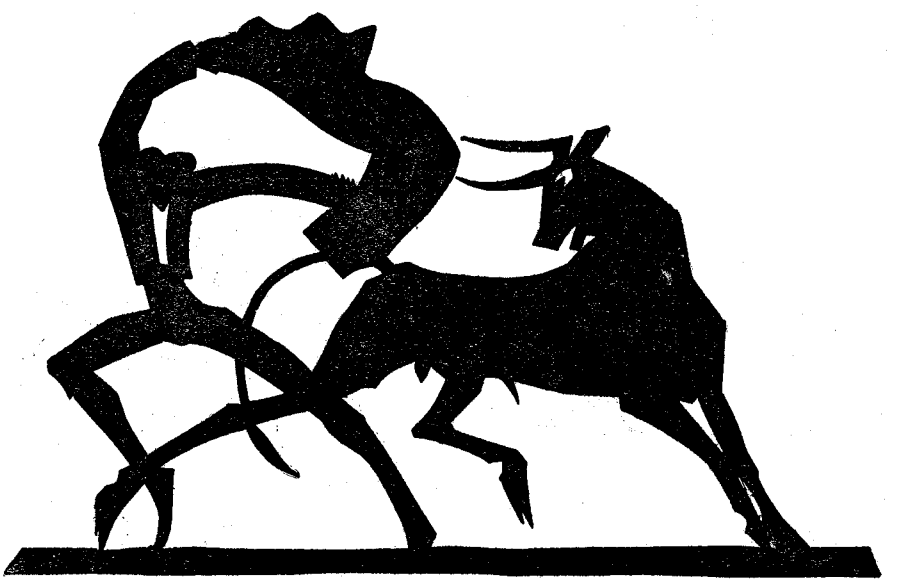
LA CAPA



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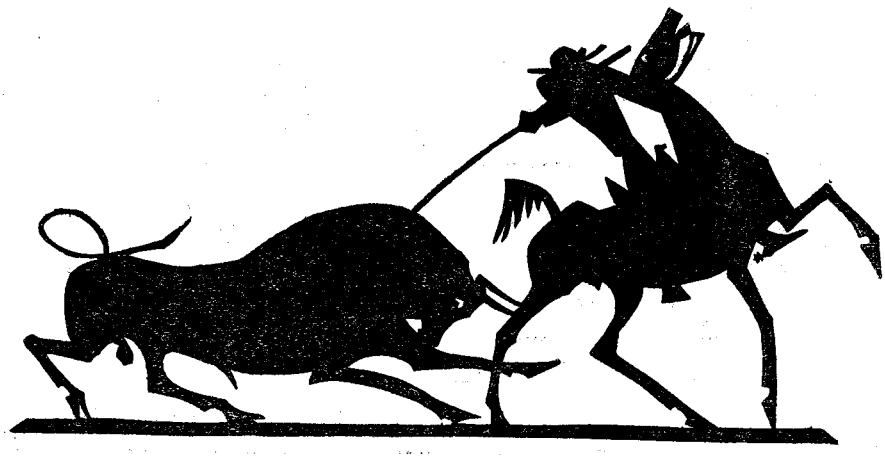
EL PICADOR



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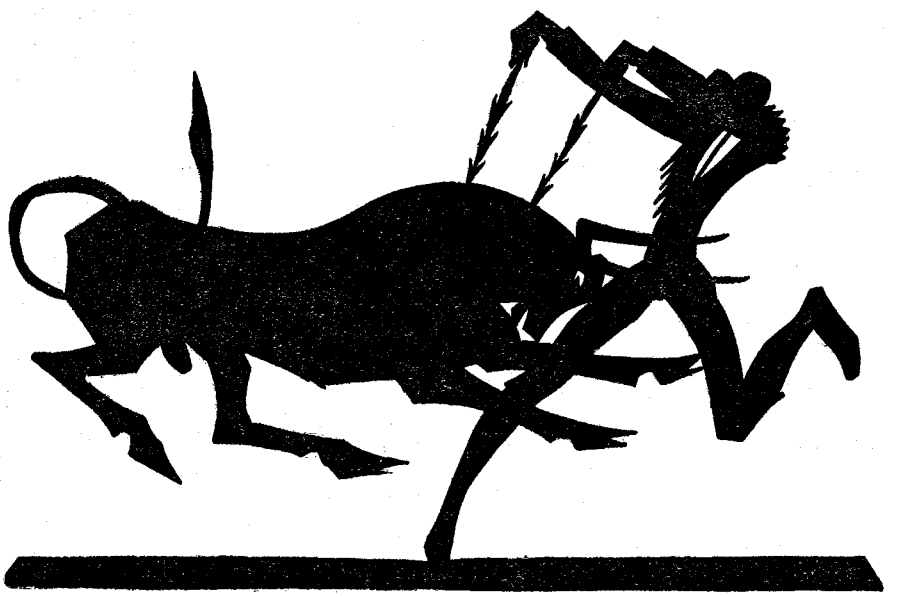
LA BANDERILLA



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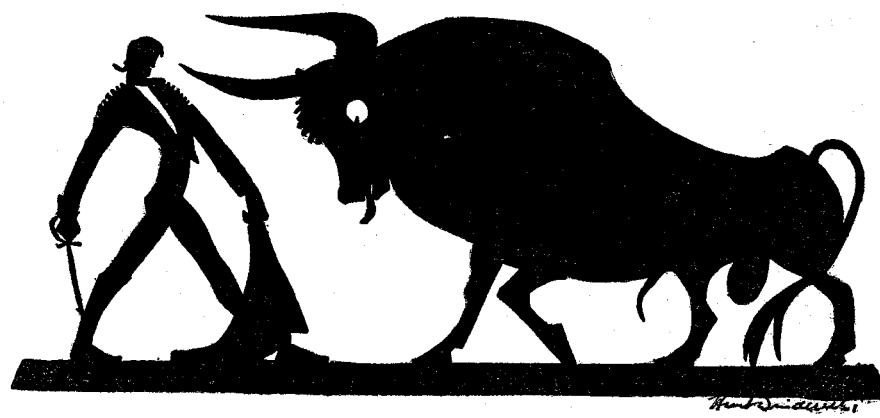
EL MATADOR



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# "DOING RIGHT BY OUR NELL"

*A Homily for Homely Girls*

ALBERT CARR

CONSIDER the case of Nellie Jones, nineteen years of age. Three years ago she left high school, after a few months of bewildered attendance, to go to work as a filing clerk. In that capacity, she now earns twenty-one dollars each week, of which she gives her father ten for her room and board. She wants to marry as soon as possible, partly because she hates work and fondly hopes that marriage will provide surcease from her labors; and partly because she "just wants to", in a vague sort of way. Her dreams are almost always centred around what W. S. Gilbert termed

> A first-rate opportunity, to get married with impunity,
> And indulge in the felicity of unbounded domesticity.

Once a fellow who ran a truck for a department store proposed to Nellie; but he possessed neither physical allurement nor money, and besides, she did not want to marry a truck driver. Of her two or three "boy friends", none can afford the conjugal experiment or will be able to support a wife for years to come; and Nellie is afraid of being poor, because she knows what her mother's life has been. Occasionally she is introduced to a man whom she likes and who earns as much as sixty or seventy dollars weekly; but the competition for these rare prizes is keen; and even when she manages to speak to them alone they do not seem to be much attracted to her, in spite of the fact that Nellie is a rather pretty girl.

Unfortunately, her cheeks and lips are almost always painted too red, and her nose powdered too white for the average taste. She puts tight little waves into her bobbed, blond hair, although nature intended it to be worn smooth and close to her head. She has a fancy for red hats, which do not become her. Her fingernails are not unimpeachable. Her legs are slightly bowed. She swings her hips too much when she walks. Her table manners are bad; so is her grammar. Her voice has a nasal twang that becomes

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a whine when she grows excited. And she is undeniably lacking in conversational powers, her stock repartee consisting of "quit your kiddin'", and "so's your old man".

Man, — marriageable man, — can do much better; and the consequence is that Nellie labors under a handicap in the marital sweepstakes and, while she retains her dreams, her life is unhappy.

An extreme case? Not at all. Nellie Jones works in a hundred thousand offices, factories, and farmhouses between New York and San Francisco. She lives in millions of homes everywhere. Vast numbers, possibly a majority, of American girls are Nellie Joneses, modified, perhaps, in one way or another, but essentially true to type. Accordingly, their chances in this life for the sort of happiness that means most to them are distinctly limited.

What is to be done about it? If this matter of acquiring an attractive exterior rested in the laps of the gods, one might be justified in shrugging one's shoulders. But so long as charm remains largely a purchasable commodity, Nellie Jones is entitled to a hearing, on philosophical grounds.

The dominant motive in education to-day, educators tell one, may be expressed in three brief words, "learn and live." This is far more sensible than the old motto, "live and learn." Expanded and applied to the instruction of the schools, it means, "learn to do better those things you are going to do anyway." The philosophers of the new education have said, in substance: "Let us do away with the purely academic training and memory drill of the past. Let us humanize the curriculum. Let us face the facts of a democratic milieu." The result has been the gradual remodeling of the courses of study and the methods of the public schools to meet the demands of "education in life".

As a result, the public school boy of this age, learns, — or is supposed to learn, — among other things, the basis of the civic code, the need for the community spirit, how to vote, and in general, how to comport himself as the ideal citizen of the textbooks. He is taught history from the economic point of view, or at least will be so taught when his teachers have grasped that point of view. He studies arithmetic in terms of the mathematical problems of his boyhood, through the media of marbles, and ice-cream

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cones, and bicycles, — figmentary, it is true, but stimulating. He is told to consider geography, quite properly, not as a matter of places and boundaries, but as the study of the influence of environment on man. Time is taken to strengthen his muscles, to find his intelligence quotient, and to determine the most fitting vocation for him. If one accepts the democratic concept of education, all this, in theory, at any rate, is admirable; and it is really quite probable that the boy leaves his school somewhat better able to cope with the routine of daily existence than his father before him.

But what of the girl? Where, in her own modern parlance, does she get off? To a certain extent, she profits as the boy does, — she develops the ability to read, write, add, subtract, multiply, divide, and in rare cases, think, by the process most efficient for the clerk, stenographer, waitress, telephone operator, or factory worker. But in a broader sense, she is made the victim of what is obviously education for the male. That such should be the case, in an age that places a premium on skilled masculine labor, is not surprizing. The industrial system does not recognize sex distinctions but it is unfair, nevertheless.

The philosophers, the psychologists, the administrators, and the teachers say to Nellie Jones, aged six: "We will educate you to perform your function in life by the most efficient and profitable means at our disposal." And eight years later, — or twelve, as the case may be, — they send Nellie Jones into the world more or less thoroughly adapted to a career of hammering a typewriter, selling hosiery in a department store, or impersonally and interminably greeting gruff telephone subscribers with pleasantly inflected "hellos". This at best. At worst, she occupies herself with from eight to ten hours of labor in a factory or sweat-shop, repeating *ad infinitum* the single operation with which her life's work is associated.

Is Nellie Jones satisfied with that prospect? Not if she and our biologists know it. So long as Nellie's physiology remains what it is, and until the pressure of population becomes sufficiently heavy so that our economists, legislators, and citizens discover the Malthusian laws, she will bend her every effort toward marriage, children, and a comfortable domestic living. In the face of the transcendent importance of her purpose, all the "vocational

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guidance" and "problem-projects" and "Austrian systems of subtraction" sink into pale insignificance. If our educators were honestly trying to live up to their avowed ideal, to-day they would be teaching Nellie Jones how to marry as well as her inherent qualities will permit, how to rear healthy children, and how to live an equable, agreeable life with her husband. Instead, they teach her how to vote. Verily, they "ain't done right by our Nell".

But it is obviously impossible to inform Nellie Jones, at a tender age, that her function in life is to bear children and to base her education directly on that thesis. The method of approach must be indirect, yet comprehensible, and above all, practical. It must be recognized that the success of marriage, as measured by the girl in terms of achievement, is based on four major counts: mutual affection, social position, money, and permanence. Eliminating the first as an indeterminable factor, we arrive at the apparent conclusion that the securing of a socially acceptable husband, with more money than her father or her eldest brother, for instance, and the retaining of that husband for the rest of her days, are the great desiderata for Nellie Jones. True, she wishes to be a mother, but then, granted the other conditions, she almost always is. For our purposes, therefore, we may confine ourselves to the more mundane considerations.

Now the acquisition and retention of a husband by Miss Jones is so almost invariably a matter of esthetics that the exceptional cases may be disregarded. It is rare, indeed, that mental and spiritual qualities play a leading rôle in the marriages of any class, and still rarer in the stratum of society to which our hypothetical Nellie belongs. Her knowledge of arithmetic and geography may be decidedly limited, or even *nil*, without seriously militating against her chances of getting a husband whom she likes, provided that she is externally attractive and not obviously of evil character. She may not know the causes of the fall of Rome; she may have no capacity for long division; but given a graceful walk, the ability to wear becoming clothes well, to talk with reasonable correctness, and to use a fork and knife with confidence, she is almost certain to fare better in the great quest than her sister who received high marks in geography, but has never learned the secrets of personal charm. Sister, one fears, has a very bleak future, indeed, awaiting her.

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This is all quite simple and elementary. It is clear that one of the most significant phases of the problem of educating our feminine youth for life may be expressed thus: "How can the girl be made attractive to men?" For, if society recognizes her right to a modicum of happiness in this world, attractive to the full limits of her natural endowment she must be made.

Remembering always that one of Nellie's criteria of the successful marriage is her husband's social and financial position, let us analyze this concept of "attractiveness". Unfortunately, inborn refinement of the mind and inherited beauty of body, among its most important elements, are the ones over which we have least control. But we can, at any rate, make the most of the girl's native qualities, adapting them to the requirements of her existence; and if we confine ourselves to this modest program, our task is appreciably easier. Attractiveness then becomes, in its essentials, a matter of walking, of talking, of eating, and of dressing. Given very broad interpretations, these four processes cover the external aspects of femininity in which the male takes personal interest, and which we can appreciably influence.

By eliminating innate spiritual qualities and natural physical beauty, — or lack of it, — as factors largely beyond our control, we arrive, then, at the conclusion that if we really attempt to educate girls to face the exigencies of practical existence, we must train them, by the esthetic approach, in those fundamentals of the daily routine which make or mar their attractiveness in the eyes of the average man. They must be taught the things that will enable them to marry well and stay married long, making every allowance for individual tastes. It is Mr. Shaw's problem of 'Liza Doolittle and Professor Higgins all over again, except that now 'Liza demands, on philosophical grounds, what she formerly gratefully accepted. She confounds the great pedagogues of the age by saying: "Teach me to be attractive, or recant your spoken doctrines."

The odd part of it is that educators have been playing on the outskirts of this idea without ever seeming to discover it. Their system of education, so far as woman is concerned, where it is not entirely industrialized, is still largely based on the tradition of the independent, self-contained domestic establishment of the

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colonial period, not on the problems of the modern economy. They have had classes in physical education, classes in grammar, and classes in domestic science; but they have taught the girls how to run rapidly, instead of how to walk gracefully; they have taught them how to spell words, instead of how to pronounce them; they have taught them how to cook, instead of how to eat; and they have taught them how to sew, instead of what to sew and how to wear it after it is sewn. It is apparent to any one without bias that if the teachers are to do justice to their charges, they must teach them all of these things, and not merely half of them, especially when the untaught half is so much more practical and inspiring than the other. Briefly, the public school curriculum must make provision for education in "Charm".

Of what, specifically, would such an addition to the curriculum consist? Some classification similar to that which follows automatically suggests itself.

The Department of Charm's first course must obviously deal with the physical poise of the individual, i.e., the mitigation of any physical defects she may have and instruction in correct carriage, correct posture, and the modern dance. All of these except the last should be taught from the moment the girl enters school and continued as long as necessary. Modern dancing might be "taken" by girls over thirteen years of age.

The aim in Correction of Physical Defects should be the straightening of knock-knees, bowed legs, and similar deformities, by corrective calisthenics, or any other available means, while the bones are young and pliable. This branch of the Charm Course is obviously an adjunct of physical culture, and an essential one, especially in these days of abbreviated skirts. Correct Carriage should include training in graceful and healthful walking, the elimination of exaggerated movements of the hips and arms, and artificial and ungainly slouches. Instruction in social conventions like the correct entrance of rooms, the proper acknowledgment of greetings, etc., should be included here. Courses in Correct Posture should consist of direction in standing, sitting, and reclining with propriety, grace, and ease, making provision for conditions as diverse as those of the bathing beach and the tea lounge.

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Then there should be practical instruction in the modern dance, not on any basis that the girl might consider "old-fashioned", or "ritzy", but with the idea of enabling her to dance as well as the average popular débutante. Many girls are naturally good dancers; this course would be aimed at those who assume exaggerated positions, or are awkward. But all girls could profit by discussions, which should be included here, of the esthetics of the dance, of the latest dance fads, and of the public dance hall. So much for Physical Poise. It should offer no difficulties to the instructors or the curriculum builders. But the next general branch of Charm education, Correct Speech, is far more involved.

First among the tasks of the teachers of Correct Speech is the elimination of the foreign accent. This should be begun when the foreign born girl enters school and continued as long as necessary, or as long as possible. Here it will be incumbent on the teacher to overcome the disadvantages of environment, as well as of birth. It is easy to supply merely the correct pronunciation of words, — that is being done, more or less, to-day. But what is required is to do away with undesirable accents completely, by concentration on the individual; and that is a task requiring care and patience of no mean order.

The problem of maintaining the acquired manner of speech in the face of outside associations that tend to destroy it demands careful analysis; for if the pupils, at an early age, can be inspired with enough enthusiasm to enable the first artificialities of the acquired pronunciations to become habitual, the battle is almost won. And no single contribution to the happiness of the individual means more than this elimination of the foreign accent, once it is achieved. The foreign born child labors under a handicap of incredible magnitude, unless sheer genius enables her to overcome it. Even her choice of occupations is limited by it. For the ordinary girl, to say "vot", instead of "what", to say "zis", instead of "this", is far more of an economic disadvantage than to say "ain't", or "whodyuhtinkyer kiddin'". For this very reason, the foreign accent has the first claim on our instructional resources. Let us not deceive ourselves; in our provincial eyes, an obviously foreign origin is a disadvantage, except in the highest social circles.

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A course in the Elimination of Incorrect Intonations is likewise important. The rising inflection, the misplaced emphasis, and the odd "hard boiled" slur that one encounters, — particularly in the foreign districts of large cities, — constitute a social and economic Old Man of the Sea, limiting the opportunities of the ordinary individual within the iron bounds of class prejudice. These and other unpleasant sounds of the same order should be done away with at the first opportunity.

The fundamental subject in the Department of Correct Speech, however, must necessarily be Good Social Usage in Speech. This course, which should be given to all children as long as they remain in school, must include correct pronunciation, as well as correct usage of words and phrases. It should be a sort of practical modification of the English courses of to-day.

Hand in hand with Good Usage in Speech goes Gesticulation. The mannerisms of gesture that unmistakably put the stamp of inferior breeding on the individual are as deadly in their effect on her life as those of speech, and must be done away with as completely. But the restraint of exaggerated movements of the hands when talking need in no way interfere with the natural development of the nervous physical expression essential to the conversation of most people. In fact, the course should not be begun before the girl is about twelve years old, in order to prevent any self-consciousness of gesture in the ages before movements of the hands become closely associated with speech. In the course on Gesticulation, nervous afflictions, twitchings of the face, and any other unpleasant physical manifestations of a similar nature should be cured if possible.

When the girl reaches high school age, her view of life presumably undergoes a considerable shift in perspective. Here then arises the question of what to say, and when to say it, offering fascinating and endless possibilities to the educator. Classes in Topics of Conversation and Conversational Forms must deal, of course, not so much with set formulas of speech as with the thought that lies behind them; thus it can afford full room for individual expression. The content of conversation on particular topics should be covered; and also the sources to which the girl can go for replenishment of her "line".

(*Continued on page 295*)

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# PIXIES' LEAVES

MARY DIXON THAYER

Scissor-cuts by

L. HUMMEL

Oh! What fun if I could play
Upon a fairy-horn all day!
Oh! What fun if I could blow
A tune! And oh! If wings would
grow
Upon my back and I could fly
Just when I wanted, to the sky!

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We used to think that when the
red
And yellow leaves came down,
A pixie rode on every leaf, —
A pixie dressed in brown!

We used to think if we could
catch
A leaf before it fell,
Then we could catch the pixie
too, —
(We thought we might as well!)

But once we caught a yellow leaf
As it came floating by,
And oh! The pixie wasn't
there, —
I can't imagine why!

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# THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE

THE charming translation by Dr. Henry van Dyke which appears below is not entered in the Prize Contest, but is printed as a model for other poets. This English version is of special interest as the work of the former American Minister to the Netherlands, translating the present French Ambassador to the United States.

IT snows, — the great world must be dead, — December!
Dear God, how good it is in this small chamber,
While from the fire-place ruddy embers glowing
Their sleepy rose-lights on the wall are throwing!
We hear the water dripping from the leads:
High on the shelf above our white twin beds
We see the Child, our Saviour, with his crown,
A lovely boy clad in a kingly gown, —
Jesus of Prague! One hand upholds the globe;
The other stretches out his solemn robe,
To shield the little ones who throng to him
For love and shelter in a world too grim.
Facing the hearth, where flame and shadow mix,
He stands alone like the Host within the Pyx,
A holy presence, guarding through the night
The poor young brother souls who trust his might.
Soft as a breath that silent leaves the air,
The Life Eternal breathes, and all may share
Its blessing; creatures harmless and naive
All kinds of comfort from that Life receive.
We're safe! Our brother Jesus Christ is here;
And where he is no evil can come near.
He's ours! And all these pretty things and good, —
The marvelous doll, the sturdy horse of wood,
Are in their corner with the woolly sheep, —
Jesus and these are ours, and ours to keep!
Curtains are drawn; now let us go to sleep.
Far down below, one hardly can tell where,
A distant clock chimes through the snowy air.
Warm in his little bed the drowsy boy
Nestles and snuggles, comprehends with joy
That he's asleep and Some One that he loves
Is near. He murmurs; one bare arm he shoves
Out of the blanket, stirs as if to make
An end of slumber, — but he can not wake.

Freely translated by *Henry van Dyke* From the French of *Paul Claudel*

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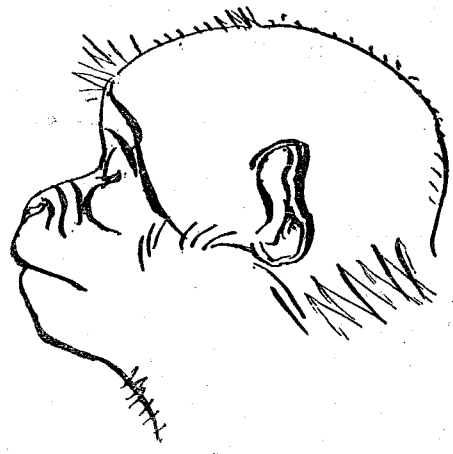
# DO ANIMALS THINK?

REID BLAIR

*Zoological Portraits by Silvia Baker*



*A Sooty Mangabey*

WHETHER we regard man as derived from some lower form of life, and his intellectual, — like his physical, — development as subject to laws of evolution; or whether we consider that man stands wholly apart, both in body and mind, as a creature unique in nature's scheme of things, the study of animal intelligence is interesting and important. Man is often spoken of as "the thinking animal", as if he were the only creature to possess the power of flooding a present situation with memories of his past experiences. But I think it can be demonstrated beyond question that he is not alone in his capacity for thought, that he differs from the lower animals rather in the quality of his thinking than in the essential nature of his reasoning processes.

But first let us come to an understanding of what we mean by "thinking". Psychology is sometimes defined, technically as well as popularly, as the science of mind. We can accept this definition if mind is understood as the sum total of mental processes experienced by an individual during his lifetime. In general, it may be said that psychology is the study of the actions, both mental and physical, of living animals. It attempts to describe, classify, understand, and explain the laws of behavior. In psychology, intelligence is said to be present in an animal when it shows signs of profiting by past experience. An intelligent animal demonstrates by its actions that it has the capacity for storing up knowledge, — however rudimentary, — of sensations it has experienced in the past and the added power

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of associating these sensations with certain types of objects and external situations. Such intelligence may be latent or active and is the forerunner of reason; for reason is the highest form of thought, and is said to exist where observation leads from cause to effect, from premise to conclusion, — in short, where the effect of an action is foreseen mentally before it is put to the actual test of experience.

In attempting to explain why young ducks take to water or why young birds proceed, without being taught, to build their nests after the approved fashion of their species, it has often been the custom to fall back upon instinct. To say that a certain action is instinctive, was once thought to explain it beyond peradventure. An instinct, by mere virtue of being an instinct, was supposed to defy scientific investigation, since we can not explain it on the basis of known facts. But such an explanation does not explain; it is merely a label to cover our ignorance. Instinct is now regarded as not essentially different from intelligence. It is an inherited form of intelligence, — an impulse or urge to certain types of action which possessed a survival value for the ancestors of the species and which is passed on to their descendants, aiding them, — either consciously or subconsciously, — to work out their preservation, increase, and betterment.

Every one understands what is meant by a reflex action, — a non-mental muscular response to particular and often recurring stimuli, made possible by an inherited mechanism in the nervous system. Instinct may be thought of as a kind of reflex action into which an element of consciousness enters. This element of consciousness is the chief point that distinguishes an instinctive from a reflex action.

Perhaps the highest faculty man possesses is that by which he generalizes and forms conceptions of the abstract, and yet animals are not wholly without a semblance even of this faculty. That animals have imagination, or the power to conjure up pictures of absent objects, is amply proved by the grief of a dog at the absence or loss of his master and by the capacity of animals to dream. The small boy who owns a dog is not prone to slur the intelligence of his pet, for he talks to him, plays with him, imputes motives to him, blames or praises him, as if the dog's thoughts and feelings were a counterpart of his own. And we,

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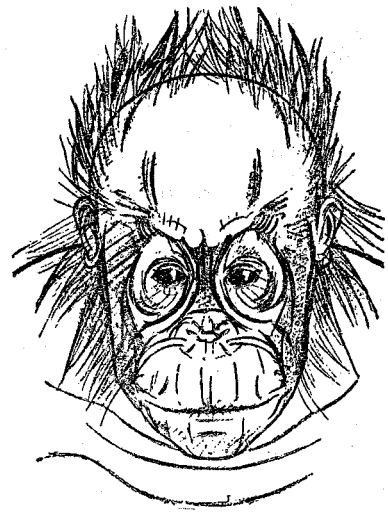

*A Baby Orang-utan*

too, must avoid assuming that all animal actions are instinctive, — in the obscurantist sense of the word, — and that they therefore differ in kind from the more rational actions of man.

If we find an animal, say a monkey, exhibiting marked expressions of affection, sympathy, jealousy, or rage, can we doubt the analogy of the mental experiences behind them to the feelings similarly manifested by man? The higher animals possess and display the same fundamental passions and emotions that animate the human race, and these passions and emotions are readily recognized even by the ordinary observer. I have known a young chimpanzee, made jealous when her keeper caressed an orang, to uncover her teeth and with peevish whine turn her back to him. I have seen a chimpanzee in a violent passion present a curious resemblance to a child in the same state. She screamed loudly, with widely opened mouth and with the lips retracted so that the teeth were fully exposed.

Scientific observation hardly ever fails to concentrate the interest and wonder of the student upon the astonishing fashion in which the creatures we assume to be irrational are continually acting as if by the guidance of reason. It is not unusual for an animal confined for any length of time to become aware of its own attractiveness, and not infrequently to regard a cage-mate

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*An Orang-utan*

with jealousy if this companion should attempt to trespass upon its own popularity. On problems that concern his own comfort and safety, the chimpanzee exercises the faculty of reason with a fair degree of precision. He is quick to interpret motives and discern intentions. He observes readily the relations of cause and effect and controls his actions by definite motives. He is docile and readily learns anything which lies within the range of his mental capacity. Of course, it would be a mistake to claim that between the lowest men and the most intelligent animals there is not a vast difference, even if we do not go so far as to say there is a great gulf fixed, as some appear to believe.

It is difficult to compare the mental status of animals and men, because there exists between them no common basis of life or understanding. There is thus no common unit of measurement. Their faculties have developed along different lines. And while the range of the human mind is vastly wider than that of the ape, it does not follow that it can act with the same precision in all things. In some instances, perhaps, the mind of the ape excels that of man, because the ape's mind has been specifically adapted to certain conditions from which man has been long removed. Nor is man's opinion of himself an infallible, — or even a safe, — guide by which to measure his own superiority.

It is still far from clear just how far any of the lower animals can understand man's various forms of expression, especially his spoken words. It is too much to expect that creatures unable to invent words would have the capacity to understand them as man does. I am inclined to believe, however, that we have very much underrated their ability to comprehend our forms of *unspoken* language.

And how can we explain the mental processes by which animals find their way back to places from which they have been removed, when the distances are great and often when the animals

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have never traveled even once over the way by which they return? As Darwin puts it: "How a small and tender bird, coming from Africa or Spain, after traversing the sea, finds the very same hedgerow in the middle of England, where it made its nest last season, is truly marvelous." As regards this so called "homing instinct" of birds and animals, it is of interest to note that savage or semisavage man possesses a power of finding his way in the trackless forest by more accurate observation than that of which civilized man seems ever to be capable.

*Gray Parrot*

The great skill of the North American Indian in tracking and hunting was believed for years to depend on his keener senses. Yet tests seem to show that the Indian does not see or hear any better than the white man. His superiority comes, apparently, from his greater power of discrimination, — trained since earliest childhood, — from the resulting knowledge of what to look for and the ability to interpret what he sees. While this may throw some light upon the "homing instinct" of lower animals, it does not, however, explain it adequately. It may yet be proved that these puzzles are susceptible of simple explanation; but at present they strike me as rather belonging to that class of psychic phenomena the meaning of which can be only inadequately understood by man, owing to his not possessing the requisite faculties, or to their being as yet in an undeveloped state of acuteness.

It is often claimed that animals are well-nigh witless, because they do foolish things, such as running headlong into danger when an avenue of escape is open, — or perhaps several of them. This claim of showing "no sense" is often heard and is supposedly a strong argument to prove the creature's stupidity. But long years of familiarity with animals convince me that under certain circumstances animals lose their wits through fear, which is something quite different from having no wits at all. Paralyzed by fear, a creature may act in an aimless way when, free from terror, it would be deliberate, consider all the conditions, and proceed intelligently.

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Animal intelligence varies in quantity and quality as much as animals vary in size, and it may be estimated by taking into account, separately, the animal's mental qualities, somewhat as follows:

1. General knowledge of surrounding conditions.
2. Powers of independent observation and reasoning.
3. Memory.
4. Comprehension under tuition.
5. Accuracy in the execution of man's orders.

Closely allied to these are the moral qualities which go to make up an animal's temperament and disposition, as follows:

1. Amiability, which guarantees security to its associates.
2. Patience, or submission to discipline and training.
3. Courage, which gives self-confidence and steadiness.
4. A disposition to obedience, with cheerfulness.

Regarding the comparative intelligence of our domestic animals, opinions differ. The mental characteristics of dogs have probably been studied more than those of any other animals. They have been the theme of historians, philosophers, scientists, and poets; and yet the field is still open to investigation and is worthy of the best human endeavor. Unlike the dog, the cat has received very little attention or consideration from man. There are many reasons for this neglect, but not least in significance is the fact that the cat is not a flatterer. The dog adapts himself to every caprice and whim of his master, but the cat is always herself. On this account, the intelligence and possible good qualities of the cat have been much underestimated. The cat does not become attached to its owner as a dog does and reverts more readily to a savage or wild state. Cats become more attached to places than to persons, and often wander back to old haunts when a family moves away. As for the intelligence of that most faithful servant of man, — the horse, — we know still less than we know about the dog. The reason for this, I believe, is that the horse is a servant, rather than a companion, of man.

The American beaver is equaled by few animals in original thought, and in industry by none. The most wonderful thing about him is the manner in which he builds dams to make ponds deep enough to provide for his timber-floating operations and to afford him a submarine passage to his house. Give him a

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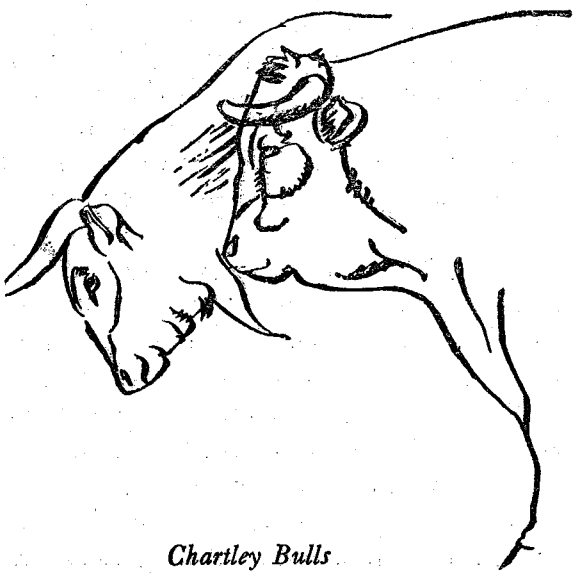
valley and a stream of water, and he will gladly make a pond out of whatever raw materials are at hand. He uses the four-foot sticks from which he has eaten the bark for food; and with these, — and an abundance of mud, — he will raise a good, strong dam to a height of four feet and a width on the ground of fifteen feet or more. He thinks nothing of gnawing down a tree a foot in diameter and cutting the limbs into pieces which he can handle while swimming. He fells the trees with the skill of an experienced woodsman, making them fall just where he most needs them. He constructs canals and houses for winter use. He also digs burrows into high banks; but the entrances to his various houses he knows must be under water.

In ability to reason from cause to effect, under entirely new conditions, the Indian elephant is probably the wisest of the lower animals. Of all animals the elephant is the most dangerous to capture when fully grown, and yet he is quick to learn that the mind of man is superior to brute force, that his wisest course is to accept captivity philosophically, that it pays to be good, and that a cheerful spirit promotes peace of mind and longevity. This is one of the most striking instances of clear reasoning to be observed among wild animals. An elephant caught wild and fully adult is mastered in about two weeks' time, or even less, and in from six to twelve weeks is actually broken or trained to steady service in the timber forests. In the timber camps of southern India every elephant is trained, as a matter of ordinary routine, to do at least sixteen different tasks by command. The mental capacity, and especially the memory, of elephants is best shown in the circus



*Chartley Bulls*

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ring, where the whole performance depends upon the ear, the memory, the eye, and words of the trainer. The most striking manifestations of intelligence are the accuracy of the elephantine memory and the absence of lapses, the promptness and the great number of things remembered.

Among trained dogs, horses, and lions it is only the exceptionally apt animals that reach the exhibition platform; but with elephants every one is a "star".

In less than one day Keeper Gleason taught our Indian elephant at the New York Zoological Park to pick up pennies from the floor, raise the lid of a small box placed high above his head, drop the pennies into it, and register them by ringing a bell. He then looked for his reward. If it was not forthcoming in the shape of forage biscuits or peanuts, he would ring the bell until it did appear. It was soon noticeable that although "Gunda" was an accomplished beggar and teller, his banking methods were somewhat peculiar. While the deposits were heavy, there was a correspondingly heavy shortage at times. Upon inspecting the books, it was found that "Gunda" dropped the penny into the box, but afterwards very deftly picked it out again and put it in his mouth.

When the keeper was away from the stall, "Gunda" put the cent on the floor until a visitor came along, when he went through the form of picking it up again and ringing the bell.

To prevent this fraud, small staples were driven in the bottom of the "banker's" box, so that the penny fell between them. "Gunda", however, simply stretched the tip at the end of his trunk and lifted the penny out as before. It was only by using long nails in place of the staples that we could prevent the trick. But "Gunda" was equal to the occasion and developed another method of acquiring extra titbits. One morning while standing near-by, "Gunda's" keeper heard a penny drop into the bank, then another, until he counted four. Stepping quickly to the front, he saw the wise elephant reaching with his trunk to the flat top of the partition wall where he had made a secret "deposit". When detected, "Gunda" slyly walked away, and the keeper, on examination, found nine other pennies on the wall.

To men who really know animals by long association and contact, the question of their ability to think is not debatable.

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# ON PRODIGAL SONS

MONTGOMERY EVANS

IT was obvious to the first Will Rogers who ever discussed democracy over an open barrel of crackers that the survival of democracy depends on a constant crop of prodigal sons. "Shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations," was the way he expressed it, and what he meant was that a kind Providence prevented the descendants of rich men from keeping their wealth. As long as this continued, the republic could claim the equality of opportunity so thoughtlessly included in its declaration of faith. But is this true to-day, and will it be more or less true to-morrow?

Superficially, the Yankee proverb seems to hold true. Our Sunday supplements can draw on a constant supply of gilded youths who distribute unearned fortunes with a picturesque ingenuity which might well arouse the envy of their penny-hoarding sires. It is easy to spend money, and particularly easy if one has not acquired in earning it any too definite ideas as to what it means. The income and inheritance taxes aid by biting huge chunks from our great fortunes, and they are ably seconded by the attractions of Europe and the more humble efforts of chorus girls, bootleggers, and garage men. Except in Philadelphia and the South, few of the families whose names were household words before the Civil War are to-day more than faint shadows in social registers. The old Dutch families have gone. The early New England magnates are forgotten, and most of the fortunes of the railroad builders are already dissipated or the subject of bitter fights among heirs who will eventually relinquish most of them to lawyers. It seems as if democracy were not likely ever to be endangered by the growth of a monied class.

But the fortunes of to-day will not melt so easily. In the fifties a man bought a carriage and engaged a darky to drive it, when he had put aside one hundred thousand dollars; for that constituted a fortune. His hundred, or if he were a real magnate several hundred thousand, was distributed at his death between two or three heirs, for rich men do not generally favor Rooseveltian families. If these heirs spent their legacies, they dropped out of

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the monied class automatically, but they did so almost as quickly if they tucked them away in safe deposit boxes. For the tremendous increase in the nation's wealth, speculation, and the European War raised the limit which defines wealthy men, so that it is no longer a phenomenon to own a million dollars, and there are perhaps half a dozen who have an income of that amount. These new fortunes will be equally distributed among a few heirs, following American tradition.

But one hundred million, or even five million, or one million, divided by two or three is rather more difficult to squander than a few hundred thousand. A great fortune of the fifties, — three hundred thousand dollars, — divided among three heirs, left each with one hundred thousand, still enough to give them a decided advantage over their fellows. But this hundred divided again left only thirty, a sum which could be matched by many an immigrant grocer. An equivalent fortune of to-day might amount to thirty millions, which on its third division will still be formidable as something over three million dollars.

This means that a monied class is well on the way to establishing itself, and a little thought shows that the fortunes of the twentieth century are likely to remain in existence much longer than the fortunes of Civil War profiteers. But the bogy labeled Plutocracy or Monied Class can inspire in the bourgeoisie a dread equaled only by that labeled Bolshevism. The much quoted "man in the street" saw Mr. Morgan sign a document which saved our Government in the panic of 1907, and lead his colleagues to similar action when France was threatened with bankruptcy; and he begins to wonder which of the two evils is the more dangerous. Contributions to colleges such as those recently made by Eastman, Duke, and Harkness do not frighten him so much, but the gestures are those of princes of that feudal period which we hopefully believed ended by the Treaty of Versailles. The power in the hands of these men and others, which is in most cases to be handed down to their heirs, is surely as great as that of many princes and kings of the past. And if a large group of families of such power becomes established in America, it is not probable that they will leave the management of a country in which they have so great interest and power to the inefficiency of our present form of government. Even where the fortune is given away to colleges

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and foundations it must inevitably exert a great influence on the social history of these United States.

To understand what this influence will be, and how the class consolidation is likely to continue, one should examine the causes and history of the feudal system with less emphasis on the points where it failed. The times were much like the forties of the last century, in the West, when physical force and craft were the most desirable of qualities. Those who possessed them were, like all men of power, surrounded by weaker souls who were willing to make bargains for the sake of the protection which the strong could offer.

And these bargains, though they occasionally resulted in romantic scenes of bartering the bodies of fair serfs, were on the whole more just than, and very much similar to, the relations between the units in our political organizations; protection and favor were exchanged for service, and where either party failed to live up to his agreement the other attached himself to one who would. The feudal system continued in this fluid state for some time, until inherited power began to be an important influence. The baron who acquired broad lands fortified the strategic points on them, so that his heirs' position became generally secure. Though when this second period had ended the ruling class still welcomed those from beneath who were strong enough to join it, for many centuries there was little change; the same families contributed leaders to the same district.

But in France Louis XIV destroyed the nobles' position, made them courtiers, and left them no occupation except sport and ideas. The most original idea being that all men were born free and equal, and the most startling injustice being due to the occasional sprees of wastrel noblemen, — a class of parlor Bolshevists led by Mirabeau and Lafayette, who took up the philosophies of those who saw that the age of force was over, and that French feudalism at least should have ended with it. In some countries the feudal machinery had run so smoothly during the centuries that it adapted itself to the change. England was able to preserve an intelligent class and teach them the game of democracy. Germany was the best governed country in Europe because the descendants of robber barons displayed an uncanny ability for competing in business with descendants of less sturdy stocks.

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Generally where the old traditions of feudal times survived uncorrupted, the ruling castes quickly adapted themselves to the new conditions.

America happened to escape these conditions. The feudal concept had almost ceased to exist in England before colonial times, and the budding aristocracy of the South was destroyed by the Civil War. The age is one of organization, of adventure in mass production, specialization, and invention; and the best fitted for success are those who inherit wealth which means education and power. The miracles of self-made men are no longer taken quite seriously, and not many will refuse an education and inherited capital to aid them in their careers. Except for the change in requisites for success, conditions are much as they were when the Roman colonial system, like its successor, was destroyed by violence. Unless the New England maxim is infallible, and we can depend on generations of prodigals to parallel generations of fortune builders, America must witness the gradual growth and solidification of a caste system.

In spite of the sensational squandering of hundreds of fortunes, this growth has already begun. Fifty years ago the first of the great families of the new era, — the Astors, — had so firmly established itself that it could take the rôle of Maecenas and call on Washington Irving to write the history of the house. And that, after shifting its interests from Canada to New York, the family has chosen to carry its energies back to England does not lessen the validity of its use as an example. Many of the statesmen who created the republic established families, not of great wealth, but of considerable political influence, which still exercise at Washington and in their native states a power greater than that of "hard dirt" farmers or earnest and respectable legislators from the newer states. The northern clans of Lodge and Adams have been reinforced within the last generation by the Roosevelts who, but for a collision with prohibition and Mr. Al Smith, might almost have aspired to the formation of a dynasty. In the South political leadership still rests with a few families who escaped when Southern aristocracy was annihilated. One of the most prominent is Senator Bruce of Maryland.

And unnoticed because they shun rather than seek publicity, there are thousands of families scattered throughout the country

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constituting roughly the class who can afford to send their sons to college and later equip them with sufficient capital to further aid them in their professions. This class in its lower strata is really more secure of its position than the very rich, for inbred conservatism usually keeps its members from squandering their funds, so that the most important changes in it result from able members using their advantages to win a place among the magnate class. There are no definite boundary lines between the rich and the bourgeoisie, and it is not probable that our classes will ever attain the comparatively rigid stratification of feudal times, but the rough outlines of two privileged classes, differing only in the degree of power or wealth which they inherit, can already be seen.

America at large has not yet become conscious of this tendency of the favored, of this shortage of prodigal sons. The "average man" does not really mind an individual's accumulating a million dollars, or even several hundred million, so long as he believes that he or his son can conceivably equal the feat. Yet he can not but recognize that his chances of getting his million are lessened if other fortunes are preserved intact. He will insist on the continuance of income and inheritance taxes, but he will be afraid to demand confiscation, since the precedent might eventually strike him. And as the absolute equality of Bolshevism and the increased interference with personal liberty of socialism are equally abhorrent to him, it seems unlikely that any more active measures than the present taxes will be taken. And though these certainly act as a check on the growth, or even the preservation of great fortunes, their possessors have found ways of counteracting them by insurance and by trust funds which sometimes produce almost the effect of an entail. The only possible absolute check to this movement must come from violent revolution, and until this country becomes more densely populated and considerably less prosperous, there seems slight danger of an invasion of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue by an army of I. W. W. converts.

The greatest retarding factor and at the same time the greatest guarantee of eventually producing a favored class worthy of its privileges is the action of members of that class in giving their money away. In the last ten years $1,600,000,000 has been given to various foundations and educational institutions which would never have been founded or equipped by the initiative of those

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who benefit from them. Where a fortune, or a substantial part of a fortune, is given to endow an organization like the Rockefeller Foundation or a hospital, the whole community benefits directly, and the action is only one phase of the service the privileged class owes. This first type of gift is practically a gift to the people, but contributions to colleges are ultimately intended to furnish able recruits for the ruling caste; offering chances of a college education to every one is only a means of unconsciously combing the land for those whom education may enable to climb to places of power. In feudal times it was common to encourage tournaments in which commoners might so distinguish themselves as to be noticed by the ruling group of rulers, who like every ruling group recognized the value of new blood in their ranks. The effect of colleges may eventually parallel this method; for even the imperfect mechanism of our educational system furnishes some standard by which to judge the efficient from the inefficient, the desirable new blood from the undesirable. So although the fortunes given to our colleges disappear as personal estates, they will continue to influence class formation by offering a step up to the deserving members of lower strata.

But the most important and encouraging feature of our evolution toward a dominant class is that it seems gradually to learn the use of its inherited power. Power brings opportunities for leisure and the slow development of that indefinable but not entirely undesirable abstraction called culture. The effect on the arts of the existence of a rich class has never been denied, and except in literary utopias or real aristocracies like the republic of Athens, art and literature have always been dependent on a rich patronage. War hysteria or the similar impulse to mummify heroes of the republic have given us a few beautiful buildings in a ramshackle capital, and presumably heroic statues in every county-seat, but these seem only proofs that no body of free men and true has ever been gifted with artistic taste. Encouragement for artists has always come from above, and though it may be disappointing, it is unfortunately true that even those who throng our museums have never considered them sufficiently important to demand aid for them from our legislatures. And the frequent failure of a city to provide a building or the expense of upkeep for a library can not be explained away as due to preoccupation with more impor-

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tant public works. Schools do occasionally succeed in obtaining taxes sufficient to operate them efficiently, but it is rare; and public agitation for hospitals is only the tardy result of very startling need for them.

The citizen of moderate means regards the state as an enemy. To obtain a tax reduction which will buy him an extra tire looms more important than contributing toward a library or hospital which he is not sure he will ever need. Only the privileged classes are given the foresight to provide these things, and though our first families may often turn to art and philanthropy as a diverting and fashionable occupation, they probably contribute more real good to the community than ever came from the combined séances of our rotary clubs. The cult of the new or antique may be ridiculous, but the group which flatters our artists or explorers between cocktails incidentally buys their work, and occasionally it produces a Widener or a Field, while amateur philanthropy has given us Carnegie libraries and the Rockefeller Foundation. If our privileged classes produce only a few men in each generation who have the foresight and the desire to give that the class has already produced in its infancy, the sins of the lounge lizards and Palm Beach noblesse may be ignored.

In other countries, where privileged classes are already secure in their position, this same class contributes year after year thousands of young men to serve in the government or diplomatic service. England or Germany may call commoners to lead them, but in every generation they can depend on a goodly number of men who will have taken advantage of their position and education to prepare themselves for service. This feeling of obligation entailed by possession of superior position was, and is, the backbone of the feudal tradition; and though the remote and impersonal relationships between the powerful and the weak in America have not encouraged its growth as did the purely personal equations of feudal times, this conception is beginning to influence America.

Business men first used the phrase "service" without realizing its significance, but they are finding that it constitutes a vital element in their relations with their fellows. Before the War the English tradition still existed among the aristocratic families of the South, but it is no longer sectional. Roosevelt expressed it in

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his autobiography by saying that he felt it his duty to enter politics since his inherited wealth enabled him to accept positions which gave slight financial return if honestly administered. More recently another young American of great wealth has seen fit to make a similar decision. And a not inconsiderable number of others less conspicuous have interpreted wealth as an indication that they should enter the less profitable professions.

With surprizing frequency one finds these young men possessing both ideas and idealism, and their number does not seem to be diminishing. The ideas are of the twentieth century, and their occupations range from exploring to teaching, but the ideals seem strangely like those of the first thinking rulers. For though all else may change, the traditions of a ruling class are Median; those who inherit power or ability must recognize that they owe a service proportionate to that ability. *Noblesse oblige* did not begin as a social formula or a philosophy, but as an expression of this obligation. "*Ich dien*" meant "I serve" before it became a symbol of the Prince of Wales.

We need not bother about translating the phrase into American for our booster clubs, for the young men who have the ideal are rather shy about catchwords. But if our caste continues to practise it, and if the poor, downtrodden public can be persuaded to let evolution take its course, it does not seem rash to prophesy that in the course of a few geological seconds we shall have a trained and intelligent aristocracy to whom we may trust our government. The public which mistakenly regards democracy as more than a philosophy may look with dismay on the future of our republican institutions, but the new social organization which seems to be growing naturally appears to offer greater advantages than communism, socialism, or republicanism.

Everything depends on the rate at which we produce prodigal sons. The third and fourth generations may dissipate their fortunes, or they may, by ignoring traditions of service, force us to destroy them. But I do not believe in the shirt sleeve maxim, and I think I see a rough class system already in process of formation. I have no fears for any possible change in our government, but infinite hope that if our sons who are not prodigal are let alone, the future holds for them promise of an America of which none need be ashamed.

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# WHAT IS LOVE?

*Forum Definitions — Fifteenth Series*

AS was to be expected, "Love" proved a magnet drawing out hundreds of poetic and analytical attempts at definition. Several echoed the opinion of Mrs. Menai Jones (Bedford, Indiana) in saying: "We feel Love and demonstrate Love, but we can not define it;" and yet she knows that "it is Love that makes a woman still think her husband the handsomest man on earth, even after she has seen him with his collar off."

As poets have so often shown, Love lends itself pregnantly to simile and metaphor. "Love is like an olive," says Corrinne M. Grayson (Washington, D. C.), "the first experience is apt to leave a bad taste, but the more you indulge the greater the enjoyment." With E. Wilbur Cook, Jr. (Danville, Kentucky), "Love is like electricity". William Owen (Orchard Park, New York) sees in love "the mother of altruism"; but to Floyd G. Hall (Chicago, Illinois) it seems "a delightful form of cruelty".

"The first infirmity of noble minds," is the Stoical opinion of Joseph d'Evreux (Halifax, Nova Scotia); while Jewel M. Shields (Washington, D. C.) calls Love "a spiritual dew falling on the tired brow of humanity". But lest we soar too high, Cortland W. Sayres (Detroit, Michigan) reminds us that it is often "the tenth word in a telegram".

Many were those who attributed to Love all the excellent qualities with which Saint Paul endowed charity in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. Not a few recalled that "God is Love". But at this juncture Elizabeth B. Robb (Ridley Park, Pennsylvania), thinking of her tennis, adds that "Love is nothing". It appears, moreover, that Cupid has borrowed a face from Janus, for, while Genevieve H. Cheney (Mt. Vernon, New York) is saying that Love is "joy in self-sacrifice", Paul E. Hitchcock (Keene, New Hampshire) replies that it is "one hundred per cent selfishness".

And thus, dear readers, we might run on like true Love itself "till death do us part", were it not necessary to submit herewith the prize winning definitions:

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1 Love, — that dazzling garment, fashioned from ideals, which cloaks biogenic necessity and so enables Panurge to wed Elaine while Nemesis grins and fingers her scourge; maternally, paternally, and filially a corollary of the first law of Nature; the Golden Fleece of Youth, so rare and elusive that it is counterfeited by knaves for sale to fools. (*M. T. Dunten, Olympia, Washington*).

2 Love, in its narrower sense, implies the passionate relation between man and woman, the desire of the individual to unite his being with another and thus escape through oblivion or illusion, however temporary, the burden of existence; the affection for friends, family, home, country; the unspeakable tenderness between parent and child. In its broadest sense, it is the soul's thirst for the infinite, the longing of the spirit for God. Paris loved Helen; Jesus and Saint Francis loved mankind; mankind loves God. (*Jocelyn Kline, Bovina, Mississippi*).

3 True, pure Love is divine. It exterminates hatred, lust, jealousy, fear, the principal tormentors of life. While it condones no faults, it harbors no resentment and never loses sight of loveliness in the beloved. The wide mantle of charity covers the sinner, but not his sins, and true Love gently but firmly insists that the erring one depart from his wrong-doing. Love and passion have no affinity. The first is spiritual and embraces all mankind; the second is carnal, devilish, and always selfish. (*James Ferguson, Pasadena, California*).

4 Love is giving a life to the care of others, sharing joys and sadness. It is the everlasting light, shining through hours of darkness. (*Robert E. Farndon, New Rochelle, New York*).

5 Love is the paradox supreme. Basically vain, it thrives upon humiliations. Inordinately selfish, it is recognized by sacrifice. It is life's most tender emotion, yet it can be, and frequently is, its most cruel. Its strongest affinity is life, of which it is most prodigal. It is the hostage we grant to perpetuity. It is the bribe we offer the Unknown for immortality. (*Stephen S. Baker, Lincoln, Nebraska*).

6 Be it Love of man, or Love of things, Love of God, or Love of Beauty, the quality of the affection is the same, though there may be variation in the intensity; for behind each lies the same sacrifice of the lover, the same return of a suffusing happiness. In the concord of the very kernels of two beings there is an inspiration under which each dedicates his utmost will to the understanding of the beloved. When one's self, pure and unaffected, attains perfect sympathy with the merits and defects of another, then does one love. (*C. W., Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania*).

*Next word to be defined,* — INSTINCT. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than August 25. A prize of five dollars for each winning definition.*

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# WORDS OF TO-MORROW

*Third Series of the New American Language*

HAVING now effectively called attention through our Science Editor to the general and scientific problems of the Language of To-morrow, we propose to concentrate in future on a single aspect of this new and important subject, — namely, the words which our readers desire to see added to the language.

Once again the crop has been considerable and the comment suggestive.

Professor Joseph Eugene Rowe, who holds the chair of mathematics at the College of William and Mary (Williamsburg, Virginia), comes to the aid of our correspondent who asked for a word to describe one not at all interested in politics. He suggests the word *apolistate*, that is, one who stands away from political affairs. Apropos of *functioneer* as a substitute for "Master of Ceremonies", he proposes *ceremonitor*. "Moreover *megaphonitis*, in my opinion, more nearly describes the habit of talking too loud than *megaphonia*, especially if one wishes to connote that the condition is pathological." He continues: "A daredevil aviator may be described by the word *spectaviator*. The word *jazzaphony*, different from *cacaphony* in that it is not necessarily unpleasant despite its lack of harmony, occurs to me, I am sure, because I live between two fraternity houses." He concludes: "I can conceive of nothing more entertaining to those who are scientifically or philologically minded than this department, and I hope that it will be continued."

"I am not at all afraid of injury to our language by the intrusion of new words, however slangy," writes Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker (Albany, N. Y.), author of that learned and entertaining work *American English*. "As happened with *fun* and *mob*, they are often so useful that it would be a distinct loss to wipe them out. But I hope the dictionary of 1937 will condemn unnecessary changes in the meaning of old words, such changes leading to misunderstanding and finally to the destruction of the usefulness of the words in question, because nobody can tell certainly what the user means. Such destruction was long ago effected in the

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case of *transpire* and, — notably among lawyers, — with the word *enjoin*, which means 'command', but has come in legal jargon to mean generally 'forbid'. More recent abuses, perhaps not yet irremediable, are *dresser* for 'dressing table', — a dresser being a kitchen shelf for plates; *davenport* for 'couch', — a davenport being a desk; *gun* for 'pistol'; *apartment* for 'apartment house'; and *console table* for any sort of table intended to stand against a wall, though it may not have a single console, or anything resembling a console, in its structure."

We submit the following specimens from our mail-bag. As a reward for their ingenuity, we shall send to each of these successful contributors any book (value not exceeding $5.00) mentioned in this issue, upon request; and shall do the same for the contributions accepted for the next published series, all of which should be in our hands not later than September 1.

*Usamia*, — a contracted form of the United States of America. Instead of saying "Americans", which is too broad, or "Yankees", which is too slangy and provincial, why not say *Usamians* when we refer to the people of the United States? (*Walter A. Erskine, Washington, D. C.*).

*Ambility*, — signifying both ambition and ability in a young person. (*Kenneth Raider, Hart, Michigan*).

*Wow*, — something admired by a man who can not describe it. (*Edwin H. Whitney, Rehoboth, Massachusetts*).

*Smarture*, — a variation from the overworked and frequently misused "culture", indicating that which is developed by consistent study of *Vanity Fair* and kindred publications. (*Walter L. Moses, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania*).

*Vetrulys*, — a contraction for "very truly yours". I feel that all stenographers and private secretaries would vote for this. (*Mrs. Armor Jean Carson, Berkeley, California*).

*Wheemple*, — a verb meaning to plead abjectly, as for a loan; a combination of whimper and wheedle. (*Karl F. Zeisler, Ypsilanti, Michigan*).

*Moronity*, — a word needed to indicate the degree of intelligence possessed, — so sociologists maintain, — by sixty-five per cent of our population. Would it not facilitate expression to speak of the degree of *moronity*, the increase in *moronity*, etc.? As an antonym for "intelligence", *moronity* would be more accurate than either "ignorance" or "stupidity", each of which carries an additional meaning. (*E. P. Antonovich, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*).

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# FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

## IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING

I HAVE recently been having a bad time of it from those who mistake my vaporings for a philosophy of life. "What do you mean by 'mobocracy'?" writes one correspondent. "How can you have the effrontery," writes another, "to call a drug fiend like Coleridge a pillar of Protestantism?" It had never occurred to me that he was a pillar of Protestantism *because* he was a drug fiend; careless of me not to see that!

I'm afraid, however, that I can't undertake to answer all these and other questions, just as if I were an editor steeped in controversy. In fact, I am inventing a new game, entitled "Don't Ask Me Another". I haven't got much beyond the name yet, but it looks as if the rules should be fairly simple. You just say, "Buzz, buzz, buzz," and change partners.

There is one communication, though, which I can't withhold. The only trouble with printing it at this point is that it is so good that any poor words of mine which follow must prove an anti-climax. But texts must come first, so here it is.

ET TU?

An "Advisory Committee",
Robert Bridges, Shaw the witty,
Recently has been appointed,
Duly sanctioned and anointed,
To dispense pronunciation
To the docile British nation.

Heralded as lawful masters
Of the radio-broadcasters,
Shall these sacerdotal censors, —
These pronuncio-dispensers, —
Have their way with me and you?
Stop them, Footpath-man! Ah, do!

Made to go *à deux* with scenery,
Will you tolerate cent*ee*nary?
Is your resolution final
To endure the word doctr*i*nal?

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If you swallow eevolution,
Must we take to reevolution?

Though there's nothing new in *pa*tent
Since they've rhymed it long with latent,
When of pat-riots they prate
Are they aching for debate?
If we hide behind our smiles,
Will they pelt us with miss*i*les?

Your eventual decision
On this Oxford-Pshaw re*v*ision
Of their late pronunciation,
I await with consternation, —
Fearing, from your Highway, you
May have leanings that way too!

*Epilogue*

So, Pedestrian, won't you say
"Centenary's here to stay?"
Since that's patent, please do add
"Doctrinal is not so bad!
Missal does for prayers *or* fight,
Evolution's plainly right.
As for *pa*triots, that's what we
've always been and mean to be."
Start a wordy warfare, do,
Take your pen and run them through!

— *Elizabeth Stanley Trotter*

Mrs. Trotter is evidently one of those liberty-loving people who were brought up before the War and who have not adjusted their minds to the new Age of Regulation in which we live and move and lose our being. Post-War conditions allowed a temporary license, to the great debauchery of language and morals, but we have changed all that. If we can't have a political dictator, we're going to have every other kind of dictator. Indeed, the spirit of the age demands more drastic regulation than that proposed by this "Advisory Committee". If pronunciation, why not gesture, too? With television the assured fact of to-morrow, radio-broadcasters must be taught, nay, compelled, to suit the action to the word.

Nor would such compulsion be a wholly new thing. Of course, Mrs. Trotter can not recall the past century, can not have been brought up, as I was, on a book called *Lessons in Expression and Physical Drill*, by Darien A. Straw, Chicago, 1892. Evidently she

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is of more tender years. Perhaps she followed the Montessori Method; probably she does not realize that the liberty-loving period from which she springs was really of short duration, that the Mussolini-minded folk of to-day are harking back to the rigors of the regulated nineties. The book to which I refer, after serving to confuse and frighten a small boy thirty-five years ago, now comes into its own as a priceless historical document. It shows what fumbling amateurs Shaw and his "Advisory Committee" are, after all.

For Darien A. Straw knew how to regulate not only speaking, but the manner of speaking, and he could devise exercises which regulated and perfected every gesture, every breath! In his preface, he quietly asserts that his plan has the advantage of "preserving the enthusiasm of the class" and of "avoiding weariness of weak bodies or voices". Glance, reader, at an exercise or two, and realize what hardy children we must have been. Here is part of Lesson XXIV:

178. Speaker's Position. Practice the syllable, *ah*, expressing the following emotions.

Passionate: —

a. Command
b. Question
c. Challenge
d. Anger
e. Apology
f. Chagrin
g. Pity
h. Joy
i. Surprise
j. Fear

When a small boy of thirteen had thoroughly mastered this step, he was ready with his preserved enthusiasm for Lesson XXV, entitled "Laughing Exercise. The Supine Hand." "Supine Hand" looks formidable to the adult reader of to-day, but it is defined lucidly for the small boy of yesterday as "friendly, considerate, and unimpassioned." Also, in Lesson XXIV he had learned the following simple chart:

*Gestures*

| *In Longitude* | *In Latitude* |
|---|---|
| F. — Front | Up. |
| Ob. — Oblique { Right — Rt. / Left — L. } | Upper — U. |
| Lat. — Lateral { Right. / Left. } | Horizontal — Hor. |
| Ob. B. — Oblique Backward { Right. / Left. } | Lower — Low. |
| B. — Backward | Down — D. |

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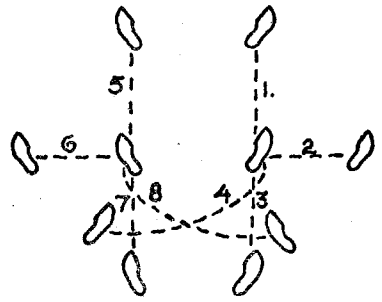
Then of course he had already succumbed to Lesson XXII, "Foot Movement. Sound and Sense," with this simple diagram:




As obfuscation set in, the pupil gradually became proficient in the various kinds of "Hands", — to wit: Supine, Averse, Index, Prone, Clenched, and Reflex, — and knew their symbols backwards. It was therefore a comparatively simple matter for him to render a passage like the following:

On Linden when the sun was low,
Rt. Hor. Fr. Sup.
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
Both Hor. Pr. Fr. to Ob.
And dark as winter was the flow
Rt. Low. Pr. Av.
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
Tracing the course of the river.

Personally, I must confess that I never quite grasped at thirteen the distinction between the "Objective" and "Subjective" eye, nor do I feel now in retrospect that Fig. 27 was a fair illustration of the statement that "the eye is ordinarily free and flexible in its position, though not vacillating." Then, too, it must have been rather difficult for fledglings with cracking treble to do justice to the several kinds of tone, — Pure, Orotund, Aspirate, Oral, Pectoral, Guttural, Nasal. I submit, moreover (not from any hostility to Mr. Straw, but purely in the interests of a better and brighter education), that Chapter XI was a little early for a study of the "six definite varieties of Stress". The word was defined for the edification of ignorant youth as "the manner in which Force is applied to a tone". The six definite varieties were illustrated as follows:

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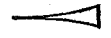
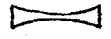
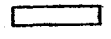
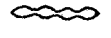
a. Radical
b. Median
c. Final 
d. Compound 
e. Thorough 
f. Tremor 

These pictures have the conspicuous virtue of being just as easy for a child as for an adult to understand.

Well, Mrs. Trotter, how does your "Advisory Committee" look now?

Mere *Kinderbrei* to any one who cut his teeth on Darien A. Straw!

Of course, we got some fun out of it. I shall never forget Fred F——, the wag, reciting with due solemnity, appropriate gestures, positions of the feet, tone and stress, and all the "furniture", —

> My heart lies in the coffin there with Caesar, —
> What cause withholds you then to pass the cheese?

Then there was Commencement and the never-to-be-forgotten image of H. B ——, a hearty boy with fat, red hands, who tottered nigh and "tremored" with palsied voice and "Up. Rt. F. Pr." gesture, —

> While I've this withered hand to lift,
> I'll touch my cap to the proudest man
> That faat in the dandy fift.

Time makes those ancient days uncouth, but Commencement then, bless you, was a genuine test, — of endurance for the audience. Papa in boiled shirt and frock coat with patent leather lapels was worn down till he was convinced of the need of vacation for all concerned. For myself, I'm inclined to disagree with you, Mrs. Trotter, to wish for *more* regulation, — if only to provoke you to another poem. In fact, I'm constrained to believe that Bernard Shaw has not lived in vain.

—*Walter S. Hinchman*

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# THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA

FRANCIS HACKETT

IT was in Paris, after dinner, at a large and glittering hotel. One of our fellow guests was a youngish artist, dapper and slim, and he was giving his impressions of the masterpieces he had been seeing in Italy. Michelangelo? He made a tiny grimace. "I can't give much to Michelangelo. The Sistine Chapel, perhaps, but nothing else. To be perfectly honest, I can't give much either to Raphael or to Michelangelo." His judgment was languidly superior. He was rather bored.

I had been reading an address by Mr. W. J. Ivins, Jr., of the Metropolitan Museum, in which he foreswore all standards of art. "The only thing we can ask ourselves," he said, "is whether or not we like it, — and the reasons for our liking or disliking lie locked up in us in such a way that they can't be analyzed or disentangled or rationalized or made sensually obvious to other men. It is a prime case of what Mr. Henry James is reported to have called the immitigability of our human predicament. . . .

"The only way out therefore," he prescribed, "is to keep as broad a tolerance as you can for the other fellow's point of view, always to admit that he is as right for himself as you are for yourself, and never to mix up the individual, personal question with the statistical averages."

By statistical averages, certainly, Michelangelo ranks high. Only the other day, to count a recent vote, Theodore Dreiser was saying how, when he looked at the Medici monument in Florence, he was moved to tears. But great as thousands of sincere artists have found Michelangelo, Mr. Ivins holds that the man of contrary opinion, the black ball, is also right, right for himself, and that it is fallacious and egoistic to interfere with him. Is the young man at all lacking in humility to wave away Michelangelo? Certainly not. "He should feel under no obligation of humility in matters of opinion about undemonstrable, immeasurable things."

This point of view, so frankly put forward by Mr. Ivins, brings one to a most interesting dilemma in criticism, the dilemma, namely, of good judgment. Is it true, as he believes, that there are no "standards" in art and literature? And if there aren't any, how can it be that one book is reckoned better than another, and one artist ranked higher than his neighbor? Must one nevermore dispute the judgment of the other fellow? Must I admit that Edmund Gosse or Brander Matthews or Joseph Collins or Richard Le Gallienne are as right for themselves as I am for myself, that all judgments are on an equally sound footing, and that there are no such things in literary criticism as wrong judgments? Must I, in the name of a tolerance I do not feel, allow the man of genius I do feel to be dismissed as a fool? Must I conclude that I am right and you are right and all is right as right can be?

I do not come to this dilemma precisely from the academic standpoint. To believe that there can be thirty-nine literary articles, that certain eminent men can decree what is poetry and what is not poetry, seems to me to be worthy of Scaliger. I do not, on this account, object to or argue against academies. It is a good thing we have them. When men have edited a long time or taught in university or directed schools, when they have given and received honorary degrees and taken part in public dinners and receptions, an appetite has been created in them to make themselves over a little more closely in the image of ultimate authority. This is a powerful craving and to have it gratified in a way that is blameless in itself, decently honorific, and largely devoid of influence, is one of the most ingenious of social schemes. It corresponds in the literary life to the activities of the Eagles, the Elks, the Moose, the Knights of Pythias. One can so well surmise the situation in which gregarious men of middle age find themselves. They have passed the time of free adventure. Their girth has increased a little. They have begun to settle down. Things that were once light for them have become grave, and things that were grave have become sacred, including themselves. It is pleasant, in such circumstances, to

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have one's gravity recognized. In politics, at this period, one becomes a Senator, which gives the ego some room to turn around in. In the army one is called General, in the law Judge, in the church Cardinal or Bishop, in a woman's club Madam President. For men who have lived in and around literature it is surely a very little thing to become a member of a national academy, to pass the immortal laurels from brow to brow, to reflect glory on the classics, to adumbrate what is right and wrong in literature, and to rub noses with other academicians once a year. This is that rare thing that sobers others and intoxicates ourselves, the Due Recognition of Merit. It is to share the honorable fate of that early American flying machine in the Smithsonian which is so remarkable in principle and is very little the worse for never having flown.

The academy, in short, talks the language of literature without being primarily concerned with literature. To look to it for esthetic norms is to mistake its character, which is social. Wherever it is set up, whether in the hands of the Right or the Centre or the Left, in Russia or in America, it will insist on its power to know and reveal the truth, but it will always proceed as a social machine, rewarding conformity and bribing strong unconformity. Like a church, it must in the nature of things play politics. To assume that in crowning books and bestowing prizes it is moved esthetically is not to remember what the human being is like when in committee assembled.

But if the measuring by academies is wholly beside the point, does it follow that we can not measure or demonstrate? Are no esthetic opinions foolish?

Let me suppose that Mr. Ivins invites me to the Metropolitan Museum late at night, and, setting me before a Rembrandt in the dark, asks my opinion of it. I beg to believe that at this stage, and completely in the dark, I have no right to an opinion. If the light of dawn begins at last to steal in, and I half-see the picture, it may be that I venture an opinion. It would not be unreasonable of him to say at this point, "These are undoubtedly undemonstrable, immeasurable things, but perhaps if you wait till daylight you may be able to form your opinion a little better, always remembering of course, *mon ami*, that you are as right for yourself as I am for myself."

A little daylight, then, physical or mental, is no handicap in forming one's impression. If Mr. Ivins ever had to buy a picture for his Museum, he certainly would prefer to look at it in a good light first. He could thus form a better opinion of it.

But this is a serious conclusion. It obviously introduces a measuring stick in a certain sense. If there is one single condition that favors a sound opinion, such as looking at a picture right side up, or in the daylight, or without Daltonism, one must agree that there could be a set of conditions, not only for the thing seen but for the person seeing it, which would favor good judgment. If this be the case, and it certainly seems so, it follows that under unfavoring circumstances my opinion could be less "right", less "good", than under favoring circumstances. It is the old platitude that circumstances alter cases. My opinion in the wrong circumstances, therefore, could be wrong for myself. And if I can be wrong for myself, can not the other fellow be wrong for himself?

This is simply to assert the humble fact that some of the conditions of appreciation are in the region of measurable and demonstrable things, and if you do not fulfil these conditions, as yet unmentioned, that favor a right opinion, you may be said not to have a "right" to your opinion. You have of course a legal and a social right, but esthetically you are not a law unto yourself any more than the academy is a law unto you. This does not mean that I, right for myself, can impose my preference on you, wrong for yourself. But it does mean that in opinion, strictly for yourself, there can be a right and a wrong. It is not enough to say, "I don't give much to Michelangelo," and repose thereafter on your sacred ego. Your ego must gather as much reason as possible under it. You must be prepared to meet the question, "Are you qualified to give or to withhold from Michelangelo?"

I am thinking, as I write, of the present uproar of dogmatism. Mr. Ivins, I imagine, approaches this dilemma with a certain social group of gentle persons in mind, — the persons who stand in awe of the dogmatic critic, who are subdued and

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humble, who have not quite the courage of their real emotions and shy opinions. He is saying to them, "Think up!" I am more aware at the moment of the post-Greenwich Villagers, the Oxford Bags, the transpontine oracles, the vast, roaring brotherhood whose opinionativeness is plus.

To take ultimate opinionativeness, let me go outside humankind. Let me imagine for a moment that a newspaper comes to own a hairy ape. The managing editor has already a competent staff writing editorials for him, he has a columnist, a dramatic critic, a sporting editor. So he turns over to the hairy ape the task of writing literary criticism. The ape is no prodigy, he needs a week of Sundays to qualify. When he masters the art of reviewing, the quick-breakfast public see that the new literary critic is unusual, that he has a Unique Personality. He seems to be a low highbrow, to be a mixer, rather more at home with his readers than he is with literature. Still, he scans the new books through his reader's buttonhole, and he reports the pantomime in his own, inimitable, waggish way. He has delightful qualities. His wistfulness, his frankness and inquisitiveness, his agility in leaping from one thing to another, his power to pick a book to pieces, his searching intelligence, his happy grin, his courage about sex, — these qualities make a broad appeal. His is an excellent feature in metropolitan journalism. He is syndicated. He is invited to a big shop to speak during Book-Boosting Week, and he is brought to the Bookseller's Convention. Then arises the question of the hairy ape as critic. Let us be tolerant. Let us be broad-minded and kind. He is as right for himself, no doubt, as you are for yourself. But is his work criticism? Has he fulfilled the conditions that favor a right opinion? Or can it be considered that when he speaks, an ape speaks?

Here, looking at the ape's genial assertiveness, we come plump on the central question of the art of criticism. The assertive critics assume that personality is self-determined and they stand for the Rights of Small Personalities. They assume that liking and disliking are aspects of the sovereign ego that we must not intrude on, and that it is manifestly none of our business whether a creature speaks as an ape or with the tongue of angels. Ours not to reason why, ours but to read and die: we are dealing with what Mr. Ivins calls "the essential, unavoidable, lonesomeness and incommunicability of the individual in regard to qualities." But what becomes of criticism if "the reasons for our liking and disliking lie locked up in us"? We must either accept our immunity from criticism at the price of conferring a similar gross immunity, or we must insist on scrutinizing the nature of our likes and dislikes. For my part, I believe in waiving immunity.

Liking and disliking do not seem to me to be beyond analysis. They are not in themselves absolute or impermeable. We are only groping toward the reasons of them, but they are conditions of a personality that is complex, fluid, subject to influences of various kinds, and even open to reason. Unless we join the nihilists who declare, "there can be no philosophy of criticism," we may fairly seek to know what the nature of liking and disliking is, and indeed we must find a clue to this psychological puzzle if we are ever to explain why we are so often dissatisfied with the accounts of books and pictures that come to us through other people's likes and dislikes.

When I say I like a thing, what do I mean? To put it cursorily, I mean that in relation to an object I allege that I have undergone a certain emotional experience. By this phrase I am not defining an invariable state of soul, nor am I asserting an object that can not give other effects. "I like" simply describes a special incident and may not even be a truthful or correct description.

In the making of a literary preference, you have a combination of certain elements that can not all be analyzed, — for example, your nervous system, your social preferences and interests and prejudices, your upbringing, your personal history, your herd instinct, your habits, your pride, your susceptibility to pain, to insult, to criticism, to rebuke, to tenderness, to humor, your sensuousness, your ambitions, your inhibitions, — all of them marshaled by your imaginative instinct in direct relation to the author's art in creating for you an imaginative experience.

This whirling centre without a core but with its dizzying interplay of all your

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faculties and all your experiences, the condition of your body, the excitement of your nerves, is what we call a personality. That there is any continuity in its history, that it can whirl twice around the same conception, is probably due to the constancy of dull bone and tissue; and yet this very constancy has given rise to the notion of the soul. In any event, "I like" is not a simple or rational act. It is a pang of the imagination, which in its higher degree carries with it the sense of delight, the sense of verification, the sense of completion. At its root may be believed to be the urgency of certain motor impulses, the beat of a vital pulse. But while the incident in itself is not summoned by reason, the reason, which holds the baton, can have a good deal to do with it. Whether in viewing a picture or in reading a book or in listening to music, this extraordinarily moving experience is attained only by those who are susceptible, and this susceptibility can be apprehended, ordered, and prepared. There can be a method in emotion. The aim of criticism is to exert and to understand this method, to direct and develop it. It is to see why a given work of art satisfies or does not satisfy us. When we can elucidate that, we begin to be critics.

It is not enough, then, to throw the reins on the neck of impulse and say, "I like," or "I don't like." Preference in itself is anarchic and often unintelligible. Merely to record that "this pleases me" and "this does not please me" is critically as vapid as to prescribe in advance the things that people are to like and dislike. The critic can, however, examine his preferences in the light of his detached knowledge of himself, and his knowledge of the art in question. The play of those intricate forces that make us like and dislike, combined with the play of the forces incarnated in a work of art, is definite food for the mind. We can take into account our own capacity, our quality, our habit of appreciation, and judging the measure in which a given work of art fulfils its object, we can claim to support out of our own income the opinions we are displaying.

The esthetic experience is not simple. It is the intricate coordination of two personalities, — the reader, for example, obeying his tutored or untutored preferences, the creator working within the conditions of his art. A right opinion under such circumstances can only be the flower of a perfect union, but to say that we can not dispute the judgment of the other fellow, in such a situation, amounts to asserting that the differences in each esthetic experience of the same object amount to a difference in kind. This is hardly the case. No two children, if you like, have an identical relation with their parents, just as no two players play the same composition, but the parents and the composition being in common, there is a basis for comparison. The parents, that is to say, will be different in degree to each child, but the stuff of their personalities has a constancy. A Yankee Doodle parent won't have a Maryland rhythm. We can endlessly argue about them, we can gossip about them, we can confide about them, we can even coordinate our sense of them. It is an art in itself. A similar nucleus of reality can be asserted in the case of an artistic projection, though mathematically the coordination between critic and creator includes an almost infinite number of possible variations. It is part of cultural utility to shepherd these variations as much as can be, and, as in the use of language, to agree on convenient categories and methods and shades of meaning.

It would take me too far afield at the present moment to discuss the qualities in an artist that entitle him to appreciation. But at the risk of laboring the point I emphasize that taste, in its very nature, is a delicate faculty and is subject to derangement and disease. It can not be formed, in the first place, unless people plunge deeply into the ocean of their own honest liking and disliking: but in plunging deeply they had better learn to swim. Bad taste is contagious. Epidemics in taste are often fatal. Only a well-born being who really knows what is good for him can enjoy clear esthetic health. If, in addition, he has a passion for seeking the reasons of things, he makes a good critic. But it is not his bold expression of liking and disliking that makes him a good critic, though it is a stimulant. It is his native quality: the purity of his intuition, the intensity of his perception, the wideness of his experience, the vigor and clarity of his soul. These little wheels within him, moving concordantly, enable him to tell the right time.

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If this account of liking and disliking has anything in it, we may better understand the limitations of our friend the hairy ape. He is not using his personality as an instrument of criticism. He imposes his personality on criticism. He punishes literature for thwarting him or praises it for tickling him. He can not admit into his judgment any real awareness of himself.

But he stimulates? It is of very minor importance. Dulness of surface is no proof that the substance is dead. The craving for imaginative experience, which seems to be so huge and so unassuageable an element in human nature, and to which all religions and literatures testify, can go on with very little respect to the glitter and sparkle of the immediate surface. This is on the whole a selling device, and cheap. Men of literary experience know how to arouse their imagination even in the face of the most forbidding manner and the most cumbersome material. Since the joys of the imagination are deep and inexhaustible, knowing men, while welcoming the gracious artist, will always arouse themselves regardless of the superficial charmlessness of a work of art.

The hairy ape's deficiency is in not knowing himself. The awareness of self, subtle yet comic, is the psychological corrective of our one critical instrument. The literature that one "likes" is all too easily that which strokes one's complexes the right way; the things one dislikes those that ruffle one's complexes. One must therefore know oneself.

It is not solely a case of "complexes". Take the situation of the practical man. A certain physical insensibility occurs when one is preoccupied. Pickpockets are busiest when the horses are coming up the straight. The "tired" business man is in reality the preoccupied business man. To reach the esthetic centres in his case is physically hopeless. Assuming that his nervous system is a little like a switching yard, the amount of switching he must do to open a track for an esthetic appeal is so complicated that unless the appeal be violent, — so rudimentary that he is bombarded out of his preoccupation, — he remains unstirred.

The cocktail is a good symbol of his need for a coarse and heavy stimulant. Or, to put it more courteously, the ability of his healthy and rugged organism to stand a manly shock and ask for more.

High color, vigorous movement, violent contrast, loud speaking, and marked underscoring, with barbarous and rudimentary rhythms, are characteristic of a city-bred generation that has the courage of its money. But how many generations does such a gorged system miss? The gorged system, unless it is Balzacian and heroic, is subject to all sorts of fantasies and illusions of taste, to whims, caprices, prejudices, and vapors. To take these seriously, to say "he is as right for himself as I am for myself", is to lock him up in his taste as in solitary confinement.

Bad taste loves company, and so does the pose of heresy. Certain young Oxford men were recently communicating to one another and thence to the world that "Beethoven is putrid". Beethoven is putrid, Michelangelo is a dud, Flaubert is a bore. These capital verdicts, not less the fashion in New York than in London, have become systematic. They are very serviceable, they do what George Moore's python did for him, what it did for Gautier to have a red velvet waistcoat, what it did for Disraeli to motion to the attendant that he was too exquisite to stoop to fag a tennis ball. But pose, a condiment, a natural retort to authority, ought not itself to be tyrannical.

Naturally, in a world of monkey-like beings where one of our great necessities is to increase our own importance, there is bound to be an immense amount of simulation, both of esthetic experience, esthetic sensibility, of personality. People are going to assert that they are possessed of these things because they need attention and by that means can get it. For this reason one doubts the belief that the salt of criticism is self-criticism.

It was an acute awareness of self, a sense of proportion, not an access of arrogance, that made of Anatole France the most convincing of impressionists. It was something like despair, not superiority, that made him smile at Brunetière. "The science of esthetics," he said, "reposes on nothing solid. It is a castle in the air. People want to lean on ethics, but ethics do not exist. There is no sociology. Nor is there any biology. The sciences have never been perfected except in the head of Auguste Comte, whose work is a prophecy.

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When biology shall have been constituted, that is to say in some millions of years, perhaps we may be able to construct sociology. That will take a great number of centuries; and thereupon it will be lawful to build a science of esthetics on a solid foundation."

What more reasonable argument could the skeptic have made against the habit of dogma? But in declining to sit on the bench of empty abstraction, he did not any the less continue to believe that one must have a soul, that it must be capable of adventure, and that it must appreciate masterpieces. He did not, that is to say, give up sanity. Because he was sensitive and unpretentious, he gave up dogma.

One is brought back in this fashion to the idea of masterpieces, the cultural tradition. It is an ironic fact that if our attention is not dilated, if the barriers of prejudice are up, if the heart is not disposed, it is almost impossible for any work of art to impress us. Witness that literary curiosity, the first review that the New York "Nation" gave to an unknown writer named J. Conrad. The unimportant novel was sent to the unimportant critic who did the unimportant review squelching the insect. How different it came to be as the editor of the "Nation" grew older and wiser and Conrad increased in reputation. To-day one's liking or disliking of Conrad is not perfunctory. It is advised. Let us hope it is well advised. Whether we wish it or not, we breathe the air of tradition, and the important thing is to have it fresh air.

Mr. Ivins, who must forgive me for twining my argument around his, can not rule out tradition, though he rules out humility. "There is a sort of consensus of opinion," as he puts it, "and this condition of opinion is entitled to very great weight *in the process of any individual's making up his own mind.*" This is a far cry from our immaculate liking and disliking! For there is, you see, a process of making up your mind, in which other people's experience counts, whether it is the experience of people who think Flaubert is a bore, or the experience of those who have dipped their cup in Flaubert and not come away empty.

The dilemma thus resolves itself: the critic can not hold to inert standards of right literature and wrong literature, but neither can he justify each reader as a law unto himself. Uncertain as the clues may be to right opinion, there are conditions which the reader must fulfil, each according to his own personality. Until he has done so above reproach, he is open to criticism. To criticize him is, in fact, to control esthetic suggestion in the only way we can. It is part of that admirable cultural process which Mr. Ivins agrees is entitled to very great weight.

Meanwhile, insisting that every critic must govern himself, it remains that all living judgment is the outcome of a living personality. It is the drop of imaginative blood in the critic that solves his dilemma for him. It may make him unruly as a servant of the practical interests that academies must serve and that forever nibble at the arts. He won't behave methodically, dutifully, or reasonably. He may fly as the wild bird flies, and take a wild bird's view of the land and the sea. The barn yard fowl act differently. Their personalities obey humbler laws. They have no *panache*, no touch of the Don Quixote about them. And they constitute the majority of every well-arranged society. To avoid their regularity, however, to evade their authority, it is not enough to be opinionative.

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Woodcut by Dorothy P. Lathrop

# At First Sight

## *A Novelett in Four Parts—III*

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE ONE MIRACLE IN THE LIFE OF YOUNG CECIL JENNINGS, WHO LIVED IN GALLOWAY CRESCENT, LONDON, WITH MRS. LE MERCIER, OR "GRUMMUMMA", WAS FINDING A SMALL, GRAY SUÈDE GLOVE, WHICH FINALLY HE TRACED TO ITS OWNER. TRACING IT WAS ALL THE MORE BAFFLING, SINCE CECIL, FROM BIRTH, HAD BEEN UNABLE TO LIFT HIS EYES FROM A RANGE CLOSE TO THE GROUND. BUT HE DID FIND THE LADY, ONLY TO BE WORRIED FRANTIC BY THE RING ON HER LEFT HAND; AND THE RENDEZVOUS BY THE RIVER, WHICH HE AT LENGTH ARRANGED, WAS BADLY BATTERED BY A STORM.

THE next few days of Cecil's life were spent in bed and were at the same time (so far as his mind was concerned) the most active, the most wretched, yet rapturous, and the longest he had ever known. The lime-tree had proved to be an imperfect umbrella. Cecil had hastened home at last through the rain-washed streets, — blindingly silver-bright in the sunshine, — in amazed happiness, on tenter-hooks of anxiety, and soaked to the skin.

Grummumma had listened to his rambling explanations, at the same time rapidly comparing his attempt at chronology with the dining room clock. Though he had an advantage denied to most men, in that his telltale eyes were concealed, Cecil hadn't the makings of a skilful prevaricator. This sudden eloquence in so reticent a young man was suspicious. Grummumma, like an immense cat at a mouse's hole, watched his lips and his hands as he sat there, attempting to swallow his belated luncheon without exhibiting too obvious an effort. But whatever speculations she may have pursued within, remained unexpressed. She was all credulity and indulgence. Even when next morning she stood over him, clinical thermometer between finger and thumb, and announced that his temperature was 101, she refrained from any "I told you so". After all, the mouse was safe in its wainscot again, and there would be ample time to find out whether it had been straying.

The storm was followed, — a rather unusual caprice in an English Summer, — by a spell of happy, halcyon weather. The patient, however, lying there on his back in his beautiful brass bed, the blinds at the window all but shrouding his room, his shade over his eyes, enjoyed it only at second hand. When Mrs. le Mercier was not either giving him his physic or sitting over him while he consumed milk pudding, his cousin Eirene was. She, however, was the more restless nurse of the two, and again and again would interrupt the *Cranford* she was reading to him in order to mince over to the window and peep out at the day.

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"You can't think how lovely it is," she would cry gaily over her shoulder. "It's a *thousand* pities, you poor thing. And I simply can't imagine why you didn't take shelter in a shop. You always go that way, don't you, Cecil?"

And once more Cecil would be compelled to remember the precise terms of the rather fantastic little story he had invented to explain his sousing, — a story received by Eirene with a variety of reactions. After what was perhaps the fifth attempt to glean a little further information, she returned to his bedside and, so to speak, took the bull by the horns.

"What Auntie, you know, has perfectly made up her mind about *now* is that you really want somebody to take more care of you. And I am going to be one of the 'somebodies'. You are getting mopey, Cecil. You just shut yourself up away from everybody, though you *know* how sympathetic we all can't help being. And what's more, I believe you make things out worse than they are, just to spoil yourself a little. The doctor was saying only the other day that even if it *is* a little painful, you ought to try ever so little to, — you know what I mean, — to make yourself better."

"My eyes, you mean?" interjected Cecil from his pillow.

"And aren't our eyes," cried Eirene brightly, "almost as it were, ourselves? Why, you see things that I have never even noticed at all. It's quite, quite wonderful. Still, you mustn't mind my speaking out a little, even though you never seem to be really listening to half I say. You couldn't tell me a single word about that last chapter I have been reading, now could you? And I can't bear reading aloud, especially in a room like a vault."

Cecil remained perfectly still in his bed. "You have been kindness itself, Eirene," he replied in a flattish voice; "and it's hateful to keep you here. Do please take a little rest. And, — and might I have half an hour's more *Cranford* after dinner?"

There was almost a hint of tears in her voice, and she stopped prettily as if to blow him a kiss right in underneath the green shade; but not very far down; for as a matter of fact she had always felt a peculiar disinclination to confront those hidden eyes. How was she to tell, then, if her kiss had reached its destination? She eyed the long, green-cowled hummock mistrustfully. "And you've *promised* to turn over a new leaf?" she concluded.

The door gently closed, and the rack on which Cecil lay resumed its more leisurely activities. Of all the rats that were gnawing at his mind, one was never for a moment satisfied. What must his stranger be thinking of him now? With unprecedented presence of mind, his last words had been that he would be found edging along round the shop-end of the Crescent at a quarter past eleven every morning, *ad infinitum*. Just about then, it appeared, would be her only chance of a few free minutes, except in the evenings, and on Thursdays; and even they were precarious. Why, Cecil had not attempted to find out.

Sheer instinct had told him that her circumstances had never been very kind to her. He knew she must be "poor", and the very sound of the word set him rushing away from it in his mind as fast as ever he could. From infancy he had been lapped in comparative luxury; and the merest suspicion that beneath Luxury's silken skirts were concealed two bony knees, filled him with incredible dismay. None the less he knew with the immense assurance of mere faith that somehow or other she was not going to be poor for very long; that he was going to just sweep those circumstances up into a pile and burn them.

There never was a more helpless creature than himself; he knew that, too. And yet, once or twice in his life he had determined to have his own way, and this was going to be another time. But how see her? How keep his tryst? How write to her? How let her have but one word to show that it was only a silly old temperature and a Grummumma and a doctor and a nimble-tongued cousin that were for the moment keeping him away?

He had so many times reexplored in imagination that hour by the river, that he knew every inch of it by heart. And what is more, huddling there beside her under the linden-tree, he had somehow managed to speak of his infirmity. It was the one thing in the world his tongue hated and detested having anything to do with. Still, it had somehow stumbled out; and the ordeal had not only proved an immeasurable relief but had somehow won an immeasurable reward.

"Think worse of you for that! Oh, what

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an utter meanness you must think of *me!* Why, all along I have almost hoped you were *blind;* for then, you see, I might have been of help, though I don't quite see how, — if ever, I mean, we are going to meet again. 'Worse,' indeed! I'd ask the thunder just to swallow me up if I even so much as thought you thought it."

Her hand had been turned toward him as she spoke; and the grass at his feet, studded with small, snow-white daisies and here and there a gold dandelion, had showed a wild, violent green beneath yet another riot of lightning.

But why did that particular "blind" still make his heart stand still with delight, while Eirene's nattier little pronunciation of the word just now, rankled in his side like a poisoned arrow? Could anything be odder? And what, indeed, was the matter with Eirene?

Two days ago she was just a first cousin once removed, waiting for him like a lightship, so to speak, irremovably in the offing, both a warning and an eventual refuge against all life's storms. He had always known that if nobody more satisfactory turned up for her, Eirene would probably decide to marry him. Grummumma had often been playful about it; and since Cecil had always hated thinking of the future, he habitually left that future to wait until the present caught up with it.

And now the present had actually done so. And he knew as well as if it had been written down on paper, first, that Eirene had suddenly made up her mind just as if *his* chill had been her conflagration; and next, that he had also made up his mind. He didn't know exactly how he could manage to persuade his stranger to accept two-thirds of his modest income. After all it was his own. And he was going to do so, and by sheer logic Eirene was therefore not going to marry him.

And then, Cecil suddenly ceased thinking and actually found himself attempting to put Eirene's advice into practice. Hands clenched, heart pounding, pulses drumming, he was endeavoring, if only by the remotest fraction of an inch, to raise these abject eyes of his in their sockets. A horrible sweat broke out on his forehead. He was shivering from head to foot. He persisted, none the less, until it seemed the very brain beneath his skull was splitting into fragments, and incandescent stars and arrows of light were raining out of the darkness. And then, poor spoiled invalid, he flung himself over on to his pillow, and turning his back upon paradise, wept with rage and chagrin.

When calm returned, there returned with it, hungry as ever, the same old rat. How was he forever to assure the stranger that he was not, — well, just another "young fellow"? And once more the words that had haunted him repeated themselves over and over again in his mind: "I all but got to hate him at last. I all but got to hate him at last. I all but got to hate him at last." Why? He lay quite still. Grummumma's step was sounding on the stair; the First Wardress was approaching. Despair swept over him. The nameless, impossible one must in sober fact be hating him with all her heart and soul, this very moment.

But Grummumma (followed by the parlormaid carrying on a silver salver a dish of sole and a glass of hock) was bringing him, apart from these dainties, tidings that proved at least that, however extreme that hatred might now be, it was not going to prevent the young people from meeting again. First, she assured him he was much better. That being so, she paid very little attention to the gray, damp underpart of the face that lay on the pillow. The very hair on that pillow was limp with moisture. Being better, he might sit up this afternoon and come down tomorrow. And the afternoon after that he was to receive a visitor. "And I wonder, my dear boy, if you can guess who that will be?"

A sort of icy flame instantly kindled itself beneath Cecil's breast-bone.

"Is it Canon Bagshot?" he muttered stonily.

"Him, too," breathed Grummumma, "but who else?"

"Eirene's not going away, is she?"

"Not quite yet," smiled Grummumma. "But then, Cecil, she is coming back for good."

"I give it up," said Cecil. "And anyhow I should much prefer to be left alone."

"My dear boy," replied Grummumma, with that hint of unction in her voice she could never keep out of her kindest remarks, "you would always prefer to be left alone. And what do you mean by that,

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may I ask? Left alone with whom? There are limits surely to one's poor little self. I agree you are tied. But, as Eirene was saying, how long is it since you have made any effort to undo the knot?"

Cecil made no reply.

"You have unnumbered blessings," went on the philanthropist. "Solicitous friends, independent means. And though I agree the handicap has been extreme, you have brains; and people with brains, my dear boy, don't dash their heads against brick walls; don't fly into silly entanglements out of which even the most clear sighted minds find it difficult to extricate themselves. You *make* little difficulties, and as Dr. Lodge agrees, and indeed as specialist after specialist has assured me, a physical habit is bound to reflect itself in the mind. You didn't like the picture of 'The Soul's Awakening' which Eirene gave you last year, even though you professed to do so. Ah ha, shake your head; but I know it. You don't so easily take me in. But surely you would agree that the state of mind of which that picture is a symbol would be impossible to convey if the young woman in it had her eyes fixed to the ground?"

What was now smoldering in her patient's mind was entirely distinct from the icy flame in his bosom. "And what about Rossetti's 'Annunciation'?" he mumbled almost brusquely. "And what about Fra Lippo Lippi and Leonardo and the rest? I don't mean to say that they have got anything to do with me. It's only the principle of the thing."

"But surely, my dear Cecil," groaned Grummumma, "the persons you mention were Old Masters, and were not dealing with life as we live it here and now. The world is changed, and for the better we may hope. But there, I never could understand your fancy for such things. They are all very well in public galleries, I consider, but surely not for the home. And either way, if in our various spheres of society we have not a certain amount of proper respect for things as they are; if, that is, we don't draw the line somewhere, the consequent difficulties merely end in disaster. And *do*, my dear boy, show *some* little appreciation of that delicious looking sole before it goes stone cold on the dish. No; I didn't mean to be led away into a discussion on what is called art," — she flickered in a charmingly helpless fashion her little, fat, ringed hand in the air, — "I know nothing of that. All that I merely wanted to tell you was that I have invited a young lady, — a friend of yours, — to *tea*."

The stubborn sole which Cecil at this moment was fastidiously dismembering was many hours beyond its only awakening in this weary world. And in utter confusion he continued to ruin its post-mortem appearance, while he tried to think of something to say. It must be a real advantage to a mouse that it need not enter into positive conversation with the enemy at the gate.

"A young lady, — a friend of *mine?*" Cecil mumbled, as if incredulous of such a marvel.

"Exactly that," cried Grummumma brightly. "She is an assistant in that large new draper's, poor thing; and, considering the practice she has, I must say she writes a charmingly illegible hand."

Cecil plunged clean into the deep end of the bath prepared for him. "I am delighted," he said.

"About the handwriting?" inquired Grummumma.

"That she is coming to tea," said Cecil.

"In my young days, gallantry would have suggested *suggesting* that Miss Simcox come to tea. Why, may I ask, have you been hiding the young lady under your bushel?" The voice was almost prattling in its geniality.

Cecil took a gulp of hock before replying. "Why, Grummumma, you have asked her to tea. Where does the bushel come in?"

The black, handsome eyes had fixed their whole attention on his lips. "But not at your suggestion, Cecil, as I was saying."

"But surely, Grummumma, one's invitations are pleasanter when they are given on one's own initiative. Yours must be, I am sure." The water was proving more buoyant than he expected.

"Possibly," she acquiesced. "But why didn't *you* indulge yourself? I can not help surmising that Miss Simcox would have come to tea with even greater pleasure the day after to-morrow if my poor little note had been in your handwriting."

"You didn't call on her, then?" mumbled Cecil.

"I promised myself the pleasure of her

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calling on me," replied Grummumma. "And to whom, my dear boy, do you owe what I am sure must be this charming acquaintance?"

Cecil never lied. A kind of nausea of fencing and prevaricating suddenly swept over him. If the fat was already in the fire, why shouldn't he set it blazing? "I believe, do you know, Grummumma, it was the first symptom of my soul's awakening."

"My question was," Grummumma persisted equably, "'To whom do you owe it?'"

Cecil jerked himself up a little higher on his elbow and the shade tilted itself almost to the angle of the cowl of a guard's signaling lamp. And, if anything, in spite of the shade, the light beneath was red rather than green.

"To whom *does* one owe any kind of awakening? Why sometimes, I believe," — and the voice had fallen flat and cold, — "to sheer, downright Providence."

"I must ask Canon Bagshot to give us an address one Sunday on false gods, Cecil. You might learn a little more of the Other One, by sheer contrast."

There was a pause.

"Will Eirene be here?" Cecil inquired at last, the shade now bent again low over his sole.

Mrs. le Mercier's kid-clad right foot was at this moment beating softly on Cecil's deep-piled bedroom carpet. It was her method of purring. She was looking at the head on the pillow and smiling gently, as if compassion were just over the border of a charming reverie. She at once laid her other little card on the table, patly and finally, since sooner or later it would almost certainly have to be disclosed. "Why yes, Eirene will be with us, — indeed would make a point of being with us. Even if it were not a pleasure, dear boy, to share your friends, it would be little short of a duty. And Miss Bolsover is coming, too. It will be quite a pleasant little party for Miss, — Miss Simcox."

She paused once more, but this time paused in vain. "Go on then, my dear boy, as fast as ever you can getting *better!*" she harangued him. "The removal of almost every little misfortune in this life, except those that come from above, is merely a question of time."

Cecil, as a matter of fact, sat up (physically speaking) as she had prognosticated, that afternoon and he went downstairs the next. But so assiduous were those that watched over his convalescence that, except when he retired for the night, he was not for a single quarter of an hour left to mope alone. One can fret to some little purpose, however, in the gayest of company.

During the forty-eight hours that succeeded the sole, apart from those which passed in restless sleep, he enjoyed not one single moment of peace of mind. Nor was the faintest chance given him of bringing his inward conflict into the open. Short of speaking out, — which every nerve in him forbade, — Cecil might drag one red herring after another across the trail in the hopes of leading Grummumma on. But she suddenly seemed to have lost all interest in the fishing. How had she found him out? Did he talk in his sleep? How had she discovered Miss Simcox's name, — and where she lived? What, *what* had she said to her? But Grummumma positively refused to nibble. She preferred to leave the chemical reactions she had prepared to work uninterruptedly. Miss Simcox was never even mentioned again.

At a quarter to five, however, on the day before the tea party, when Eirene was in charge, Cecil made his first and only frontal attack. His feverish cold had left its marks behind it. There was something unusually invalidish in the look of the young man when, without the faintest preparation, he suddenly blurted out his challenge. "I want," he said, ". . . Could you give me Miss Simcox's address?"

"Cecil!" cried his remote cousin in unconcealed amazement, "you don't even know so much as her address!"

"No," said Cecil, "not so much as her address. And I want to write to her *now*."

"But, *my dear*, the creature will be here to-morrow afternoon. Surely you need not be so intemperate as all that."

The young man sat as still as a draper's model in his armchair. "I don't know what you mean by 'intemperate'," he said, "and I don't much care. The point is, I want to write to her. And I want you to give me the chance of doing so when Grummumma is not here. What's more, Eirene, if you breathe a word of what I am saying to a living soul, then, — then I assure you, you will regret it."

Eirene had never before heard trumpets

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in her cousin's voice and had never before noticed that he sometimes sat so motionless as to resemble not exactly granite, but at least Portland stone. Her hands clasped themselves in her lap. "I think it's perfectly monstrous of you," she cried lamentably, "to talk to me like that. Why, you are threatening me, Cecil! And who am I, may I ask, to be a skulking go-between? A nice kind of a creature this friend of yours must be to reduce you to that. I simply flatly refuse. Besides, I don't *know* her address."

"How did Grummumma find her out?" said Cecil. "Did you help?"

"My Heavens!" shrilled Eirene, "and now you accuse me of being a spy! As if any one like you isn't conspicuous a mile off. Even a shop-girl might have known that. I expect she did."

"And do you suppose I *mind* having been seen," cried Cecil furiously. "But I'm not going to argue about that? You are merely misleading me. Please keep to the point. You swear you haven't her address?"

"I will swear nothing," said Eirene. "It isn't right. I *say* I haven't her address. I simply don't care *where* she is, — or ever will be."

"Then I believe you," said Cecil out of a horrible vacancy and yet as if he were conferring royal favor. "But please understand, if you repeat a single word of what I said just now to any one, — well, — we shall both be sorry for it."

Eirene rose to her feet. "To think," she sobbed, "that I should live to listen to this. Why, you must have known her for ages. She has corrupted every vestige of nice feeling you ever had. And you sitting there without caring a fig what I suffer. I detest the very sight of you." She broke into a renewed flood of tears, and hastened out of the room.

Strangely enough, though her last remark had intended to be the truth, the frail creature had suddenly discovered that she was as near as she ever would be to being in love. In her frantic haste to be alone with her rage and resentment, she managed to push past Grummumma, who attempted to intercept her in the hall. She managed even to refrain from enlightening that lady regarding the cause of the little scene she had been too late to interrupt. Grummumma, however, was by nature and habit a sagacious woman and knew when to hold back. To have succeeded in pumping a little emotion into Eirene was almost as much of an achievement as to have succeeded in pumping whatever she had managed to pump into the mind of Miss Simcox. She awaited her pleasant little tea party with folded hands.

And almost before any of the parties concerned had realized that the tournament was begun, it was over. The odds had been appalling. The only ally of the young stranger had scarcely uttered a word. With eyes fixed now on the floriations of the pretty French carpet, and now on Canon Bagshot's ecclesiastical boots, he had sat listening to the social talk. Indeed, no better prize could be offered in recognition of Grummumma's tactics, than the fact that never at any moment was there any real opening for him. No kind of social gathering from that of a school treat to a tête-à-tête with a philanthropic duchess could exhaust Canon Bagshot's finesse. Mrs. le Mercier had apparently for some little time been an authority on the grievances of shop-assistants. Eirene, with her puffy hair, elegant hands, and pale, fine features, merely held a watching brief, though she saw to it that their guest was never without the creamiest and the chocolatest of the cakes for tea, — just to give her something to do with her fingers while she tried to hold her own with her tongue.

As for "dear Miss Bolsover", she rolled her blue eyes and occasionally tapped with her blunt-toed shoe (but rather like a dog thumping its tail stump than a cat purring) and remained tactful to the last degree. If the parlormaid had been given three guesses as to which of the party in the drawing-room had been responsible for the presence of the young lady in black in its midst, Miss Bolsover would almost certainly have remained merely the last runner-up.

And the dark young lady herself, — poor Cecil writhed in the consciousness that the one hindrance to her possibly even enjoying this little parlor game was his presence there. There was a cold, clear ring in her voice, as different from the others as a silver bugle is from a bassoon. She was being flayed alive, of course, as dexterously as a professional Chinese could have managed it. But then life even in the

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few years she had had of it, had more or less accustomed her to the process. And it was perfectly miraculous how swiftly Nature could produce new skins. Besides, how much easier it is to endure any kind of torture, even that of tongues, in a good cause! That it was a good cause she could at least assure herself, since it was poor Cecil's in the green shade. Indeed, that he could hardly boast of being much in the way of a "young fellow" was proved by the elegant company she was keeping. That he needed her championship the more was somehow proved by the fact that Canon Bagshot was at this moment urbanely stooping over her with a second cup of tea.

"I garther then, Miss Simcox, the Roman Cartholic Church is a little less intrusive than I supposed it to be."

"Though not, it seems," interrupted Grummumma, "to the extent of allowing you to join a Guild in connection with a Sister Establishment. Otherwise, I understand, you are free to believe pretty much what you prefer."

Miss Simcox had by now possessed herself of her cup and another chocolate cake. "Oh no, not believe," she cried almost brightly. "I thought you were referring to what it would be good for me to *do*."

"And surely," cried Grummumma persuasively, "actions speak louder than words."

"But that's a proverb, isn't it?" suggested her visitor doubtfully. "I remember once hearing some one say that very thing to Father Browne; I forget what about." At her glance, Canon Bagshot hastily resumed the smile that had begun to fade on his face.

"And what was Father Browne's reply?" he inquired indulgently.

"He said, in that case, one should take very good care not to deafen oneself."

"And what do you imagine, Miss Simcox, he meant by that?" inquired Mrs. le Mercier, with a roll of her fine eyes.

"Answers are useless," interposed Miss Bolsover, "that merely confuse things, and especially where principles are at stake."

"What do *you* think, Cecil?" continued Grummumma swooping round on her grandson with the éclat of a squadron of cavalry. "You are being remarkably silent this afternoon, even for you. Though no doubt you have discussed the question?"

The green shade shifted uneasily. "I suppose he meant," Cecil faltered, "that what one does is not necessarily a sign of what one is. At least one may hope not, — always. I suppose motive counts, and we can never really know one another. What's inside, I mean. The rest may be chiefly advertisement. But it's not much good asking me. I don't indulge in actions."

"Dear, dear, dear!" cried Grummumma crisply, "we are getting deeper and deeper into the mire. I wonder what Canon Bagshot is thinking of such heresies."

She did not pause, however, to inquire, but at once turned the stream of conversation in the direction of the Shop Acts, and was presently assuring her visitor how much, much brighter she must be thankful to realize her lot in life now was, compared with that of the young ladies who worked in drapers' establishments twenty or thirty years ago, when there was no early closing, when no "assistant" *was ever* out on the streets until after ten o'clock, and on Saturdays, — imagine it, — before midnight. "The evils! And then, think of those living-in conditions!" She lifted her plump hands in horror from her lap. "They were simply too dreadful, I understand, for description. Anemia was rampant. And worse things than that! The Committee of which my dear father was Chairman was shocked beyond words. But now everything is changed. You are free, Miss Simcox, for a little gossip, are you not, almost at any hour of the day?"

The dark eyes in the pale face under the small, black hat watched every expression of the handsome face. Except for a slight increase of pallor, her own showed no trace of the resentment that was smoldering within. Her wits, too, a little more nimble perhaps than Grummumma supposed them to be, were rapidly accustoming themselves to a method of attack with which they were not wholly unfamiliar. It would be as refreshing as a plunge into a cold bath to let these good people realize her real opinions of them, — to give as good as she had got, and so quietly too that "moddam" might remember it to her dying days.

Her glance wandered for an instant resolutely from face to face, passed softly from flaxen Eirene's, then rested on Cecil. He was sitting with folded hands and

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downcast head as if, poor thing, this was a Home for the Feebleminded and she herself an applicant who could not afford the fees. If he had been a blind mute, he could hardly have looked more immobile. The angry fire within languished, went out. She was suddenly limp and helpless and was just about to prove to Grummumma how swimming a victory was hers, when the helpless figure in front of her pushed out his chin and remarked, if what Mrs. le Mercier said were true, then men must be worse devils than he had thought possible. "If I had my way," he burst out positively, "I'd burn the whole High Street down."

"Exactly, my dear boy," retorted Grummumma, "and be off next morning (if you escaped the Police) to find another hatter and hair-dresser and haberdasher. Oh Cecil, Cecil! Miss Simcox is perfectly well aware, my dear boy, of her employer's difficulties. We have in this world to face things as they are. And civilization is impossible without give and take on all sides."

"Yes," cried Cecil ferociously, "and who does the taking, I should like to know?"

"But surely, dear lad," urged Canon Bagshot amiably, "we must not mix up things as they ought to be with things as they are, — but push gently on from one to the other. Progress is step by step, not by violent eruptions. And are we not missing the whole point of what has been said? It is that the conditions of shop life have been very much *improved*. We are, — I agree in only a small respect, — *congratulating* ourselves. Is not that so, Miss Simcox?"

Miss Simcox had put down her cup once and for all at last. She glanced a little helplessly about her. The green shade had lowered itself once more. Not a feature was visible, though the hands were clenched tight on her chair. "Shop life?" she said, "Oh, yes!" and she looked at Canon Bagshot. "But then I don't see how people *can* know what other people's lives are really like. And what does it matter? I am perfectly happy as I am."

"And *that*," said Grummumma, rising with an almost majestic urbanity, "is the most sensible remark I have heard for many a day. If every class and degree could say that, our difficulties would be at an end. My daughter, — my son's mother, — Mrs. Mortimer Fitzkelly, — once had a young nursemaid who . . ." With the amplest of smiles and the most elastic of gestures she had inserted herself between the two young people, and was already proffering her hand. Eirene had slipped over to the piano, in hasty search apparently of a suddenly remembered promise to perform. Miss Bolsover had already engaged the Canon in talk. The contest was over.

And at this precise moment Cecil dragged himself to his feet, as if to reenter the lists. But in vain. He blundered forward only to find that Grummumma had exquisitely eluded him, and that their guest was already well on her way out, — out of touch, out of hearing, even of hail.

His head twisted aimlessly on his shoulders, like a rusty smoke cowl in a breeze. A cloud swept over his dejected eyes; he turned irresolutely as if for help.

"My poor dear boy," cried Mrs. le Mercier, as she hastily reentered the room, "I am afraid Dr. Lodge has been far too precipitant. You look positively worn-out."

But Cecil was already pushing his way out of the room. And as with hand upon the side balusters, he all but groped his way on from stair to stair, he caught but the last word or two of what Grummumma was saying: "Just a *soupçon* of *savoir-faire*, poor little thing; and she might be almost presentable."

It was Eirene who tapped at his door a few minutes later. She turned the handle, but in vain.

"Cecil, dear," a whisper came, "it's only me. Are you ill? Is anything the matter?" But since no answer of any kind emanated out of the vacancy beyond, there was nothing for it but to hope for the best.

Miss Simcox's champion can hardly be said to have appeared in shining armor. For an unconscionable time he sat by his dressing table, his hands clasped over his head. He was attempting to think, to argue, to explain, to plan, and all this at the same moment. The result was little more serviceable than the rotations of a white rat in a cage. Nor did the chattering of his teeth afford him any particular help in the crisis.

During the next few days, though never

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before in his memory had balms so gentle and precious been poured upon his head, Cecil realized that he was a prisoner closely guarded, with a family physician for chief warden. Of his two devotees, he much preferred Grummumma. She at least made no attempt to suggest that she was an ally he had treacherously stabbed in the back.

It was the faint, far-away pathos in Eirene's tones, the gentle insinuation in her manner, — "See how forbearing I am!" — that corroded every hour he spent in her company; while always between them lurked the remembrance, never referred to, that he had asked her help, had flung himself on her mercy, and that she had at least not given him away. She had so little given him away, indeed, that every touch of hand and wooing cadence of the grieved voice assured him that she was in fact keeping him entirely for herself. Moreover, what she and Grummumma might have managed unaided was made the more easy by Dr. Lodge and the weather.

There was no doubt Cecil was ill, though the most distressing of his symptoms, — the mind that resolved on, on in anguish at his own helplessness, — remained concealed. It was a helplessness, none the less, only waiting the very shadow of an opportunity to break free.

About eleven o'clock on the Thursday morning after Mrs. le Mercier's unusual visitor had come and gone, the clouds over Cecil's birthplace broke gently and cleared completely away. It fell to Eirene to take him, well wrapped up and looking more like a hopeless invalid than ever, on his next constitutional. And Cecil chose for it a route exactly opposite to that which would have led them towards the shops.

"I often wonder," she began speculating, in her lately acquired plaintive tones, "what you really and truly think of people, Cecil. You always seem to me to have much more definite 'views' about them than most men of your age. And they don't seem to be very high ones, — the views, I mean. Why's that?"

"You mean," said Cecil, speaking out of the turned-up collar of his overcoat, "that as I can only see their lower halves, I cannot be any judge of their upper. You don't seem to realize that a person's character is scrawled all over him, — over his boots even, rough-hew them as he will." The reply would have been almost sprightly if it had not sounded so bitter.

"You don't mean surely that cheap shoes and cotton stockings necessarily mean common minds? That would be *too* unfair."

"I mean," said Cecil stubbornly, "that what's bred in the blood comes out in the ankle. It's not merely what a person puts *on* his feet, but how he uses them. Besides, aren't there laces and buttons and buckles and so on. Don't we walk? Compare the kindly cow with the gazelle. And my God, Eirene, you don't suppose I can't even see up so far as the breast-bone where the hollow is where the heart should be?"

"I really don't know what's come over you," said Eirene. "It doesn't even seem to be yourself talking. When you are not purposely misunderstanding one, you are, — well you never used to say, 'My God,' Cecil, and you never used to be coarse."

"No," said Cecil.

"And I didn't know until this moment," she pursued, "that you were an expert in ankles and that kind of thing. You remember how we once agreed that we could always guess in whose company Kitty had been by her manner. She just catches whatever's about," she added sportively, "like chicken-pox or German measles. But I never noticed that in *you* before. Besides," and there was now a genuine hint of anxiety in her voice, "you don't look a bit better. You talk to me as if you almost detested me, physically, I mean. And the whole time I am with you, — and Auntie agrees, — you appear to be thinking of something else. What is the good of it all? Do you suppose I have never had my own little disillusionments and am not perfectly thankful to have found out that they *were* disillusionments? Nothing I can do or say seems of the least good. Why, if you had even asked my *help*, — " the voice really faltered now, fell silent.

But Cecil, unlike most young men, was unconscious how disturbing an experience it can be to be walking in the street with a companion positively shedding tears. He just walked on. He continued meanwhile for a moment or two to explore what Eirene had said.

"I think," he replied at last, faintly but

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firmly, "I have had enough of this ridiculous imitation street. We'll turn back."

There was little of the war-horse apparent in him as he wheeled. His mind had none the less suddenly cleared. It was finally made up. And he stepped out before his companion as if they had once and for all arranged the future between them. At the gate, — the bland, white face of Grummumma's house flinging its reflected sunshine in their faces under the low, delicate, pale blue arch of the sky, — Eirene paused. "Then you mean," she said with a choking voice, "that you would prefer me to be, — not to be a friend. Well, so be it, Cecil. I can not help myself. I must just bear it. But you shall find that I am in spite of you." This pathetic challenge, however, only served to consolidate Cecil's resolution. At three o'clock in the afternoon Grummumma was accustomed to shut herself up in her bedroom for half an hour to relax. She relaxed inch by inch, and then the complete area. It was Eirene's turn to be sentinel again. She now sat playing very gentle Mendelssohn in the drawing-room, with the door wide open and most of her attention, if not her actual eye, fixed on the staircase that descended into view beyond it. Cecil had left her there after lunch, and, as she had expected, now sat in his own room, drinking in the winning strains.

At half past four he sent word by the parlormaid that he would not come down to tea; and Grummumma, having returned from relaxing, the confederates nibbled their thin bread and butter in secret and exchanged policies. None the less, as if a bird in the air had carried the note, Cecil with door ajar realized the trend of their hushed talk, though he was honestly beyond the possibility of catching any single word of it. "What was to happen now?" he was thinking, the eyes in his aching head fixed upon his teacup. At half-past five Grummumma went out. Eirene was evidently doing double duty.

At a quarter to six Mr. Lindsay, Canon Bagshot's third and newest curate looked in, armed with a new novel from Mudie's, that Eirene "really must look into. There's so much claptrap, so much positive slush published nowadays," he was asserting, "that any piece of fiction with a trace of conviction in it, — and I don't mean necessarily moral conviction, — conviction of the mind, is something to share."

It was at this moment Cecil came gently descending the staircase, as if he were a thief in his own house; not breaking in, but breaking out. Mr. Lindsay was possessed of a resonant voice, a gift that is singularly fortifying when a slim, fair, possibly slightly feline young woman is sharing its charms. The young man on the other side of the drawing-room wall had his ungloved fingers on the latch.

"Conviction of the mind?" Eirene was trebling; "How very interesting, Mr. Lindsay. But what if one hasn't a mind to be convicted *with*, — or should it be *of?*"

Cecil was so utterly engrossed in his private affairs that he did not pause to wonder why Eirene never used that particular voice in her intercourse with himself. Mr. Lindsay's robuster tones broke out once more. "You see, dear young lady, nowadays novelists may be said to be divided into two groups. In fact, on the one hand we have these deplorable realists who think that by calling a spade a spade you must be (and be justified in) using bad language. Then we have what I would call the serio-sentimentalists, who try to show life happily and therefore can not see it whole. Then we have the Shocking School merely out to pull any leg that shows. Then the genuinists, — and I am not saying, of course . . ."

But Cecil had by now released the catch with his Yale key. The door was shut behind him. He was at liberty, and his only need now was to make that liberty secure. It being Professor Flaxman Smith's parlormaid's day out, she was given no opportunity this afternoon to open her bright, dark eyes wide with astonishment at the sight of "that young Mr. Jennings" positively running, even though at best it was but a shambling run. But he was covering the ground.

All the peculiar paraphernalia of his life, — cracks in the pavement, little orgies of dust and straw and dried manure stilled and sodden after the morning's rain, hairpins, scraps of paper, drowsing cats, questing dogs, area railings, basement bars, cooks, kitchen tables, fires in the Summer time, — now floated past his downcast eyes unnoticed. It was Thursday. It was early closing day. With nothing but a name in his mind, and no address, with no

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conceivable hope in the old trysting-place, he hastened on, determined that unless somehow or other Grummumma managed to circumvent him, he was going to be assured of one single thing before he returned home. What exactly that thing was, he did not attempt to tell himself for the present. He wanted to say something, but first he must find the human being whom he wanted to say it *to*.

If the rather starchy-looking, blue-spectacled, elderly Cecil Jennings of thirty years later had ventured out on a similar quest, he would have had an extra hour of daylight, of Summer time, to help him. This particular evening Cecil's allowance of light was that much the more brief. But the skies were fair, the air was refreshed and sweet. And after a narrow escape from being run over by a brewer's dray, he safely circumnavigated the rectory garden wall, and when he had pushed on along the river path to within a few hundred yards or so of the bright green linden-tree, immediate risk of recognition was safely past.

The "quality" of the town were not accustomed to enjoy the river path at so late an hour. Maybe because the day was Thursday, and its usual habitués were further afield, or maybe because fortune was for that one evening in league with the linden-tree, very few wayfarers, indeed, were about. The scent of hay, of the kind only differentiable by its "quantity" from the first swathes in the meadow beyond the stream, burdened the air with its incomparable sweetness. Swallows were hawking across the still unmown grass.

With little breath left either in body or spirit, Cecil came to a standstill. His mind was like a deflated balloon. The whole brave venture had suddenly become the stupidest goose chase. What preposterous self-confidence had brought him here? What justification, for that matter, had he for being a mere makeweight in the world at all? The burning heart had suddenly become like lead within him. An ailing half-wit dazzled by a shop-assistant, — the foul folly of it all! The very beauty of the scene was a mockery and a sneer.

Now that the little, sacred, wooden bench would soon come within sight, every vestige of confidence forsook him. He felt as helpless and forlorn as a butterfly that has failed to extricate itself from its chrysalis skin. In the innocent hope of disguise, he had crammed on to his head an old, soft hat discarded at least five years before. Nor were his clothes of his latest punctilious cut. It was no use. The whole attempt was fatuous. Nothing he could ever do would carry him further than half way. He might as well return at once to the town and apply at the Town Hall for a list of lodger-keepers and knock them up one by one. After the deliberate insult of that tea party, would she even consent to speak to him again? He buttoned his coat, shifted the shade a little from the fretting line it had in his haste bitten into his forehead, and plodded on.

The lime-tree was already disclosing the buds of its green-gold, dangling racemes that would in a week or two be filling the air with a liquid sweetness as delicious as that of the withering grass. Here and there circlets of ripples showed where rising fish had rent the silken surface of their watery haunts. The stream flowed on without haste in its placid bed. Summer comes, and goes. How was it possible that only a few days before this lovely, gentle, melancholy retreat had shown him a glimpse of Paradise, even though it was a Paradise ablaze with lightning and shaken with thunder. The very bench, its support still dark with the rain that had fallen, was eloquent with deprecation.

It was anguish to linger here, useless to venture farther, futile to go back. He must just give the problem up, that was all. And all this concern, this fatuity, interjected a sardonic voice (not entirely unlike to Grummumma's) from somewhere within his mind, — all this for the sake of a Greenwich shop-assistant! A young woman ineligible even for the parochial Guild. A horrid Jesuitical Cartholic! A young woman who nibbled holes in her gloves, and had only just escaped becoming the wife of one of the "young fellows" of the "Pavement". He listened with absolute calm to this harangue, as he stood leaning against the trunk of the tree. "But it doesn't matter, my dear," he muttered, as if in hopes his whisper might penetrate to the ear of the secret Dryad slumbering beneath its smooth, dark rind. "It wouldn't matter what they say, if only you would come!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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# "DOING RIGHT BY OUR NELL"

## *A Homily for Homely Girls*

ALBERT CARR

(*Continued from page 249*)

If she is at a dance, for instance, what shall she talk about, how reply to leading questions, how vary her choice of topic to suit her companion? If Jimmy, her next door neighbor, chats about the "movies", what shall she say without appearing either "high-hat" or "dumb"? And if Mr. Perkins, who plays the organ in her church, discusses the theatre, or tennis, or his sister's beau, or Arnold Bennett, what should be her response? Where shall she find new ideas, without devoting an absurdly disproportionate amount of time to them? These are vital problems, far more vital, one feels, than the problem of extracting the square root of 225,586.

In the last two years of the high school, provision should be made for Advanced Instruction in Social Conversation. This should deal with the nature of small talk in groups of various kinds, particularly in the arts and professions. Only girls who give evidence of latent social talent should be encouraged to study it. The girl who finishes this course should be able to talk to intelligent people of the literary, theatrical, and business spheres, with at least some degree of acquaintance with their interests. The instruction, naturally, must be exceedingly practical to be of value. It must consider not the ideal conversations of the Victorian novel, but those that one actually hears in the metropolitan circles of to-day.

So far, Nellie Jones has been taught to walk and to talk. But she must also eat, and eat properly. She should accordingly be made to study these subjects:

Table Manners, — from the fourth grade on.
Correct Table Service and Restaurant Menus, — for the high school.
Table Conversation, — for the high school.

That the young girl should know how to cook is obvious. That she should be versed in household economics is equally desirable. But in that period of her life when she chooses or seeks a husband, neither her ability to prepare tender steaks nor to buy vegetables cheaply will stand her in quite as good stead as an acquaintance with correct table manners, restaurant bills of fare, and interesting and appropriate table talk.

The modern school is almost invariably equipped with model kitchens and apartments, with a lunch room, and with a moving picture projector. These are all that are necessary, so far as apparatus is concerned. What is needed is to adapt them to their new function by correct instruction. In the lunch room into which the school girls of to-day swarm for a garrulous, giggling, gobbling ten minutes of ice-cream and cake, let the meal be conducted properly, with sufficient leisure for its enjoyment, with attention to the dietary laws and to the table manners of every girl. Let the lunch room, in other words, be the laboratory where the girl applies the knowledge that she gains from her lectures and "movie" demonstrations of good manners.

Here some one may object indignantly to any such attempt to destroy the spontaneity and animation of the happy lunch hour. With all due respect to the imaginary objector, — ridiculous! Restraint is the basis of good manners, of civilization in fact. How long would one of the fashionable girls' schools, whence our debutantes periodically emerge, tolerate any such display of animal spirits, however girlish and spontaneous, as one sees in the lunch room of a public school? Good manners, attractive exteriors, and pleasant personalities are lessons to be learned like spelling and arithmetic. There may be some who come by these things naturally; but there are also those who spell correctly and add phenomenally, without training. So far as the average girl is concerned, if we restrain her from saying that five times seven is thirty-two, and that piano is spelled

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with two n's, we must also restrain her from speaking with her mouth full of food, from raising her voice unduly, and from eating layer cake with her fingers. Let us not permit our standards for one group to be dictated by our intelligence, and for the other by our emotions.

It is in the fourth great branch of Charm, — Dress and Appearance, — that the teachers will find the greatest number of obstacles to overcome. One visualizes a course of study that includes the following:

Dress Appreciation, — from the fourth grade on.
Adaptation to Type, — from the seventh grade on.
Facial Expression, — from the fourth grade on.
Personal Hygiene, — from the fourth grade on.
Use of Cosmetics and Care of the Complexion, — from the seventh grade on.
Dressing the Hair, — from the seventh grade on.
Criticisms of Style, — for the high school.
Methods of Purchasing Clothing, — for the last two years of the high school.

By what methods shall the art of correct dress be inculcated? How shall our acquaintance, Nellie Jones, dress to best advantage on the sixteen dollars a week that she earns in her first job? Certainly, the models of Patou and Poiret can hardly help her much. But if she knows that a turned-down hat brim can not be worn with a turned-down nose; and if she knows that her complexion can take red and blue but not green, successfully, she has an enormous advantage over her neighbor who trusts to a dubious instinct for "what she likes".

Every woman reader will agree at once that one must have a feeling for the nice detail of dress in order to buy and wear clothes intelligently and well, — detail whose significance no ordinary man could ever hope to fathom. The well dressed girl or woman must be an expert in pinching in and letting out and shortening to fractions of an inch, and all sorts of things. Such expertness demands study and knowledge.

It may be contended that taste in clothes is merely a matter of "that innate something". This is no place for controversy on the question of inherited versus acquired characteristics; but it is at least certain that the possession of standards of judgment would do much to eliminate the atrocious styles and coloring of Nellie's present wardrobe. Even a modicum of understanding would enable her to make certain that on the rare occasions when she did buy a new hat or a new dress, it would at least be a becoming one. In instruction on dress the moving picture will again play a leading part. Special style films can easily be prepared, and changed frequently enough to be up to date, — films showing not the styles of the fashion shows, the beauty contests, or the Rue de la Paix, but rather those in which Nellie may have a wholesome interest.

There can be no doubt that just as one's expression and appearance have a distinct psychological influence on one's mood, the frequency or infrequency of that mood plays a vital part in molding one's character and attitude towards life, particularly in youth. It is essential that the child avoid any tendency toward sullenness, or a hangdog bearing, or a "hard boiled" frame of mind; and to this end the "set" of the features, particularly the mouth, must be carefully watched. Moving pictures are the logical instrument for correcting the facial expression, since films can easily be prepared to point out the effect that an habitual sneer or frown may have on a young girl's happiness. Early correction will be certain largely to prevent the blank or sullen or plain ugly expressions that one encounters everywhere to-day, — expressions which are usually much more a habit than an actual indication of the individual's feeling.

As to methods of purchasing clothing, use of cosmetics, adequate care of the body, and arrangement of the hair, these hardly need comment. The instruction here must be based on the requirements of the individual. How much rouge may she safely wear and remain in good taste? How much lip-stick? A boyish bob or long hair? How much shall she spend on her only evening dress? How long shall she wear her finger nails? These are vital questions, supremely important problems. On them may hang husband, future, and children. And what a boon their solution would be to the distressed male of sensitive perceptions who sees the unspeakable carmine lips, crimson cheeks, and frizzled heads of to-day.

Even this is not all, however. For older girls in the high school, there should be an Advanced Course in Conduct and Good Taste, — a sort of "finishing" course in

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the esthetics of manner, for girls capable of grasping the principles behind the instruction on externals. And there must be a series of practical lectures on the Care of Children and Domestic Situations, for older girls, which will give them an honest picture of the problems they may have to solve in marriage, — problems of which we now absurdly make mysteries. The lectures might even be supplemented by practical field observations and "movie" demonstrations, as well.

Now it is obvious, in all this, that to be truly effective, instruction must be begun at the moment the child enters the common school, in order to catch her at the most susceptible age and to prevent as far as possible the formation of incorrect habits. The City of Cleveland recently introduced into one of its high schools a course somewhat similar in its general purpose to that suggested here; and the summer school for working girls, annually conducted by Bryn Mawr College, includes, or did include, a course with the same intention. But despite the expressed enthusiasm of the girls who have participated in such classes in Charm, these must necessarily fall short of achieving anything more than a consciousness of the grosser errors of taste and manner, such as may be obtained from the reading of any book of etiquette. The girl of fourteen or more can not convert instruction into habit with her earlier facility; rather than natural grace and good manners, she is much more likely to acquire an unfortunate sensitiveness and strained self-consciousness that bring her nothing but unhappiness. Merely to impose the standards of one class on the habits of another is futile. What is needed is not a superficial knowledge of what is "being done", but an almost instinctive appreciation of the appropriate, — the self-confidence that marks the person of even reasonably good breeding. And that can only be learned if training is begun early and continued long.

It may be argued that confidence of manner is born and not learned; but any sort of analysis will demonstrate that it is almost always environment and not birth that gives one that "upper class feeling". There is no way of distinguishing between the manners and bearing of the adopted child of parents of the leisured class and those of their own offspring, if both have lived in the same environment since infancy.

Let it be understood, however, that in all this it is presupposed that the child is not to be given any distorted notions of what she may expect of life. She will merely have the opportunity to make her social horizon larger. She is not to form delusions of grandeur or wild ambitions; but the dreams she is certain to nourish in any case will be given at least a faint possibility of materializing, in whatever degree.

So far as the time to be devoted to the instruction in Charm is concerned, it must not be imagined that this branch of the curriculum is to overshadow all others. With intelligent distribution of emphasis, not more than one hour each day need be required for the teaching of all the subjects mentioned, in both primary and secondary schools. Beginning with the rudiments of each of the four main departments of Charm instruction, the child advances as she grows older, until, if she remains in school long enough, she studies "Good Taste" as a principle of living, learns how to care for children, how to handle common domestic situations, and so forth. But the course must be so devised that even the girls who leave school after the sixth grade, — and many of them do, — have a grounding in the fundamentals. Otherwise it fails in its function.

Undoubtedly, many who read will cry, "Absurd!" Some may be amused, some annoyed, some indignant at this contemplated invasion of public school tradition by sociological common sense. But is it absurd? Let us honestly examine the objections that may be raised to the idea of education for Charm.

The first question that arises, naturally, is: "Who is to do the teaching?" For with all due respect to our school teachers, it is apparent that only a relatively small percentage of them can be of service as instructors in style and correct speech and table manners. The majority may be fairly capable teachers of geography, of history, or of drawing; but they are not to be considered for classes in the esthetics of living, except, perhaps, as students. In the latter capacity wonders might be achieved. More than one "unclaimed blessing", resigned to spinsterhood, might

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find renewed attractiveness and a husband simultaneously, but this is purely in the realm of surmise, and not pertinent to the real problem.

It has already been said, — and this is of prime importance, — that by far the greater part of the demonstration work can be done with moving pictures. The "movie" is playing an ever larger part in the schoolroom, even as constituted to-day; and for classes in Charm, it is certain to be the basis of instruction. But that is, perhaps, not enough. There will undoubtedly be a demand for teachers who are specialists in charm; whence are they to be taken?

The answer is, — everywhere. From every class, in every town, women and girls who have the advantage of good manners, of correct speech, of graceful walk, or of discrimination in dress, will flock to the standard of Charm. Where they would scorn the idea of teaching history or arithmetic, — even assuming their ability, — the maidens and young matrons who have benefited by early training are certain, if there is anything in psychology, to find in this new kind of pedagogy a double satisfaction. To be able to teach Charm implies the possession of Charm; and to give idle hours to so worthy a cause without having to do anything more than serve as a model of attractive femininity, certainly is not either beneath or beyond great multitudes of women of wealth and family throughout the country. What an opportunity for the Junior League!

The problem will not be to find teachers, but rather to choose them discriminatingly and to obviate local jealousies among our "smart" women as they compete, however graciously, for the privilege of teaching Charm. Once our teachers' colleges and normal schools rise to the occasion, trained specialists in the methods, as well as in the content of the Charm course will be available. But even before then, there will be no dearth of teachers.

A publisher of fashion magazines, working in conjunction with some leading clothiers and a well-known university, only recently enlisted the aid of some of America's most famous society women to give lectures on good manners to students. This sort of training has deficiencies and can not serve the purpose we have in mind. But it is indicative of the ease with which the aid of women in society may be obtained for such work, if they are properly approached.

Likewise, it will not be hard to recruit as many permanent administrators of the course as are needed from the large number of attractive and frequently intelligent women who have a penchant for the artistic without the money to indulge it. These, working in conjunction with the volunteer teachers, will be able to supply all of the instruction that the cinema can not. True, the woman who possesses the best taste in clothes may not speak admirable English; the woman whose table manners are distinguished may not walk gracefully; but the teachers of Charm may be specialists just as truly as the teachers of science.

Thus, it is reasonably safe to assume that the problem of finding teachers could be solved merely by recognizing it as a problem. But even with this objection disposed of, we are faced by the inevitable query: "Will not the introduction of Charm as a part of the required curriculum displace some subject of equal importance?"

That it must displace something, is obvious; but none of the subjects displaced will be of equal importance. What is suggested, essentially, is merely the substitution of the practical study of attracting the male for the relatively impractical and much less interesting study of inconsequential history, the geography of Australia, a paltry smattering of Latin syntax, nature study, square root, the binomial theorem, most of geometry, free-hand drawing, and so on endlessly. The extraordinarily small proportion of public school graduates, who, a year after they have left school, know anything about any of these matters, leads one to the inevitable conclusion that a large part of the present curriculum could be lightly dispensed with. How many girls, having "taken" nature study, know anything about nature that their senses have not told them already? How many students of free-hand drawing can draw a respectable line? How many girls, one year after they leave school, can extract a square root, translate an algebraic expression, remember a single proposition in geometry, or conjugate even so fasci-

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nating a verb as "*amare*"? Not that these matters may not be worth while in themselves; but theirs is a pale pointlessness when contrasted with the colorful appeal of Charm.

True, there may be rare individuals among the nation's young womanhood who would profit more by knowing the definition of a quadratic or the exports of Sumatra than by knowing which hat to wear with the green dress. But let us not forget that this is a democracy, where "the greatest good for the greatest number" theoretically still dominates our existence. Furthermore, there is no reason why, with a reasonable amount of attention to individual differences, such as progressive educators are now displaying, the exceptions could not be treated according to their particular proclivities. Thus, in the unusual case where a girl might really be the gainer by being able to recite "The stag at eve", rather than to pronounce and understand the significance of "*au gratin*" on a menu, she might readily be permitted to follow her natural bent.

Remember, finally, that those parts of modern public school instruction replacement of which is here proposed, more or less at random, are usually not even well taught, whatever their dubious cultural value. That they do not remain in the memory long enough to be practical assets is certain; and frequently the very method of instruction or the content of the course is directly in opposition to the recommendations of the foremost educators. In the field of geography, for example, the leading lights tell us that the study of place geography lacks any intrinsic value whatsoever, and the "human geographers" of the present era are evolving a science of tremendous importance. Yet, despite new text-books, normal school lectures, and the efforts of administrators, perhaps three-quarters of the geography instruction of the country remains a matter of memorizing a vast quantity of isolated facts. And this condition can hardly change until the thousands of teachers at fault can absorb enough of the new concepts to revise their methods, a process involving such an extensive revaluation of ideals and such an enormous change in attitude of mind, that it is certain to be slow, perhaps century-long.

By retaining the essential factors in the subjects of the present curriculum and discarding the useless memory burden in favor of Charm instruction, it would be possible to make the necessary readjustments with no real cultural loss and with a very real practical gain.

Even granted an adequate teaching staff and a well earned place in the curriculum, however, the course in Charm is far from realization. There is a social inertia that must be removed before any new idea can become operative. Inventions, whether material or abstract in character, invariably find their strongest opposition in their "newfangledness". In affairs of education, especially, this natural conservatism is intensified by a number of factors: the amazing lack of public interest; the peculiar imperviousness that characterizes those who teach when their methods are impeached, unless they possess rare intelligence; the extraordinary organization of the American public school system, which makes the educational administrator responsible for his professional activities to a group of untrained laymen, of no demonstrated capacity for intellectual judgment, known as a "board of education"; the enormous variation in educational standards and methods in various parts of the country; and the direct influence of business interests, — especially the publishers of text-books, — on educational methods and educators. The tendency to resist new ideas in education is even stronger than in the fields of politics, business, or sport; yet despite all this, changes in content and method do creep into our public schools, however slowly. Educators can be educated. So can the public. Pressure can be brought to bear on school boards, courses of study can be standardized and made foolproof, and the cooperation of business can be enlisted.

All this may be done if the idea is promulgated *ex cathedra*, if the authority behind it can compel a hearing. Let one of the great philosophers of education say "thus and thus is so", and forthwith a chair of this, that, or the other appears at one of our leading universities or teacher's colleges. Hundreds of teachers, studying in the Summer time, become acquainted with the new idea; normal schools here and there begin to preach it; a daring educator tries it out; a publisher brings forth a book

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based on it; his salesmen persuade or coerce other educators into using it; other publishers follow suit; and in the course of a generation or two, the idea becomes successively a fad, a vogue, and an institution.

That has proved to be the case with every significant idea in modern education. Some one in authority speaks the word, — and the thing is done. What the course in personal esthetics, or in Charm, requires in order to be made an actuality, therefore, is nothing more, essentially, than the imprimatur of a shining star of education, — a Dewey, a Thorndike, or a Judd. This, if consistency is a virtue of the philosopher, should not be hard to obtain.

So much for the "upper class". At the other extreme, opposition may be expected from the group of parents who will feel an instinctive aversion to any plan that will tend to give their children a keener perception of the deficiencies of their home life. But does not the same opposition arise to education as a whole? What experienced school principal in the poorer districts of any city, but has had to deal with some irate parent whose daughter or son had become "too good for the likes of us all of a sudden. Why can't she go to work, instead of gettin' stuck up about bein' able to spell an' figger?"

Some such reaction on the part of a minority of parents in the lower strata is inevitable. But if they are smilingly disposed of in matters of spelling and arithmetic, they can be smilingly disposed of in the more important matter of Charm, especially since mothers will be much more capable of seeing the advantages of straight legs and of good table manners than the benefits of the ability to multiply in four figures. The injured parents are pathetically sincere. Such instruction must, therefore, be given tactfully, and the mothers must be made to see that the instruction in Charm is in no sense a reflection on themselves. Here is a place for that admirable institution, the Parent-Teachers' Association, to function. The introduction of the manners of one class into the surroundings of another is bound to provoke conflict; but it is the kind of conflict that gradually vanishes in the face of persistent effort.

It is even possible that the domestic environment of the child may be improved in many cases, merely through the effort on the part of the parents to adjust themselves to the revised standards which are brought in from the school. The child who learns in the lunch room not to put her knife in her mouth may very readily exert strong moral pressure on the father who does, provided that he is sufficiently adaptable. Otherwise, of course, she may be spanked. The mother who rouges her cheeks vermilion may perhaps stop at pink if she senses her daughter's distaste. Father and mother may resent the change, but they may make it. It may not mean much to them individually; but it is by the integration of countless such increments of personal development that civilization is advanced.

Assume now that educators are convinced; assume that parents are convinced; and we are still far from the end of controversy. For how can we resist the inevitable reaction that will be produced among industrialists, when they perceive the trend of education moving away from the requirements of the factory and the office, to the requirements of the home and the individual? This factor is important, since, as has been pointed out, the ultimate authority over our schools lies less with the educator than with the business man who pays the taxes that pay the educator's salary. Let the coal mine operators of Western Pennsylvania, for example, suspect that the introduction of the course in Charm might tend to swerve the younger generation from its rightful allegiance to the coal-pit or factory, and the whole scheme would be damned as "socialistic", or even worse, as "Red", and relegated to limbo, so far as the Alleghanies are concerned. Fortunately, it is difficult to see wherein a knowledge of how to wear clothes well, or how to cure knock-knees, or how to use less rouge with greater effect, can be subversive of any industrial standards, since such knowledge does not particularly stimulate thought in the sphere of social philosophy.

Again, the subjects replaced are not in themselves of much value to industry. The vocational courses that create an adequate labor supply for business will not, of course, be tampered with. A sufficient number of subjects of no practical value could be dropped to permit the

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introduction of the Charm classes without giving offense to industry. The one hour a day or thereabouts that will be needed can hardly make a perceptible difference to the working knowledge of the girl Charm student; and it will make a decided difference in her appearance.

Thus the business man, perhaps, can be won over to the standard of Charm, or at least rendered passive. But not so the psychologists. Some of them are almost certain to cry that the artificiality which is sure to be the first result for the individual of the kind of training proposed here, would standardize children, and destroy their "natural charm". And the many who are oppressed by the machine-like character of democratic education will chime in. But reflect: first, that this indefinable quality of "natural charm" is as rare as it is elusive; second, that the artificialities of manner that the girls of the Charm courses will first acquire will shortly become habits as natural as those which make many of the well-bred children of fortunate environment attractive; and third, that the essential elements of character and personality of which "natural charm" is the synthesis, need not necessarily be disturbed by the addition of poise, restraint in measure, gracious manners, and good taste. Here and there a delicate soul may suffer, or a sensitive organism may wilt. But alas, how many geniuses have already been destroyed by our national views on syntax and multiplication?

Let us not forget, also, that instruction based on the individual differences of children is making rapid strides, and that courses in the esthetics of living will be more adaptable to this method than arithmetic or grammar. Educators are constantly striving to evolve a system that will permit personality to flower unhampered, even in the public school.

The psychologists and the amateurs of psychology may, in fact, be pacified. And still there remains the philosopher, who is sure to ask, "Will not this emphasis on the externals of life tend to weaken the moral fabric of society?"

Here the answer is apparent. Life, for most people, is and will be a matter of externals while we have bodies. The emphasis on them will merely tend to make the girl and the young woman far more aware of the kinship between restraint and good taste than she has ever been in the past. She will not be taught to use cosmetics, — she knows that now, — she will merely be taught to use them artistically. She will not be taught to dress extremely, but on the contrary, to dress becomingly. She will, if anything, be the gainer in the moral sense by understanding the basic ideas behind correct walking, talking, eating, and dressing. Although the shop windows of Fifth Avenue may mean more to her than formerly, the tabloid newspapers will mean less. She may desire clothes more (though that is doubtful), but she will be less likely to prostitute herself to get them.

The reader who has followed the argument will have perceived that if we accept the premise on which the best modern American education is founded, that is, "education in life," we must grant the logic of the type of training proposed here. Speaking nationally, the fact is that while America is proud of her literacy, or to be more exact, her small proportion of total illiterates, she has no occasion to be proud of her good manners, as any one who has observed American tourists abroad will agree. The reform, if there is to be one, should naturally start at the proverbial root of graciousness, woman. Thence it may exert its beneficent influence on the male. If, therefore, we are to do more than keep up with the Joneses, — if we are to attempt to bring them up, — we must first attend to the sad plight of Nellie.

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*The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these* FORUM *columns*

## Too True!

*Lest we forget it, the editor of "Current Literature" sends a reminder on one last painful detail.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Do you mind telling "The Pedestrian" that one thing, — and one thing only, — was forgotten in the Chamber of Horrors in the May FORUM? As you open the door of the "hen house" the coat hangers begin to fall down. If you are unwary enough to bend, one hits you on the head.

MABEL A. BESSEY

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## Standing up for News Stands

*By a reader who gets her* FORUM *from a far-sighted newsdealer.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Several times I have received cards from your subscription department, offering me THE FORUM at reduced rates, and I am writing this to let you know why I have never taken advantage of the chance.

I have bought, read, and gobbled every item in THE FORUM for the last two years, and it has taken the place of the neglected education of one who realizes too late the time that has been wasted.

I possess what you perhaps will call a crazy idea, but it is a code acquired by watching the postman with an immense load of magazines, an umbrella, and a miniature cyclone combined. After a long lapse of time I got his view of the matter: being a lady by birth, I will not repeat what he said. But I did take the matter to heart. Since then I have always tried to let some one else get the benefit of any purchase I have made. At present I feel I am aiding the man who puts in long hours to make a living for his little family. And I hope you will believe me when I say that as long as my FORUM keeps me in food, I shall buy it; when I can not afford to do so, I shall ask some benevolent person to let me have his copy.

I get my copy from the newsdealer on the northwest corner of 59th Street and Columbus Avenue. He has my copy ready when I am twenty-five feet away.

FLORENCE MEAD

*New York City*

## Heartily in Sympathy

*Dr. Garrett agrees with the Imperial Wizard about Catholic marriage laws.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Not until I read the article in the May number of THE FORUM entitled "For New Marriage Laws", by Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, did I know that the Catholic Church artfully forestalled the religious training of unborn children in all Catholic and semi-Catholic marriages.

The writer is not a member of the Ku Klux Klan nor has he ever been a member, but he is heartily in sympathy with the views expressed by the Imperial Wizard in regard to a change in the marriage ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

Protestants, it seems to the writer, should either quit absolutely marrying

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into Catholic families; or their inherent rights to bring their children up under any religious system that they might prefer, giving their children, also, the liberty to choose for themselves whenever they reach the age of responsibility, should be freely allowed without any marriage obligation to the contrary whatever.

Such an obligation as is required by Catholic marriages does not partake of the spirit of religious freedom of which the United States of America boasts. Neither does it appeal to the writer as being just and fair to other religious denominations and organizations. How such a system or practice of predestining the religious faith or teachings of unborn children became entwined with the principles of our free and liberty loving people the writer is not able to understand.

ALEXANDER S. GARRETT
*Weatherford, Tex.*

## Back to Dentistry

*On the other hand, this contributor urges that Dr. Evans should have stayed a dentist.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

In controversy doesn't one logically look for and expect sound argument rather than literary innuendo? The article we refer to is Hiram Wesley Evans's "For New Marriage Laws" in the May FORUM. Masquerading under the guise of true Americanism, it violates the very principle for which Americanism stands,—the principle of fair play, of fair-mindedness.

It is rather amusing to read a Klansman's flighty paragraphs on Americanism and the Constitution, and even more amusing when this dithyramb of patriotism consists almost entirely in attacking the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps it has never occurred to His Excellency, the Imperial Wizard, that fundamentally the Klan is at variance with this Constitution, because it espouses methods that are in direct opposition to the Constitution. Court records and newspaper files will attest the frequency with which this noble group has taken the law into its own hands. Violence? Perhaps that is too strong, too harsh a word for Mr. Evans's liking. The Klan made no bones about the fact that (openly at first, but now with more politic secrecy) it is anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, and anti-Jewish in its aims. But this is preliminary, and we pass over the contradiction of the Klan's crusading for something it opposes in principle, to a consideration of the article proper.

Running through the entire plea "For New Marriage Laws" is the reiterated and groundless charge that the Catholic Church claims for itself a monopoly on salvation. Nothing could be further from the truth, nothing could be nearer absurdity. If Mr. Evans will recall, the Church has never in the two thousand years of her existence condemned any one to perdition (as he claims). Neither has the Church ever claimed a monopoly on heaven, nor has it taught at any time that the celestial regions are closed to all but its adherents.

If the Imperial Wizard had been astute enough to consult statistics he would be amazed, no doubt, to discover that the majority of Catholics in this country are *not* "alien"; and if he knew anything about the creed he attacks, he would not err by saying that the "Romanist" clergy instils into its people that it alone can make a marriage holy. It maintains rather that it alone can administer marriage as a sacrament, which is quite a different thing. Mr. Evans may likewise be relieved to know that this obnoxious, scheming religion does *not* declare all Protestant marriages null and void, nor the issue of such marriages illegitimates. No proof of such a sweeping assertion can anywhere be found.

We understand that Mr. Evans was formerly a dentist, and it would seem after ploughing through this article that he is more at home with his drills, picks, and tooth-fillings than he is with the pen. His article is about as controversially useful as a set of false teeth are to a week old infant. Shoemaker, stick to your last!

WILLIAM A. KINNEY
*Newark, N. J.*

*For the benefit of readers who have followed the discussions of the Mexican situation in the April and June issues of* THE FORUM, *we call attention to a very able summary of the controversy published May 21, 1927 by the Information Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Those who desire to obtain this pamphlet for reference may do so by writing to the Council at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.*

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## The Radio Announcer

Valued servant, he knows howski
People should pronounce Tchaikowsky,
Ponders deeply, forehead moppin',
On some words to say of Chopin,
Or explains to us the theme
Of the lovely *La Bohème*.
Though he may miss out on *Thais*
His dispatch deserves our praise.

PARKE CUMMINGS

*Westport, Conn.*

## A Chinese Christianity

*The Reverend John Allan Blair of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, unlike Dr. Hu Shih, whose article "China and Christianity" appeared in the July* FORUM, *feels that China will never reject Christianity.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

It seems to me that judgment upon such a matter as the continuance of Christian Missions in China, at least so far as regards those of us who are not thoroughly familiar with the Chinese situation, must be tentative. But I also feel that we may be assured that China will not reject Christianity. I base my opinion upon two facts.

*First:* In spite of the rather hazy notion that our churches in China have been chiefly concerned with maintaining their institutional rights and denominational differences, a real Christianity has been developed. This Christianity is Chinese. It has been very patient with what has occasionally revealed itself as a "narrow sectarianism". For some time before the War, China's Christianity had reached the point of protest which had expressed itself forcibly as unwilling to take over the religious dissensions of the West. It has also desired autonomy. The wiser among our missionaries have welcomed this development.

Years ago the Presbyterian standards for China were a self-governing, a self-supporting, and a self-propagating church. The native leaders in the churches in China thoroughly understand this. They have been building accordingly.

In my judgment, therefore, a Christian church which will meet the needs of the Chinese tradition and psychology is safely established.

There is no fact drawn from history which leads me to believe that any kind of persecution can destroy a genuinely religious faith.

Another fact strengthens my conviction: Many of the real leaders of the modern China are Christian. It is not likely that they will permit their hopes and ideals to be destroyed. I am led to believe that Chiang will ultimately rid the country of the extreme forms of Bolshevism.

*Second:* The other reason for my hope is drawn from the history of persecution in the early stages of the Christian church. Terrible and destructive as such persecutions were, their results were favorable to the continuance of the Christian faith. On the one hand all insincere and weak followers were eliminated, together with the superficial forms of relationship inseparable from making a religion popular. On the other hand the true Christians were established more firmly than ever. "Refined as by fire," the Christian religion gained new strength from persecution.

In China to-day the same process may be going on. The destruction of property and abolition of foreign rights will, unquestionably, force out of our Christian enterprise everything but the essential realities.

The Chinese Christian church which will emerge will be entirely independent, a thing devoutly to be hoped for. Those who come through the fire will be the seed of the new order.

JOHN ALLAN BLAIR

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## Doing Well by Wesleyan

*From Wesleyan University come these kind words.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

THE FORUM, which we have secured through our college library, has been of invaluable help to us in our previous intercollegiate debates. So much so that to-day we stand at the head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Debating League which is composed of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Brown, University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Williams, and Wesleyan.

PERCY M. PHELPS

*Middletown, Conn.*

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## The Rebuttal

*Doctor East assails Doctor Sutherland.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

The article of Dr. Sutherland against birth control in the June FORUM is rather difficult to comment upon because he shows such a woful lack of familiarity with the biological, medical, and demographical evidence with which he presumes to deal. Moreover, I am disappointed. No one is more interested in finding critical evidence against birth control than myself, for I want to be advised of *all* the facts. And I found nothing but the time worn fallacies that have been answered again and again.

"As an unnatural act," contraception "is in the same category as murder", is it? Then every time the worthy doctor feeds an "unnatural" pill to a patient, he places himself in the same group.

All known methods of contraception are unphysiological and harmful, are they? If it were not against the paternal laws of our post-office authorities, I could give our author information which as a physician he seems sadly to need. It presumably violates no section of the Penal Code, however, for me to advise him to write to Dr. R. L. Dickinson of New York, one of America's foremost gynecologists, who will send him a long list of confrères who do not believe that proper contraceptive measures are harmful. And I myself can inform him that as a member of the Program Committee for the First International Congress on Population Problems to be held this summer in Geneva, I made a list of fifteen of the most distinguished physicians in England, hoping to find an "anti" to present that side of the case; but without success. Erudite "antis" are extinct.

No evidence "that birth prevention benefits such children as may be born"? I prescribe as a course of reading for the next six months, the papers of Dr. Ewart, a distinguished fellow Scotchman, the papers of Dr. H. H. Hibbs, whose studies were made for the Sage Foundation, the memoirs issued by the U. S. Children's Bureau. At the end of that time, I will agree to supply a bibliography of 100 titles against the doctor's position from German sources.

The remainder of Dr. Sutherland's paper is so patently unsound that it would be no compliment to the intelligence of THE FORUM's readers to say anything in rebuttal. I can only hope that all of them will get as much amusement out of it as scientific students of the population problem undoubtedly will.

E. M. EAST

*Boston, Mass.*

## Pretty Involved!

*We quote from Russel Crouse in the "New York Evening Post":*

"My dear," said the woman who doesn't retain very well, "you simply must read that story in THE FORUM by Mrs. Charlie Chaplin Catt."

## No Sech Animal

*The former Secretary of the Republican National Committee discusses the third term question.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

What is the issue? A "third term"? An "eight year term"? Not at all. We all recall the remark of the bucolic "Rube" who saw a giraffe for the first time: "There ain't no sech animal."

I can only say: There is no such issue. There never was such an issue. There will be no such issue in the campaign of 1928.

The fact is, the third term shibboleth was practically unborn until a century after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, that is in 1880, and even then the so called issue was purely a bogus one, one manufactured for the occasion, to meet an emergency arising in our political history as a nation.

There are many voters still living who recall the bitter battle waged to prevent the reelection, in 1872, of Ulysses S. Grant, born of the desire to get rid of one who though a great military chieftain, had proved to be rather a failure as a Civil Administrator. In fact, a large number of Republican statesmen brought into being a new party, in order to prevent the continuance in power of the Grant régime. The battle of 1880 was fought for precisely the same reason, and with the same object in view. The third term cry then resorted to was only a subterfuge,

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merely a newly forged weapon with which to prevent the return to power of the Conkling-Cameron-Logan-Chandler dynasty.

There never was a more undemocratic proposition advanced than that of the anti-third-term propagandists. It is a suggestion that the American people should be hampered and shackled, to such a degree that they can not select a man of their choice to hold the helm of the Ship of State for a period of years, whether four, eight, or twelve, it matters not. A suggestion that such a barrier be raised is an insult to the American electorate.

As I have said before, the third term question is not an issue now, nor will it be next year.

FRANK WILLING LEACH

*Tuckerton, N. J.*

## Mexico from the Inside

*Mexico and oil in Mexico have been recently and hotly debated subjects in* THE FORUM. *In April appeared the debate "Who Owns Mexico's Oil?" This was followed by Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers's article "Can Mexico Maintain Its Isolation?" in the June number. We quote here from a letter shedding new light on the inside Mexican point of view, written recently by Mr. Samuel G. Inman, a member of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America. It appeared in the "Federal Council Bulletin".*

"Our differences with the United States could be arranged a great deal more easily than the public realizes. All we need is just the smallest amount of goodwill." So said the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, Señor Aaron Saenz, at the conclusion of a recent three hour conversation.

That represents the impressions I received in a week spent in intimate conversation with the highest officials of the Mexican Government during the middle of March. Over and over again I found the most earnest protest against the idea that the Government is desirous of committing injustice toward foreigners, as well as an appeal for a resort to reason and conference in settling differences between the two governments.

President Calles insists that the business interests in the United States that oppose the new social aspirations of Mexico are their own worst enemy.

"Take only one item. There are, let us say, 4,000,000 people out of the 15,000,000 population of Mexico who wear shoes. If we educate the lower classes they, too, will begin to wear shoes. At once you have a new market for 11,000,000 pairs of shoes! Why can't we cooperate and get mutual benefit from this program?

"I think that you understand that the ideal of my government is to lift the mass of people out of their poverty and ignorance; to teach them to live better; to provide them with schools; to raise them to a higher stage of civilization. No doubt, if instead of carrying out this program I should turn to the easy task of continuing the work of General Diaz, patronizing only the very rich, despising the common people, shooting down the laborers, maintaining newspapers to sing my praises, I would soon obtain the false titles of pacifier of the country, restorer of the nation. But I prefer to remain without these in order to perform a profound task for humanity, although in exchange my government is slandered with the nickname of Bolshevist.

"We are really building a new Mexico. As it is so different from the old, a good deal of eradication is necessary. In this, however, we do not wish to be unjust to any vested interests. When there seems to be any such injustice we want to adjudicate the matter carefully. We have not confiscated legally acquired property nor are we passing retroactive legislation. When it seems that government action causes injustice, we are ready to consider any reasonable adjustment."

"We not only desire the friendship of the United States, but recognize that it is essential to us," said the Foreign Minister, Señor Saenz. "In the matter of the petroleum, which is the most important point in dispute between the two governments, do you suppose we want to keep our supply beneath the ground for the next half century? No, indeed; we need it now, and we need the Americans' help to get it out. For that reason, we are willing to go a long way in the practical application of the new laws. But we can not renounce the right of Mexico to return petroleum to the category it occupied previous to the Diaz Administration,

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as belonging, along with all other subsoil products, to the nation."

SAMUEL G. INMAN

*New York City*

## A Magnificent Poet

*Translations of Paul Claudel's prize poem (published in the June* FORUM*) are pouring in from all over the country every day. And among them we received this tribute to the French Ambassador from Professor Spiers of Columbia University.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Poets, like rose-trees, are of two classes: rootgrown or grafted. Claudel is of the former class; he produces poems because poetry is the expression of great, native forces within him. He is the most significant example in contemporary France of one of the varieties of anti-intellectualist literature. A surprizing zest for life and an imagination seeking for spiritual contacts between all things that are, whether in this world or beyond it, have found in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church a congenial discipline and a healthy stimulation. You may not like this particular variety (many readers and critics, both in France and out, certainly do not); but if you know poetry, or roses, you must admit that Claudel's verse is a sound, rich, and magnificently developed product of the literary garden of our day.

A. G. H. SPIERS

*New York City*

## Unthinkable

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

It is unthinkable that a man of the ability necessary to fill your position should allow the thesis, on page 856 of the June FORUM, "The Pathology of Race Prejudice," by one Edward Franklin Frazier, room or space between its covers. It is wholly untrue, outrageous in its insinuations, insulting to every white man and woman of the South. Numbers of people are canceling their subscriptions because of it. I am astonished that any thinking man of to-day should dare print or permit to be printed, under his supervision, anything so utterly false and so calculated to do harm where knowledge of the White and Negro race in the South, is gained through reading.

I am not to-day canceling my subscription, because I truly enjoy THE FORUM, with this very startling exception. I may do so later.

I regret the publishing of this article more than I can say, and the implied insult to the white people of the South, — many of whom were born and reared in the North. They too have become "insane".

MRS. WALTER HOGG

*Dallas, Tex.*

## Meeting the Objections

*The Reverend O. F. Alvord, of the Rocky Mount Universalist Church, attacks the problems brought up by the economist in Stuart Chase's article "Short-Circuiting War" in the May* FORUM.

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

I have long "mulled" on some such plan as that in "Short-Circuiting War" in the May FORUM. It seems to me that two of the objections of the economist could be met in the following manner. First, as to the shock to the economic structure. In addition to Mr. Chase's suggestion of careful planning, why not regular yearly training for the whole nation for a fortnight, as well as for a few young men in training camps? The plan carefully worked out and the nation trained to it would prevent the disaster the economist foresaw, just as the fire-drill in schools prevents a panic when the fire comes.

Second, in regard to inflation by selling Liberty bonds. The chief weakness, to my way of thinking, of the business man's plan lies in the statement: "There must be no conscription of capital." Why not? He says it is "un-American". Why "un-American" more than conscription of boys? I have two boys who in all human probability will be conscripted if our country is in a serious war in the next decade. The bank where I do business charges me $1.00 for a ten day loan of $20.00. If Uncle Sam can compel me to loan him my boys for a time at soldier's pay, why can not he compel my banker friend to loan his dollars at the interest rate of a Liberty bond? And the absurdity of the business man's shying at conscription of capital is seen when it is recalled that the Government takes the danger of

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my banker friend's losing his dollars. Thus, when financial resources and man power are alike at the disposal of the Government, why the danger of inflation?

O. F. ALVORD

*Rocky Mount, N. C.*

## A Good Answer

*Mr. Van Loon expresses himself on birth control.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Whenever I hear people speak about the "true nature of marriage" (as I invariably do when the men of the Church begin to discuss birth control) I am reminded of a certain passage in Heine's *Harzreise* where the good Christian has been holding forth upon some dark points of dogma and where the Rabbi looks up from his corner and asks, "Have you got that black on white?" For I really do not know what they mean when they use the "true nature of marriage" as an argument against those who differ with them in opinion.

To tell you the truth I carefully avoid discussing the subject with avowed Christians. They get their ammunition from certain ancient books written by a Jewish-Roman-Christian preacher called Paul, and I prefer not to enter into a debate with a worthy evangelist whose contempt for the wedded state of life was expressed in the inexpressibly vulgar announcement that it was better to marry than to burn.

What is always offered us as the truly Christian conception of marriage is to me something so utterly oriental in its foul sensuality, in its total lack of respect for the rights of women, that I keep away from it as carefully as I can.

My ideas about birth control are therefore very simple. I would never force it upon people who do not believe in it. I can not possibly understand why those who do not believe in it should try to force their opinion upon those who do believe in it. I would leave the decision to the individual man and woman just as I would leave them free to choose the sort of food they would eat for breakfast, the sort of house they would like to live in, the sort of life they would generally prefer to live.

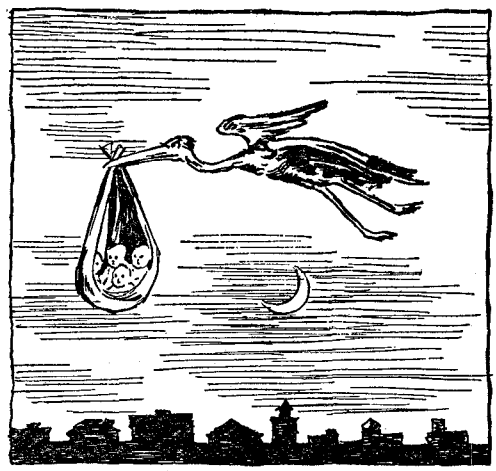
For the rest I see very little use in a debate. As soon as women are elevated from the rank to which the Church Fathers had condemned them, cease to be mere house-slaves, ambulating possessions of their lords and masters, the omnipotent husbands, they will almost automatically insist upon restricting the number of their offspring. I speak of this matter with some feeling. I have been in maternity hospitals.

The idea that a man should condemn women to an unwilling visit to these delectable halls of torture because fifteen hundred years ago a few hysterical Syrians and Africans and other unwholesome Sadists had written eloquent rhapsodies against all the pleasures of the flesh from which they had most cowardly fled, that idea makes me feel too much like personal physical violence to harbor it more than once every other month. I hear their answer "continence".

They had better go and have that out with God. I did not create this world.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

*Westport, Conn.*



*From a drawing by Nate Collier (Courtesy of "Collier's")*

*The stork: "That Mrs. Jones, the birth control advocate, thinks she's so smart! I'll show her!"*

## To Margaret Sanger

When THE FORUM comes out for this birth control stuff,
Is "control" what you mean when you vaunt it?
To prevent sons and daughters is hardly enough:
Can you get either one when you want it?
If so, then gosh dang 'er,
God bless Mrs. Sanger!

ACE

*New York City*

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## The Dean Lampoons

*The Dean of St John's Cathedral in New York, like the Gloomy Dean of St Paul's in London, has his lighter satirical moods.*

MODERNISM

They reared the tower of their mirthless pride
Where the smooth sands stretch level toward the sea,
And having rid the world of mystery,
Complacent, watched the ebbing of the tide.

But the moon laughed, and bade the tide obey;
And the wind waked from sleep and put on strength:
And where the fallen tower boasts its length
A child seeks blocks to help him in his play.

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS
*New York City*

## Not So Bad

*To Mr. Ehrhorn, former Secretary of the National Republican Club, Ellis Island is not so drear as it seemed to Mr. Harrington.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

The March and April numbers of THE FORUM have made their way into the hearts and consciences of their readers, and Mr. Harrington's indictment of Ellis Island has been read and the unfortunate defendant found "guilty" without the benefit of counsel. Ever an interested student of migration, both "emi" and "immi", I read the articles with varying emotions of dissent and assent.

Having read the title, which itself was an attack, "Ellis Island Exposed," I read the article; and its tone and the attitude of the writer was such that I wondered, "Are these things so?" Had I been all this time carrying a wrong impression of the mechanism of the Island or had the service deteriorated in the last few years since my last visit, to the deplorable state depicted. To think was to act, and though busy with my judicial and administrative duties, I arranged with Mrs. Ehrhorn to visit in a few days this Isle of the Bay. Through the courtesy of Commissioner Day and under the escort of his able secretary, Mr. Bramwell (who had previously conducted Mr. Harrington on a similar tour of inspection which provided the ammunition for the attack), we were freely shown everything. No obstacles were placed in our way to penetrate anywhere and everywhere. And what did we find?

Aliens that are brought to Ellis Island for primary inspection are given a thorough medical examination in well equipped medical quarters, the women being examined by women doctors. After the medical examination, the aliens appear before the primary inspectors and if discharged, proceed at once to the ferryboat taking them to New York or to the railroad terminal from which they start the journey to their desired destination.

The aliens that are to be detained, — either temporarily or permanently, — to go before a board of special inquiry, or to await deportation, are housed during the day in a large, well ventilated, well lighted, and comfortable detention room. The dining room, too, is a light and well ventilated room, the floor is cleaned after each meal and the tables and chairs are periodically scrubbed. Paper table-cloths are used and after each meal are destroyed.

The very young children of the detained aliens are cared for during the day in a nursery which is in charge of a competent and trained attendant. The older children up to sixteen years of age each day are taken to the kindergarten or out on the recreation lawn, where they are taught games and the rudiments of English. In the evening, for the original entry aliens, a concert is held weekly as well as a moving picture exhibition. Religious exercises for the respective creeds are held on Sunday.

At night the men are housed in a well ventilated and cleanly dormitory. The dormitory for women and children is equally clean and airy. Upon retiring, each alien is provided with a clean towel and a piece of soap. Well appointed shower baths are provided for the men and tubs for the women. The bed linen, mattresses, and the blankets are kept in a cleanly condition. Each bed is equipped with a wire spring and a mattress. The bed linen is changed periodically, and no alien has to use linen which has been used by another. In short, every care and every attention consistent with the law and regulations is given the alien, and everything possible is done to relieve the hardship and tedium of his detention.

As Americans we need not be ashamed of Ellis Island.

OSCAR W. EHRHORN
*New York City*

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# That Tempting Third Term

*Following Mr. John Carter's open letter to President Coolidge in the June* FORUM *and a symposium of opinions from the press in July, we now publish, together with the debate, "Shall We Break the Third Term Tradition?" in this issue, some private opinions from our readers. By far the greater number of them are in favor of the third term.*

## YES

In regard to the question of a third term for President Coolidge, dealing with the situation as I see it, my sympathies are with his nomination and election.

LOUIS H. GOULD
(*Huey & Gould, Realtors*)
*Wichita Falls, Tex.*

If Calvin Coolidge is renominated in 1928 and is elected and serves his full term, he will have been chief executive nine years and five months. Personally, I am not in favor of limiting him to five years and five months for fear that he might serve one year and five months longer than the traditional eight years. From the light before us now, I am heartily in favor of the renomination and reelection of Calvin Coolidge to succeed himself.

T. P. LEE
*Houston, Tex.*

It seems to me that the assurance of a continuation of the Coolidge Administration for another four years would be beneficial to the civic and commercial life of the entire nation, and would give to all of us the assurance that our affairs would continue to be in the hands of a man who had demonstrated an unusual capacity and who had now accumulated a ripe experience that would be helpful throughout another four years.

WILLIAM M. BROWNBACK
*Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

Mr. Coolidge has been elected only once as President, and is therefore justly entitled to another term if he so desire, and the people want him. And I think they do.

D. W. ULFORD
*Brunswick, Ga.*

It is my opinion, as a plain Republican and private citizen, that the Republicans of West Virginia have confidence in and respect for President Coolidge, and that they are awaiting the opportunity of showing in no unmistakable manner this continued confidence and respect. They believe that the President has arrived at the stage of excellent maturity, and that he is physically and mentally able to carry on for another term. I believe that they are not reacting foolishly to the "third term" idea.

JULIAN G. HEARNE
(*President, West Virginia American Mausoleum Company*)
*Wheeling, W. Va.*

It seems unlikely that many people who approve the Coolidge policies and would like a continuation of them would deliberately vote against him merely because he was a candidate for a third term. If there is anything in popular government why not let the people decide the third term issue themselves in the only practical way that they can decide it?

ANDREW C. IMBRIE
*New York City*

I have talked with many farmers, many business men and working people of all classes, and each is impressed with the modesty, sincerity, honesty, and good sense of the entire Coolidge family and is for them. Personally, I shall be glad to support President Coolidge if he is a candidate for reelection and his nomination will not figure with me as being a third term at all.

J. H. STEWART
(*Member, Republican State Committee*)
*Wichita, Kan.*

I am not opposed to the third term.

JAMES A. PATTEN
*Chicago, Ill.*

## NO

Why should a president that has been so inconspicuous and that is so slightly esteemed by some of his fellow denominationalists, who know him as the majority of the voters do not know him, seek or desire another presidential term? Furthermore, why does he now withhold an avowal of his purpose, in view of the insistent demand for a declaration by him?

MILTON NEWBERRY FRANTZ
*Collegeville, Pa.*

Two terms of four years each are all sufficient for any executive in this country of ours. That length of time is an abundance for a good and capable official and all too long for the average one.

ALEX. J. GROESBECK
*Detroit, Mich.*

The tradition against a third term which has been respected by every President is fundamentally American. To break this will set a precedent which may involve the most dangerous consequences.

HERMAN L. EKERN
*Madison, Wis.*

I would not be irritated at his renomination, but I would consider it rather unfortunate that the tradition in reference to the third term would be violated.

G. G. LUTHY
*Peoria, Ill.*

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# Losing Control Over Birth Control

*Last month we published two symposiums on* FORUM *debates: one on Religion in the Schools, and one on Instalment Buying. Now we offer our readers short opinions culled from the hundreds of letters the editor has been receiving on the* FORUM *discussion of Birth Control. This discussion was started in May with Professor Edward Murray East's article "Tabu,—A Defense of Birth Control", and it is still being carried on with great vigor. The majority of our readers seem to favor birth control, though we have chosen an equal number of pros and cons for this symposium.*

## YES

A former instructor of mine once said that it made little difference whether our new immigrants came from Europe or from heaven. I suppose that as a corollary I might say that a quota system applied to immigrants from Europe should be matched in some way for those arriving from heaven. Birth control seems to me a reasonable way of imposing limitations upon the additions to our population through natural increase.

W. W. McLAREN
(*Executive Secretary, Institute of Politics*)
*Williamstown, Mass.*

I not only think that birth control is necessary in the interests of the community, from the economic standpoint, but in the interests of the family itself. The idea of an "accidental child", especially the "unwanted child", is abhorrent to me.

CARVETH WELLS
*New York City*

Aside from economic necessity, birth control is not only beneficial but it is most desirable that only wanted children should be born. If intelligently used, it is never harmful but always beneficial from every standpoint, and leads to the highest spirituality, which is but another name for intellectuality.

HELEN B. PAULSEN
("*The Mother Goose Lady*")
*Chicago, Ill.*

It is unfortunate that birth control is understood and practised by the more intelligent members of our community rather than by those who have not the means or ability to provide for large families. A wider dissemination of knowledge on the subject would help to improve the quality of our population.

WILLIAM ALBERT NOYES
(*University of Illinois*)
*Urbana, Ill.*

I do not think that there is any doubt in the minds of the members of the medical profession that birth control, the practice and principle, is absolutely to be encouraged.

J. H. MUSSER
(*School of Medicine, Tulane University*)
*New Orleans, La.*

In reply to the question as to whether birth control will lead to moral degeneracy, my opinion is "No".

BURTON RASCOE
*New York City*

## NO

I believe that any recognized and practised system of birth control would tend to weaken the moral fibre of society generally.

HENRY C. WRIGHT
*New York City*

Birth control is an apparent attempt to defy the normal nature of man. It is unnatural for the human pair not to wish children. I am not in favor of it.

B. E. P. PRUGH
(*Chairman, Pennsylvania State Prohibition Committee*)
*Harrisburg, Pa.*

I am not in favor of birth control, especially in the United States. In general I believe a larger birth rate might properly be encouraged in this country.

NICHOLAS KNIGHT
(*Professor of Chemistry, Cornell College*)
*Mount Vernon, Ia.*

Every decaying race or people has practised birth control, and probably the practice was a big factor in their decadence, since it is founded on selfishness and is contrary to nature.

JOHN J. SWINT
(*Bishop of Wheeling*)
*Wheeling, W. Va.*

Professor E. M. East may be a distinguished Harvard biologist, but he seems to be unaware of the fact that birth control is "murder before birth". Birth control must begin with abstinence. The choice between that and murder should not be impossible to a well evolved soul.

H. CURTIS
*Vancouver Islands, B. C.*

The sex relation is a sacred thing, and any attempt to frustrate God's law for the furtherance of purely selfish ends appears to me something that every right minded person should hold in abhorrence.

MARQUISE CLARA LANZA
*New York City*

I think birth control is wrong. The question to me seems to be "self-control" instead of birth control. We have become a nation of folk whose appetites in every department of life have become gluttonous.

J. R. MORELAND
*Norfolk, Va.*

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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## Tristram

SUPERLATIVES concerning Edward Arlington Robinson's TRISTRAM (Macmillan, $1.50) would be not only superfluous but unfortunate at this moment when the poem is actually something of a sensation in the American literary world. They would be superfluous in view of the very evident excellence of the work, and in view of the fact that it is not necessary just now, — before the ink is dry on the pages, — to decide whether *Tristram* is Mr. Robinson's masterpiece, whether it is the greatest American poem, whether it is the best poem of the twentieth century in the English language, and so on. I have heard all these things said, and they made me uncomfortable. Such decisions simply can not be arrived at so soon. And it would be unfortunate if such hasty conclusions were drawn. For this would obscure the many brilliant predecessors of *Tristram* in the long line of Mr. Robinson's works.

During the past ten years, Mr. Robinson has definitely changed his status from that of a minor poet to that of a major poet. My reference is rather, of course, to the kind of poem he has written in this period than to the quality he has achieved. In quality, as it happens, he has steadily improved. But a major poet, by the only definition which means anything, is one who can write long poems well; and Mr. Robinson has published six long poems each of which is an important addition to American poetry. *Avon's Harvest*, *Roman Bartholow*, and *The Man Who Died Twice* have told stories of persons contemporary with us. *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, and *Tristram* have told stories of heroes taken out of poetic antiquity and made our contemporaries, in the sense that they become through this handling intensely alive. In my opinion it can not be decided so early whether *Tristram* is the best of the six, and it certainly makes no difference if it is, since the six are so nearly equal in virtue. That *Tristram* is suddenly the most popular of them is another matter. This is a theme for jubilation rather than for criticism.

The story which *Tristram* tells is so famous that the interest of the reader, — at least of the reader who has met Tristram and Isolt elsewhere, in Gottfried von Strassburg, in Malory, in Tennyson, in Arnold, in Swinburne, in Wagner, or in Hardy, — lies partly in the new handling

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of the same, rich material, and partly in the light this sheds upon Mr. Robinson's character as a dramatic thinker and as a poet. It is a highly characteristic poem in its exclusions and in its emphases. Mr. Robinson has utterly cast out the love potion which in so many versions explains the love of Tristram and Isolt. There is no magic in this *Tristram* beyond the magic of love itself; that is enough for Mr. Robinson, as it should be enough for anybody.

The poem, in fact, is a study of love as it exists, in itself, and the tragedy is the tragedy of pure passion pursuing its career in this life which was not organized for passion. That Tristram and Isolt should die at the end is a commentary not on them, or on Andred, who mistakenly slays Tristram, or on King Mark who realizes too late the character of the emotion he has tried to frustrate, but on the inadequacy of the world to contain such lovers. There is no place for them, and no time. So Mr. Robinson in his beautiful poem surveys not merely them but all of human life.

The details of the poem, or of its beauty, can not be indicated in short space. But tribute can be paid to the singleness and speed of the action, to the fine sinew of the blank verse, to the frequent flights into authentic rapture, and to the profound interpretation of Mark's mind at the close, after Tristram and Isolt lie dead on the parapet overlooking the Cornish sea. It is certainly one of the best narrative poems we have; and I think it safe to say that the story it tells has never been better told in English verse.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Mr. Emerson of Concord

VAN WYCK BROOKS'S latest book, — EMERSON AND OTHERS (Dutton, $3.00), — contains six pleasant essays on Emerson and seven which have no relation to him or to his group of Concord philosophers. The essays on Herman Melville, Ambrose Bierce, and especially Randolph Bourne, are interesting and valuable, because in them Mr. Brooks discusses the writings and the ideas of these rebellious Americans. In the sketches of Emerson he chats about the philosopher's house, his garden, and his friends, and scarcely mentions his writings.

It is delightful to read of Bronson Alcott who started a "progressive" school in Boston long before Beaver Street; of Thoreau teaching Emerson to hoe his vegetables; and of the vegetarians "for whom the world was to be redeemed by bran and pumpkins". Still it seems to me that Mr. Brooks's *Emerson* is only one more addition to the output of literary gossip which has recently flooded our circulating libraries. The value of these superficial books is said to be that they humanize the unknown great. But why should the great be humanized?

John Erskine, in his essay, *Immortal Things*, says that though Caesar dined every day we remember him as crossing the Rubicon, not as "immortally dining". In our curiosity about the external details of the lives of our poets and philosophers, it seems to me that there is some danger of missing the very essence of their gift.

Mr. Brooks tells us how Emerson hobnobbed with "the Bloods, the Willards, and the Barretts", farmers of Concord; that he went to New York and saw Barnum's museum and Horace Greeley and young Albert Brisbane. Yet I think that few Americans have so separated themselves from time and place as Emerson was able to do. It seems to me that his real companions were the mystics of all ages, Plato and Buddha and Spinoza. I do not care what bus he took to Boston.

MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN

## Nailing Science to the Door

IT would be amusing to catch a scientist and a cleric, give each of them a copy of SCIENCE, THE FALSE MESSIAH by C. E. Ayres (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00), and find them chairs on opposite sides of a library. The scientist would get mad first, but his monopoly would be short-lived. After about the second chapter the bursts of ire would be antiphonal, like two intermittent geysers, one resting while the other blew. While Mr. Ayres's avowed intention is to smash some idol supposed to belong to scientists, he lays about him so lustily that much general mental furniture gets broken, too, — including, it may be, some of the gods whom Mr. Ayres himself once loved. When the last chapter is finished and the last poor idol of the scientists has gone under the

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hatchet, one senses a faint flavor of regret, as though a gentleman who has just killed a mouse in the kitchen suddenly became aware of the legs knocked off the stove.

Mr. Ayres ends his book with a list of twenty-three theses "to be nailed on the laboratory door". Like Martin Luther's more famous samples, these are not harmed by condensation. Three of them express the essential meaning of the book. First, Mr. Ayres thinks that science is not truth (whatever that may be) but is merely belief, like other folk-lore. Second, he insists that science and religion are not friends but enemies. Third, he agrees with Samuel Butler's famous fright about machinery.

Much could be said in favor of these three propositions, and most of it has been. The one that most needs emphasis is the second, for there exists a miasma of loose thinking which tries to "reconcile" the quite different faiths of religion and of science. For any one who attempts this, Mr. Ayres's book will be a healthful caustic. There is no reason why science and religion may not live together amicably, as lambs live in one cage in the zoo and lions in another. But they mix poorly.

Mr. Ayres's imagined bombshell about science being no better than a belief seems to impress him as revolutionary. I can not imagine why. On the contrary it is almost an article of scientific creed. Surely Mr. Ayres knows that science long ago gave up the quest of absolutes to quaff the weaker but more convenient wine of pragmatism. It is true that science is merely folk-lore. What is not? People outside the laboratories may believe something else and may need to read Mr. Ayres's theses nailed, as is proper, on the outside of the door. There is no need for them inside. They have been posted on the bulletin board for years.

E. E. FREE

## America Through French Lorgnettes

FROM the welter of mistrust and sentimental bombast that so long have troubled the relations between France and America, André Tardieu, — one-time Harvard professor and now Minister of Public Works in M. Poincaré's Government, — has spoken out strongly and clearly, and told the truth. In FRANCE AND AMERICA (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), he says we were not born friends. We seldom understand one another. And collaboration, so fruitful in the past both of great good and bitter misunderstanding, will be successful in the future only if we take honest stock of the situation and move slowly, unblinded to the infinite difficulty of success.

This clears the atmosphere. Here is a book which needed sadly to be written. Its publication is, therefore, an international event; for M. Tardieu's gift of scholarly and sympathetic interpretation has produced a historical document of lasting importance, particularly in the part where he traces the story of Franco-American cooperation during the War. Above all, it is a refreshing intellectual experience. Truth transparent and manifest is heart-warming, even when disagreeable. His account of the diverse origins and nature of peoples, institutions, and temperaments lays bare Frenchmen and Americans to each other wittily and memorably, but without flattery.

M. Tardieu ends by stating the problem. "The War which intensified the power of the United States also intensified its faults, — foremost among which is that overweening pride, the outgrowth curiously enough of the austere faith of the Puritans and of the joyous triumph of mass production." In diplomacy the United States "has lost countless opportunities. . . . Never with such great resources has so puny a policy been pursued." As a result of "this conglomeration of errors", America, "once the idol of Europe, . . . is to-day without a single worshipper." Similarly, France since the War "in her dealings with the United States has almost always taken the wrong course".

For remedy he has none other to offer than that of Michelet, — "first enlightenment, then enlightenment, always enlightenment." Toward that end, nothing has been done since the Peace Conference more important than the writing of this book.

Simultaneously, another Frenchman has studied America to gain enlightenment; but if he has gained it, it has not brought sympathy. In AMERICA COMES OF AGE (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), André

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Siegfried barely conceals beneath his wit and penetration his cold dislike for the Protestant, Anglo-Saxon civilization of "these American Pharisees", and his deep-seated dread of the growing power of their super-collectivist society. Certainly, he has drawn a forbidding portrait of America, though one not without familiar lines, even to Americans.

"A materialistic society, organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god." "The mysticism of success is perhaps their genuine religion." "Service, — the doctrine of an optimistic Pharisee trying to reconcile success with justice." "Their literature, — standardized also!" "Their intense self-satisfaction, their frank and almost brutal self-interest, and, even more dangerous, their self-appointed duty toward humanity." "Superficially free . . . mentally bound." "These credulous people, so lacking in critical faculty." Then in the concluding chapter, this disturbing sentence: "France has the same instinctive fear of American methods as symbolized by Ford as she had of the German system on the eve of the War."

One may well quarrel with the absoluteness of some of these statements without denying that they point to profound and significant truths. Indeed, if one undertook to criticize M. Siegfried's theory of American life, it would be to say that he analyzes us too thoroughly. True Frenchman, he has passionately pursued logic to the illogical. In his desire to complete the picture, to keep it constantly in character, he has ignored the saving contradictions, the regenerative power of American life. Still, if the United States has again proved too big for a single man to see whole, that need occasion no surprise and slight reproach. The book remains a vigorous and stimulating criticism of America today, indicating where it has come from and hinting where it is likely to go.

HENRY M. HART, JR.

## Edith Wharton

TWILIGHT SLEEP (Appleton, $2.50) is not really a good title for this novel, however alluring it may be to the casual book buyer; for the whole story is in a positively painful glare of light, and it is as wakeful as a predatory bird of the night. This latest production of Edith Wharton's pen is marked by those qualities that have made her the foremost of our living American writers; keen intelligence, knowledge of the manners of fashionable society, mastery of literary style, and a coldly ironical view of those grown up children we call men and women. As Ibsen in Munich wrote about Norway and Browning in Italy wrote about England, so Mrs. Wharton from the security and isolation of her home on the Riviera writes about New York.

The last thing to call Mrs. Wharton would be preacher or moralist. None of our American writers has less evangelical fervor. But this novel, like some of her others, is in truth a tremendous Puritan sermon preached from the text, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" If this is the way people live in the upper reaches of society, the expression "well off" is inaccurate. No Diogenes, regarding from his tub with cynical disdain the world of business and pleasure, could give a more unattractive representation of it than does Mrs. Wharton from her place in the sun. These people in the East Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties are too busy to live. *Est fuga, volvitur rota.* They are strivers in a strife that has no importance and no goal; they are as active as squirrels in cages, and make no more progress. They live lives of active uselessness.

Mrs. Wharton, with her incomparable literary art, has done for metropolitan society what Sinclair Lewis has done for Main Street and for Zenith. If one were forced to choose among unhappy alternatives, one would gladly take Main Street in preference to such febrile activity as this. But I ought to add, that although my acquaintance with the members of the fashionable set in metropolitan circles is extremely limited, those persons whom I *do* know seem happier and more worth knowing than these horrible puppets. But then, I always seem fortunate in my acquaintances; I must, indeed, be a lucky man, for in the wide circle of my intimate friends, those engaged in business are better than Babbitt, those living in small towns are better than the denizens of Gopher Prairie, and those who own boxes at the Opera are better than the insane dervishes of fashion represented here.

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Who put that tincture of gall and copperas in Edith Wharton's inkstand? What makes her see the activities of her fellow creatures through the wrong end of the telescope? God knows there is plenty of sin and folly in the world, plenty of ignorance, affectation, and conceit. And there is this to be said for the mordancy of Mrs. Wharton. She does not, like so many of our would-be satirists, attack virtue and idealism and self-sacrifice; she attacks wickedness in high places, selfishness in its million manifestations, the follies and futilities of those who serve the Prince of the Power in the Air.

Furthermore, she shows that however skeptical this age may be in religion, it is gullible in everything else. Never was there a time more propitious for the Prophets of the Grand Bluff. Fortune-tellers, mind-healers, intellectual vacuum cleaners, psychological masseurs, are making hay in every sense of the words. "Just relax, — yes, fifty dollars, and you have an appointment for Wednesday. This is the way out." Is it?

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

## The Rise of a Nordic

MEMORIES of Beowulf merge with thoughts of Ibsen's symbolism, as one reads the story of Carl Christian Jensen presented as AN AMERICAN SAGA (Little, Brown, $2.50). For this narrative of mental and spiritual growth never loses the shadows of its early chapters, — those moments in the life of a Norse adventurer when he is most sincerely a part of the background which framed *Ghosts* and *Hamlet*.

Mr. Jensen suggests in the movement of his ardent impressionism the new meaning both of "America" and of "American" literature. Can one forget the force of individual will driving the hero of this autobiography, one realizes immediately how far his idea of America must be from the more stilted concept held by Beacon Hill or Gramercy Park. As for decorum and lightness of touch in this new American, the Normans might never have brought their dazzling brilliance to the shores of Saxon England; Edith Wharton might never have written. He has the booming vigor, the gusto, of Dreiser, his method, his lack of humor. From the saga of John Galsworthy his work is more than remote. Whole centuries stand between.

Jensen is in love with this great, glowing world of engines and designs for engines, men and designs for men. His cooperation with such a world has given him strength to surmount obstacles, often verging on the fabulous, to find a clean, clear love, — the Margaret of the dedication.

Many will find reality, simplicity, truth in the development of this formidable Nordic from a lad, steering his tiny craft about the ugly Stendiget, through the years in stoke-hold and slum, attic and Doomsday seminary, college and social service, to the philosopher and behaviorist, faithful to J. B. Watson and smoking a contemplative pipe with experienced eyes upon the waters of New York harbor. His book has the beauty of an ancient saga, the cadence, occasionally the cruelty. Carl Christian Jensen is a Saxon *scop*, a seafarer at the court of modern science; his Alfred, a gentleman with dissecting knife and little squeemishness.

DONALD GIBBS

## Two Views of Fascism

OF the making of books about Fascism there is no end. And this is as it should be, because Fascist Italy is a phenomenon of great importance, not only for Italy but for the world at large. In the fields of politics, government, economics, sociology, and philosophic speculation, Fascism alike demands attention and challenges thought. The challenge is most striking when we have two books which approach the subject from opposite angles.

FASCISM by Guiseppe Prezzolini (Macmillan, $2.50) is a brief topical survey, "intended especially", as the author himself states in his Foreword, "for the enlightenment of foreign countries." It was originally published in Paris in 1925, and thus does not deal directly with events beyond the autumn of 1924. The translator has, however, added a final chapter which carries the thread of the narrative through the years 1925–26.

This book is not a profound study, — nor does Signor Prezzolini claim that it is. The volume bears evidence of having been somewhat hastily compiled. The topical arrangement is at times illogical,

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and there are missing links in the chain of exposition. To one having a first-hand knowledge of Italian affairs or to the genuine student of the subject, the book will offer little that is new. But the general reader will find it a sketchy yet fairly useful survey of ideas, events, and personalities in Fascist Italy. The readability of the book would have been enhanced by a better translation.

Quite different in character is Don Luigi Sturzo's ITALY AND FASCISMO (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), — in every respect a more noteworthy study than the first. Don Sturzo has the initial advantage of being one of the outstanding figures in Italian political life. Although now living in exile, he is the titular head of the so called "Popular Party", a group describing themselves as Christian Democrats, but often termed Christian Socialists. This group represents the organized Catholic masses. Its importance can be gaged by the fact that in the last parliamentary elections held before the Fascist dictatorship, it obtained nearly one-fifth of all the parliamentary seats.

The most interesting item in its program is its advocacy of a federal form of government for Italy, with larger political activity for the provinces. This program of federalism and regionalism, whose logical culmination is a "United States of Italy", not only opposes Fascism but also criticizes the whole political trend toward centralization which has prevailed since the attainment of Italian political unity. In a sense, therefore, the Popular Party is the most uncompromising opponent of Fascism, which exalts centralization, nationalism, and imperialistic expansion to the utmost degree. This explains why the Fascist Dictatorship of Mussolini has sternly repressed the Popular Party and has driven its leader, Don Sturzo, into exile.

Don Sturzo's book is a trenchant attack on Fascism, which it criticizes root and branch. But the attack is conducted on a very high plane. Don Sturzo is a philosopher. He digs deep. The book opens with a broad historical survey and ends with an equally broad survey of current trends and tendencies, not only in Italy but in the world at large. Furthermore, the tone always remains restrained. This book is an excellent example of the adage: *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Its readability is distinctly enhanced, moreover, by the excellence of the translation.

Don Sturzo has unquestionably written the most effective criticism of Mussolini and the Fascist régime that has thus far appeared. Yet, for this very reason, we must be on our guard. So able is the criticism, so restrained the tone, and so persuasive the argument, that the reader is likely to forget that there is another side to the story. The challenge of Fascism to many of our traditional ideas, its triumph in Italy, and the sympathetic echoes it awakens in many quarters outside of Italy, are not fully accounted for in Don Sturzo's admittedly able pages. The book should be read by all genuine students of contemporary Italy. But it should also act as an incentive for further reading on the Fascist side. Thus only will a just intellectual synthesis become possible.

LOTHROP STODDARD

## Fool's Gold

WHEN an author of Count Hermann Keyserling's stature pounds the table and says: "I regard this book (THE WORLD IN THE MAKING, Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) as the most actual of my works and believe it should have the widest appeal," one reads with, at least, attention. But in doing so, one discovers that even reading with attention can help little when the whole book is written in an abstruse, semi-opaque manner. Nor is this the only hindrance. The ubiquitous I-spirit echoes and reechoes through the pages. And it is downright irritating to be reminded well over sixty times during the course of a book that it is imperative to read a number of other works by the author before the one in hand can really be understood.

However, there is something on the other side of this literary ledger. Keyserling agrees with the pessimistic Spengler that civilization is trembling on the brink. He argues that the spiritual organism of man has made such great strides in the realm of the intellect that the dynamic balance of the golden age has been upset. Therefore, all old states of culture must die. He accuses the machine. The man who loves his car, his airplane, or his globe trotting, who prefers radio and movies to Sophocles and Shakespeare, finds it quite

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impossible to remain tied to life forms or cultures which depended on narrow inner and outer boundaries. Compared with his fathers, modern man gives the effect of a new, traditionless, and unburdened person.

Yet this German prophet says that those who preach "back from the technical" are nothing but bad romanticists. The masses will inevitably decide the issue. He points out that an idea never rises to historic power simply because it is true, but only when it is representative. The chauffeur is the typical modern man, and the Fascist and Bolshevist movements are related, — if opposite, — manifestations of his will. To-morrow's leader will be the man who best expresses the collective unconscious mind of the populace. Lenin did that in Russia. Mussolini is doing it now in Italy.

The immediate problem is to develop world leaders from a Europe materially impoverished, but spiritually richer than the nascent chauffeur-communities elsewhere. The mechanized world of quantitative and transferable values is choking with gasoline fumes of our older culture. Still, in time, and under the guidon of a perfectly self-conscious, time-conscious, and technically intellectual thinker, modern Europe will create new spiritual values of its own.

Keyserling, like Spengler, has found a favorite pastime in collecting the sweepings of current pessimism into impressive generalizations. And the wise are saying of Keyserling, as they have already said of Spengler, that his shining nuggets may prove fool's gold.

HENRY H. BALOS

## An Ambassador as Mystic

THE profound piety of the French Ambassador to the United States has long been revealed to his own countrymen and to those familiar with certain mystical and highly orthodox religious currents in modern French literature. Paul Claudel's LETTERS TO A DOUBTER (A. & C. Boni, $2.50) introduce him to the American public in a form that will interest all denominations. It shows him reasoning with one of those "sincere doubters" who ultimately admit and accept all that each particular sect considers to be the truth of God and religion.

In these days, it must be remembered that even the Mohammedan and Hindu propagandists among us are fond of pointing out that they also can exhibit anguished souls who have found peace within the compounds of their beliefs, no matter how narrow the confines or how preposterous these beliefs may seem to outsiders. So too, Protestantism has produced those whose spiritual experiences have inspired other troubled souls. It has been left, however, for the modern French literary groups to reveal a class of strugglers who, while they have never strayed far from their childhood faith, nevertheless indulge in the luxury of grief over their unbelief.

Thus, in this work the "conversion" is of one who "never left the road to Christianity". If the doubting seems, as Emerson once pointed out, to be safely within the charmed circle where truth is commensurate with uncompromising orthodoxy, it can be seen, therefore, that the sympathetic ambassador is not dealing with a scientific doubter in the modern, rationalistic conception of the word. To the correspondent who sought M. Claudel, as a disciple might seek a master in life or in letters, the French poet and public man offers an attitude of complete orthodoxy which asks for nothing but submission and renunciation. His faith in forms and ceremonies even extends to the point of finding comfort for the soul in wearing a scapular.

There are times when the correspondence and its edifying result in reconciling a doubter to the Church which he has never left, seem hardly more than a literary experience. While the great river of modern doubt rushes all over the plains of complacent orthodoxy, the safe skepticism of M. Claudel's "doubter" is hardly more than the trembling of a rose leaf in an agitated goblet. The volume is symptomatic of the poetry and prose poesy of those "rallied Catholics" who are playing so important a part in the literature of contemporary France.

HARVEY M. WATTS

## Russia—Obverse and Reverse

ANY one who reads THE MEMOIRS OF BARON N. WRANGEL (1847–1920), subtitled FROM SERFDOM TO BOLSHEVISM

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(Lippincott, $4.00), will do well to read also the MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST by Vera Figner (International Publishers, $3.00). What Baron Wrangel knows, he knows well; what he doesn't know, Vera Figner knows. The only trouble is, the Baron, especially toward the end of his book, pretends to knowledge which he doesn't possess. This arises out of his antipathy to the intelligentsia. The mere mention of the word is enough to set him off on a tangent.

He ascribes the chaos into which Russia was plunged in 1917 to the intelligentsia and to the Jews; at the same time he reveals an intimacy with the Banker Rothstein, a charming and amusing fellow who served weekly dinners at five hundred roubles per head. This is not said to discredit the author who, like many another anti-Semite, knows a Jew or two whom he likes. He reserves, however, his strongest language for Kerensky and members of the Provisional Government, — "the Grand Eunuch Kerensky," — "these emasculated wretches." As for Vera Figner, she never condescends to uncharitable language, though there would be greater excuse for her if she did; and she does know the intelligentsia, and what she knows places them with the saints rather than the sinners.

Putting the controversial elements aside, Baron Wrangel has produced a charming and even fascinating book. The earlier pages, in particular, read like a novel by Turgenef. We are presented with a series of portraits such as are possible only in Russia. The drawing of the more intimate portraits of the author's own family is accomplished with a disarming frankness. There is his *Nyanya* (nurse) who will endear herself to many readers' hearts; there is the impressive full-length study of his father, whose "one principle was to have no principles"; there is the picture of himself as a child against the animate background of Russian family life, of peasants, tutors, governesses, of piquant domestic episodes, of dramatic incidents connected with serfdom days, — all seen with sensitive eyes and related with that authentic touch which at times endues the narrative with the illusion of creative art.

There is an interesting chapter on his school days in Geneva, which was then the Russian's second fatherland, another on his meeting with the Princess Metternich is really amusing; and his glimpse of Bakunin concludes with the mirth-provoking episode of the great anarchist's inviting a number of friends to a grand dinner, at the end of which he takes up a collection to pay for it! Baron Wrangel has lived under four reigns, and no end of important personages stalk through his pages. It is all of a piece, however, as regards one thing: the easy morals of his *dramatis personae*.

In consequence, Vera Figner's vivid epic of the revolutionaries becomes understandable, indeed. If Wrangel takes in more, she goes deeper; and her account is one of interrupted integrity, of wholehearted endeavor to make Russia a better place by ridding it of the sort of people Baron Wrangel writes about, though even he has little favorable to say about Nicholas II and his spouse. Vera Figner's twenty years' confinement in the Schlüsselburg Fortress, due to her complicity in the murder of Alexander II in 1881, makes a heart-rending story, told with that simple art which comes with suffering. When "every little blade of grass is dear to us", as it was to Vera Figner in prison, we may begin to understand something of the self-sacrificing spirit and fortitude of those to whom freedom in the wilderness was infinitely preferable to slavery with the flesh-pots which Baron Wrangel laments.

JOHN COURNOS

## Religious Genetics

RELIGION is the highest music of the soul, and religious sects are its hymnals, — which makes it difficult, indeed, to compress their myths and teachings into a small scientific book. To treat them algebraically, what a thankless task! Professor Theodore H. Robinson has outlined *grosso modo* the cold anatomy of that majestic body, mystic and electric at the same time, whose miraculous vitality, universally scattered, baffles the skeptic and invigorates the believer. Such objective description may account for the errors that appear in AN OUTLINE INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $2.00).

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I am aware of Professor Robinson's book knowledge; yet erudition is not enough if one would trace the origin of beliefs as they evolved in their native countries and the brains of men. The task calls for a philosopher-poet, who must needs have breathed the spiritual atmosphere of cloisters, shrines, and temples if he would penetrate to the soul of religious beliefs and imbibe from them that which is most human and divine. Had such been the equipment of the erudite professor, a number of slips might have been avoided. I shall cite only a few examples.

It is startling to learn that the Mosaic Jehovah was finally abandoned by the Israelites and transformed into the aboriginal Baal. That is unfair to the authentic Jewish religion, which, despite the prevarications of a few tribes, has steadfastly held its God intact from the impurities of local idol worship and has, through its prophets, elevated this God to veritable universality.

As for assigning to Christianity and Mohammedanism a parallel origin in the Old Testament, this is an inexactitude which no historical argument can defend. Mr. Robinson cannot fail to remember that Mohammed drew the best of his oral teachings from conversations with a Christian Nestorian monk, and only "oral" could they be, since he was a perfect illiterate. On the other hand, Christianity in its fulness is not simply an outcome of Judaism, as Mr. Robinson makes it seem; it comes first from its founder, who certainly had something original to tell us. In Judaism, indeed, Christianity had one of its cradles, but it is neither the prolongation of Judaism nor a Jewish sect; above all, it is not an older brother of Islam, since the latter is rather the deformed scion of the former.

Finally, to call Jesus "a peasant" utterly contradicts all we know of his life. I hope it is simply a *lapsus calami*. According to the Gospels, even the Apocryphal, Jesus was never a tiller of the soil. There can be no discussion about that. By genealogy he appears as a royal descendant of David, and it can be reasonably surmised that he himself was a workman and practised carpentry before he became a rabbi and lived the life of a wandering teacher.

I am persuaded that a new edition could offset such vagaries; and then, what is already an interesting contribution to a preliminary history of religions, could no longer be criticized for hazardous affirmations and inexact details.

JULES-BOIS

## Hilarious Satire

ONE must admit at the start that THE TALK OF THE TOWN (Harper's, $2.00) by Lynn and Lois Montross is not a volume for the slippered and the solemn. Such folk would say that it is full of gin, cigarettes, and mockery, and therefore subversive to the commonwealth. No one in the book, except Nettie the elocutionist, does anything that the world considers meritable; no one solves a problem forever; and no one hugs his destiny with any noticeable satisfaction.

On the contrary, these charming characters are rather permanently intoxicated with what the poets have called the precious wine of life, and their hearts are corrupted with gipsy emotions. In this book love is a lyrical pain and beauty is a passionate goddess; and in our age of latter-day realism, such a blithe and gallant story is a desirable contribution to American fiction.

The book is an hilarious satire, and a love story into the bargain. The authors pleasantly dig the ribs of New York's Bohemia by introducing a lady elocutionist from the Middle West whose sincere and sentimental art the intelligentsia can not explain except as a deliberate burlesque. The situation makes famous fun, and the critics come in for a riotous lampooning. But we will remember the book not for its satire but for its vivid and ironic love story, — the tender and desolate love of Cynara and Amos Carruth. Here is romance in the mood of Heine. It does not come too often.

HAROLD BLODGETT

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THORNTON OAKLEY

*Artist and author, who discovers remnants of colonial grace in modern surroundings*

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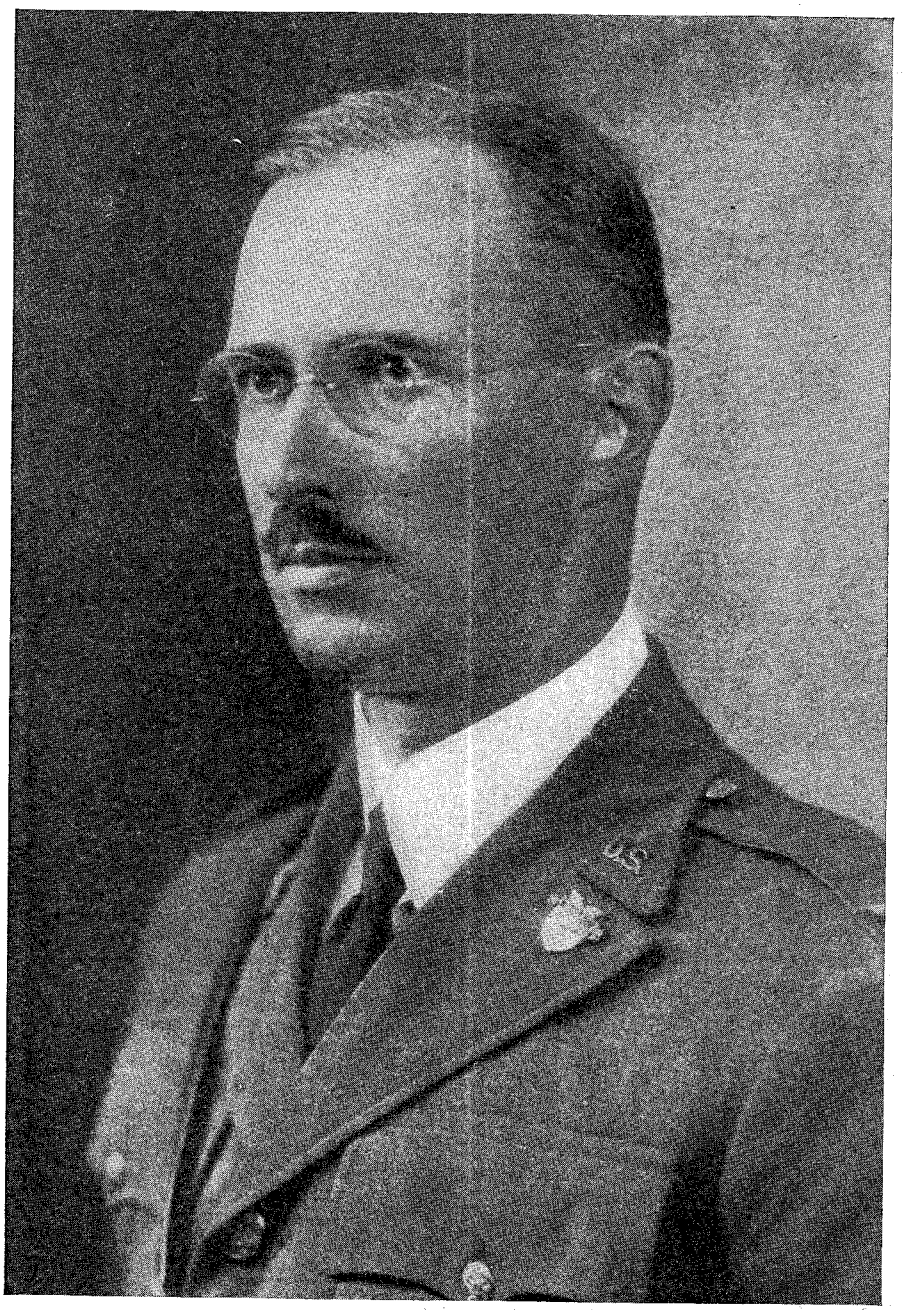

COLONEL LUCIUS HUDSON HOLT

*Scholar and soldier, who for seventeen years has trained leaders of the United States Army*

*See page 393*



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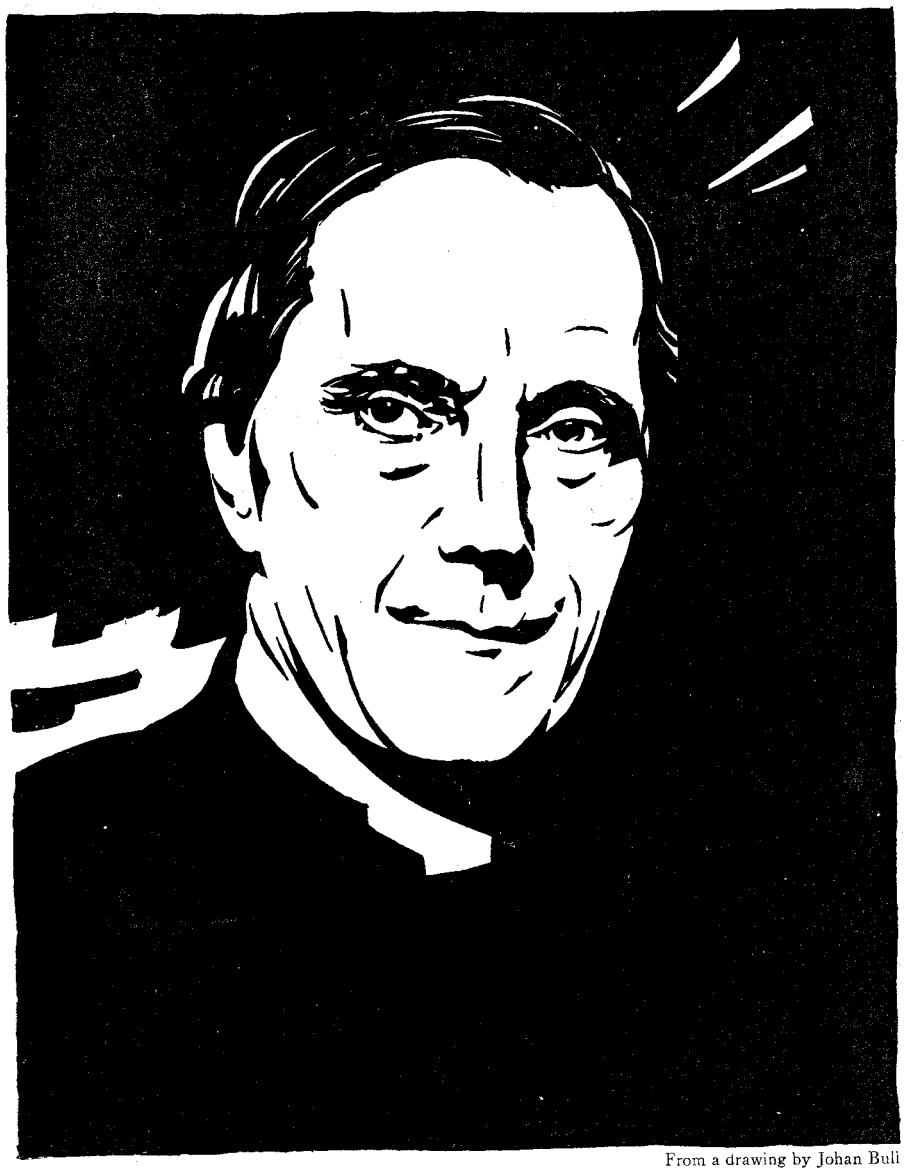

From a drawing by Johan Buli

THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM RALPH INGE

*Pungent but tolerant essayist, who doubts whether the "heathen in his blindness" is really so blind as the Occident would like to believe*

*See page 321*



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